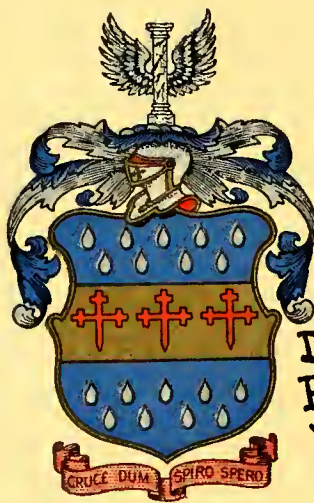


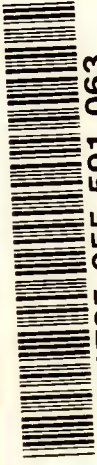


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BISMARCK

IN THE

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

1870-1871.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF

DR. MORITZ BUSCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.



THE aim in the present translation has been faithfully to reproduce Dr. Busch's remarkable portrait of the eminent statesman who conducted the affairs of Prussia and of Germany during the memorable months of the Franco-German war. A few lines—not more than half-a-dozen—where tedious explanations would have been required, have been omitted.

Measures and money have been generally expressed by their English equivalents.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is almost like the recollection of a dream, when I call up before my mind the circumstances under which, more than eight years ago, I made my first and last tour through France, and ponder on all I was permitted to observe and pass through. No other tour I ever made stands out so clearly and livingly in my memory. This will be readily understood, when I say that my route led from Saarbrücken to Versailles, by way of Sedan, and that I had the honour of passing the seven months it took me to traverse it in the immediate society of the Imperial Chancellor—or, as he was then called, the Chancellor of the Confederation. My visit to France was connected with the campaign of 1870 and 1871, during which time I was attached to the mobilised Foreign Office, which accompanied the first section of the main headquarters of the German army.

That I had the opportunity of witnessing from a favourable position some of the decisive actions of the war, and of seeing and hearing in the closest proximity other important events, was a circumstance which might well seem dream-like, both then and afterwards, to a man in a modest position, who eight months previously could not even have imagined his ever coming into personal contact with the Chancellor. Immediately under my eyes, I saw consummated a world-historical evolution which had scarcely any

precedent. Standing in the midst of these events as they developed themselves, we could feel the quick-drawn breath of the spirit of our people ; we heard its voice in thunder over the battle-fields ; we felt the awful anxieties of the crisis, and trembled with joy at the news of every victory. Not less fruitful and important were the quiet, sober, laborious hours in which we were permitted to glance into the workshop whence issued so important a part of that evolution, where the results of that trial of arms were weighed and measured and their effects calculated, and where men whose names were on the lips of all—crowned heads, princes, Ministers of State, generals, negotiators of the most various kinds, leaders of parties in the Diet, and other interesting personages—went in and out among us at Ferrières and Versailles. Pleasant, too, was the thought, after the day's work was over, of being one of the small wheels in the machinery with which the Master was working out his mind and will on the world, and shaping it according to his plans. Best of all, however, was the consciousness of being near him, and that continued to be my highest reward.

In these recollections I believe that I possess the greatest treasure of my life, and I trust that I may now be permitted to allow others to participate in some of them. It will be at once understood that a great portion of what I might have given must, for the present, be suppressed. Much also of what I relate or sketch will appear to many trivial and superficial. To myself nothing is so, for trifles “ of which the Prætor takes no notice ” not seldom display men's feelings and characters more truly than great or striking deeds ; and things and situations, in themselves unimportant, may suggest to the mind flashes of thought, and associations of ideas fraught with consequences for the future. I might instance the origin—often accidental and

insignificant—of epoch-making inventions and discoveries ; the tin can glittering in the sun, which transported Jacob Bœhmen into his metaphysical world ; or the spot of grease on the table-cloth at Ferrières, which gave the Chancellor his starting-point for a most remarkable and characteristic dinner discourse. The influences of morning and evening on nervous constitutions are different ; the weather and its changes act upon men and things. Philosophers have laid down theories which, broadly expressed, lead almost to the view that man is what he eats ; and absurd as it may sound, we do not know how far they are wrong. Lastly, it appears to me that everything pertaining to this glorious war is of interest—a war which won for us a German Empire and a strong frontier to the West ; and that things the most apparently trifling have their value, in proportion as they are connected with the part which Count Bismarck played in the events of the war.

Everything, therefore, should be preserved. In a great Time, what is little appears less ; in after centuries, it is the reverse ; the great becomes greater, and that which was without meaning becomes full of significance. People then often deplore that they can form no living image of the events and persons of the past in colours true to nature ; because materials at first regarded as unessential, but then seen to be indispensable, are wanting, because there was no eye to see, and no hand to describe and preserve while there was yet time. Who would not now delight to possess ampler details of Luther in the great days and hours of his life—even very innocent and insignificant traits, circumstances, and situations ? In a hundred years Prince Bismarck will take his place, in the thoughts of our people, by the side of the Wittenberg doctor : the liberator of our political life from the pressure of the foreigner

by the side of the liberator of the conscience from the tyranny of Rome; the creator of the German Empire by the side of the creator of German Christianity. Many have already assigned this place to our Chancellor in their hearts and amongst the portraits that hang on their walls; and I will run the risk of being blamed here and there, because I have spoken of the husk and have scarcely touched the kernel. Perhaps it will hereafter be permitted to me to make the attempt in some modest fashion to portray the latter also with some new features. For the present I merely act on the principle of the text, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

The groundwork of my notices is a journal which recorded with the utmost fulness and fidelity—especially at the time when we were stationary—the events and sayings which I saw and heard when I was in immediate contact with the Chancellor; who is everywhere the central figure round which persons and things are grouped. To note down, for myself only in the first instance, as an observant and conscientious chronicler, how our Chancellor bore himself in the great war, so far as I was an eyewitness, or had trustworthy direct information how he lived and worked during the campaign, how he judged of the present, what he related from the past, at dinner, at tea, or on any other occasion, was the first and immediate task which I proposed to myself. In the execution of that task, and especially in writing down what he said in the outer or inner circles of his friends, I was aided by a habit of attention which had been strengthened both by my reverence for him, and my preceding official intercourse with him; and by a memory, which, though of moderate capacity, had also been cultivated by the severest official exercise in the half-year preceding the outbreak of the war, to such a degree, that it was able

to retain, in all essential points, even the longer discourses of the Chancellor, whether grave or sportive, until I found time to commit them to paper—that is, of course, if nothing intervened, and against such intervention I could in most cases guard myself. My notes of his sayings were written down, almost without exception, before the lapse of an hour, for the most part indeed at once. He who has eyes, ears, and a memory for the style in which our Chancellor generally clothes his thoughts when he expresses himself among his intimate friends, will at once recognise this. When our Chancellor relates anything, he will almost always meet with those sudden and rapid transitions and silent pre-suppositions which remind one of the style of ballads, and he will find that a vein of humour usually runs through the whole—and both of these are highly characteristic of the way in which the Prince expresses himself.

For the rest, these accounts, and the sayings and remarks in connection with them, are untouched photographs. In other words I will venture to say not only that I observed and attended sharply and well, but that I am conscious that I have omitted nothing that could be communicated, that I have altered nothing, and above all, that I have added nothing. Where gaps were necessary, I have generally marked the fact by . . . Where, on certain occasions, I could not exactly understand the speaker, I have noted it. Many things said about the French may appear severe, some even cruel. Let it be remembered that war hardens and inflames men, and that Gambetta's "war to the knife" urged with all his fiery passionateness, and the treacherous acts of his *Francs-tireurs*, evoked feelings in our camp, in which gentleness and mercy had little place. The expressions of these feelings are not of course published in order to wound and to irritate now, when all this belongs to the past,

but merely as contributions to the history of the war, and as characteristics of the Chancellor. I would remark, in conclusion, that the descriptions of places, battle-fields and the like, which I give, as well as much accessory matter, are added for variety's sake, and the articles in newspapers are only inserted to show how certain thoughts shaped themselves at a certain time.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. DEPARTURE OF THE CHANCELLOR—I FOLLOW HIM TO SAARBRÜCKEN—JOURNEY CONTINUED TO THE FRENCH FRONTIER—THE MOBILISED FOREIGN OFFICE	I
II. FROM THE FRONTIER TO GRAVELOTTE	13
III. COMMERCEY—BAR-LE-DUC—CLERMONT IN ARGONNE .	44
IV. WE TURN NORTHWARDS—THE CHANCELLOR IN REZON- VILLE—BATTLE AND BATTLE-FIELD OF BEAUMONT	74
V. THE DAY OF SEDAN—BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON AT DONCHERY	94
VI. FROM THE MEUSE TO THE MARNE	118
VII. BISMARCK AND FAVRE IN HAUTE-MAISON—A FORT- NIGHT IN ROTHSCHILD'S CHATEAU	155
VIII. THE JOURNEY TO VERSAILLES—THE HOUSE OF MADAME JESSÉ—OUR USUAL LIFE THERE . . .	201
IX. AUTUMN DAYS IN VERSAILLES	215
X. THIERS AND THE FIRST NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE	27C
XI. LOTHAR BUCHER AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR ABEKEN .	342

BISMARCK

IN THE

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.



CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE OF THE CHANCELLOR—I FOLLOW HIM TO
SAARBRÜCKEN—JOURNEY CONTINUED TO THE FRENCH
FRONTIER—THE MOBILISED FOREIGN OFFICE.

ON the 31st July, 1870, at half-past five in the afternoon, the Chancellor, who had some days before partaken of the Sacrament in his own room, drove from his residence in the Wilhelm Strasse to the station, accompanied by his wife and daughter, in order to start with King William for the Seat of War, in the first instance for Mainz. Several Councillors of the Foreign Office, a secretary of the despatch department of the Central Bureau, two experts in secret ciphering, and three or four messengers of the Chancellor's department were appointed to go with him. The rest of us followed him only with our good wishes, as, helmet on head, he walked down the stairs between the two Sphinxes, through the great hall, and stepped into the carriage. I had resigned myself to taking part in the war only on maps and in newspapers. But a much better fate was in store for me.

On the evening of the 6th of August the Government

received the telegram announcing the victory at Wörth. Half an hour afterwards, work being over, I carried the joyful news, still fresh and warm, to a company of friends who were waiting in expectation in a wine-shop in Potsdam Street. Every one knows how Germans celebrate good news, and this was so good that it was celebrated by many too well, and by most of us at any rate, too long. In consequence I was still in bed when next morning a chancery messenger appeared, bringing the copy of a telegraphic despatch, requiring me to set out for headquarters in the course of the day.

Benignant fate ! say I. So quickly were my few necessities collected, that by midday I had my railway-pass, my passport, and my military billet ; and by eight o'clock in the evening I was joined by the two companions ordered by the Minister to accompany me. We travelled by the Anhalt railway, going by Halle, Nordhausen, and Cassel, anxious, by God's help, to reach headquarters as fast as possible.

We began our journey in a first-class *coupé*, but we came down to a third-class, and at last to a luggage-van. Everywhere there were long delays, which seemed longer to our impatience than they really were ; and it was not till the 9th of August, about six in the morning, that we arrived at Frankfort. Here, where we had some hours to wait, we endeavoured to find out where headquarters were established ; but the superintendent of the despatch of troops could give no information, and the telegraph director could say nothing certain. "Perhaps," he said, "they are still in Homburg ; or very likely they have already reached Saarbrücken."

About noon we again started, this time in a luggage-van, to Mannheim and Neustadt, by Darmstadt, in the Oden-

wald, the dark mountains of which were veiled in heavy white fog. The journey seemed more and more tedious, and the train was continually delayed by other long military trains on the road before us. At every place where we stopped, the people crowded to bring the soldiers food and drink, among them poor old women, who had nothing to offer but *café au lait* and dry black bread.

We crossed the Rhine by night. As the day broke we found, lying beside us on the floor of the van, a well-dressed gentleman, who was talking English to some one, whom we afterwards discovered to be his servant. This turned out to be the London banker, Mr. Deichmann, who was bound for headquarters, in the hope of obtaining leave from Roon to serve as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment, for which purpose he had brought his horse with him. The train being now brought to a stand in consequence of the many others blocking up the line in front of us, we drove across the plain, by Deichmann's advice, in a fast-trotting country car to Neustadt in the Palatinate, which we found swarming with soldiers—Bavarian riflemen, Prussian red hussars, Saxons, and other uniforms.

Here, for the first time since we left Berlin, we had something hot to eat. Up to this time we had had nothing but cold meat, and our attempts to sleep at night on the hard wooden seats, with our travelling-bags under our heads, were not very successful. However, we were going to the war; and, after all, I have been more uncomfortable on a tour with much humbler objects in view.

From Neustadt, after an hour's delay, we went on diagonally through the Hardt mountains, among narrow pine-covered valleys, through a number of tunnels, till we reached the gap in the hills in which Kaiserslautern lies. Up to this time rain and sunshine had alternated, but now the rain

poured down without intermission, so that when we reached Homburg, the little place seemed to be nothing but darkness and water. Shouldering our trunks, in the pelting rain, we waded through mud and slush, asking our way, and stumbling over the rails to the hotel *Zur Post*, where we found all the rooms crammed and everything that could keep body and soul together eaten up. However, if our stopping-place had been ever so pleasant we should have had little opportunity of making use of it, for we learned here that the Count and the King had already gone on, and by this time were probably in Saarbrücken ; and we should have to hurry to overtake them on German soil.

To set off again in this deluge was not very pleasant, but we philosophised by the way, reflecting that others were still worse off. In the parlour at the *Post*, men were sleeping on chairs and tables put together, amid the fumes of tobacco, beer, and lamp-oil, added to a mixture, not at all aromatic, of leather and damp clothes. In a hollow to the left of the station smouldered the great watch-fire, nearly extinguished by the rain, of what were Saxon troops, if our question was rightly answered. As we waded back to the train, we caught sight of the arms and helmets of a Prussian battalion, which was stationed in front of the railway hotel. Thoroughly wet through, and very tired, we at last found our way back to a luggage-van, on the floor of which Deichmann had found a corner where we could stretch ourselves out, and a handful or two of straw to put under our heads. Our fellow-travellers, among whom were a baron and a professor, were not so fortunate ; they had to snatch what rest they could among the mail-bags, letter carriers, soldiers, and baggage.

About one o'clock the train began to move slowly on, and, after many delays, we found ourselves, when morning

broke, close to a little town with a beautiful old church. In the valley was a mill, round which the road wound to Saarbrücken, which, we heard, was only about three English miles distant, so that we were nearly at the end of our journey; but our locomotive seemed to be quite out of breath, and though we might at any moment cross the frontier and come in sight of headquarters, neither railway nor any other mode of getting on seemed available to us. Heavy clouds and a fine drizzle did not help to enliven our impatient and anxious minds. We had waited for about two hours for the scream of our engine to announce our departure, when Deichmann again came to our help. He disappeared, and after a time returned with the miller, whom he had persuaded to drive us to the town, on an understanding from Deichmann, that his horses should not be appropriated by the soldiers.

During the drive the miller told us, that the Prussians had already advanced their outposts almost as far as Metz. Between nine and ten we reached St. John, a suburb of Saarbrücken lying on the right bank of the Saar, where we saw few traces of the French bombardment of a few days before, though it presented a lively picture in other respects of a state of war. A medley of forage-carts, baggage-waggon, soldiers on horse and on foot, Knights of St. John with their crosses, and such like, hurried through the streets. Hessian troops, dragoons and artillery, were marching along, singing the while:

“Red dawn that lights me to my early grave.”

At the inn where we alighted, I heard that the Chancellor was still in the place, and had taken up his quarters at the house of one Haldy, a merchant and manufacturer. In spite of all difficulties, I had thus happily

reached the desired haven. It was not a moment too soon, for as I was going to Haldy's house to report myself I heard on the stairs from Count Bismarck-Bohlen, the Minister's cousin, that we were to move on immediately in the afternoon.

I took leave of my fellow-travellers from Berlin, for whom there was no room in the Minister's carriages, and of the London banker, whose patriotic offers General Roon had reluctantly declined. I then moved my baggage from the inn to the cook's van, which, with other vehicles, had crossed over at the Saar bridge. Having arranged this, I turned back to Haldy's house, where, in the anteroom, I presented myself to the Chancellor, who was just coming out of his own room on his way to the King. I then sought out the newly-established Bureau, that I might hear whether there was anything for me to do. There was plenty to do! The gentlemen had their hands full; and I immediately undertook the translation of the Queen of England's speech on opening Parliament, which had just come, for the use of the King. Of the highest interest, even though I did not quite understand it, was the declaration in a despatch, which they gave me to dictate in secret cipher to one of the experts, that we on our side should not be content with the mere overthrow of Napoleon.

It seemed like a miracle! Strassburg! Perhaps the Vosges! Who could have even dreamed of this three weeks ago?

Meanwhile the weather had cleared up. A little before one o'clock, in the bright sunshine, the carriages drove to the door, all with four horses, with soldiers for outriders, one for the Chancellor, one for the councillors and Count Bismarck-Bohlen, one for the secretary and the two cipherers. After the Minister had taken his seat with Privy-Councillor

Abeken and his cousin, and the two other councillors had mounted their horses, the others followed with their portfolios beside them. I took a seat in the carriage of the councillors, as I always did afterwards, whenever those gentlemen rode on horseback. Five minutes afterwards we crossed the river and entered the long main street of Saarbrücken. From thence the poplar-shaded road led up to Forbach, past the battlefield of the 6th of August, and in half an hour after leaving St. Johann we were on French soil. Of the bloody battle which had raged here just on the frontier, five days before, there were still many traces to be seen : trunks stripped by the balls, knapsacks thrown away, tattered garments, linen rags lying about the stubble fields, trodden-down potato fields, broken wheels, holes made by shells, little wooden crosses roughly tied together to show the place where some of the fallen were interred, and so on. But, so far as we could see, all the dead were already buried.

And here at the beginning of our journey through France, I will interrupt my narrative for a little, to say a few words about the mobilised Foreign Office, and the mode and fashion in which the Chancellor travelled, worked, and lived with his people. The Minister had in his suite the acting Privy Councillors Abeken and von Keudell, Count Hatzfeld, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen. There were besides, the private secretary Bölsing from the Central Bureau, the cipherers Willisch and Saint-Blanquart, and lastly myself. Engel, Theiss, and Eigenbrodt acted as messengers and attendants ; the last of whom was replaced in the beginning of September by the active and intelligent Krüger. We were accompanied by Herr Leverström in a similar capacity, the "black horseman," so well known in the streets of Berlin as a government courier. For the care of our bodies we had a cook, whose name was Schulz or Schultz. Let it be noticed, how

exact I am trying to be, and that I rob no one of his name or title ! In Ferrières the group of Councillors was completed by Lothar Bucher, and a third cipherer, Herr Wiehr, also joined us there. Holnstein, young Count Wartensleben and Privy Councillor Wagner joined us at Versailles. Bölsing, being unwell, was replaced there for some weeks by Wollmann, and business increased to such an extent that we required the services of a fourth secret cipherer, as well as of one or two additional messengers whose names have escaped me. The kindness of our "Chief," as the Chancellor was called in ordinary conversation, by those belonging to the Foreign Office, had arranged things so that his fellow-workers, both secretaries and councillors, were all to a certain extent members of his household. We lived, whenever circumstances would permit, in the same house with him, and had the honour of dining at his table.

The Chancellor wore uniform during the whole of the war, generally the undress of the yellow regiment of heavy Landwehr cavalry, with its white cap and great top-boots. When riding, after a battle, or in watching its course, he wore a black leather case, fastened by a strap round the chest and back, which held a field glass, and sometimes a revolver and a sword. During the first months he generally wore as a decoration the cross of the order of the Red Eagle ; afterwards he also wore the Iron Cross. I never saw him but once, in Versailles, in a dressing-gown, and then he was not well—his health was excellent through the whole campaign. During the journey he generally drove with Councillor Abeken, since dead, and once, for several days in succession, with me also. As to quarters, he was most easily satisfied, and even where better were to be had, he put up with the most modest accommodation. At Versailles, when colonels and majors had splendidly furnished suites of

apartments, the Chancellor, all the five months we were there, was content with two little rooms, of which one was study as well as bedchamber, and the other, on the ground floor, though neither spacious nor elegant, served as a reception-room. Once, in the school-house at Clermont, in Argonne, where we stayed some days, he had not even a bed, so that we had to make him up one on the floor.

During the journey we generally drove close behind the King's carriage. We started about ten in the morning, and usually accomplished nearly forty English miles a day. On arriving at our quarters for the night we at once established a Bureau, in which work was seldom wanting, especially when the field telegraph reached us; by its means the Chancellor again became—what, indeed, he always was at this time, with brief interruptions—the centre of the civilised world of Europe. Even where we only halted for one night, restlessly active himself, he kept all about him in constant employment till quite late. Orderlies came and went, couriers arrived with letters and telegrams, and were immediately sent off again. According to the directions of the Chief, the Councillors prepared notes and orders; the clerks copied and registered, ciphered and deciphered. Material streamed in from all points of the compass in the shape of reports, questions, articles in the newspapers, and such like, most of which required immediate attention.

Among the councillors the one who was fastest at work before the arrival of Bucher, was, undoubtedly, Abeken. He was in fact a very power in himself. From long years of service he was thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of business, a lover of routine, furnished with a fine store of phrases, which dropped from his pen without much necessity for thought. Master of several languages, so far, at any rate, as was needed for the work required of

him, he seemed made to put the thoughts of his Chief into proper dress. He did it with the rapidity of a steam-engine. The substance was supplied by the genius and knowledge of the Minister, who occasionally improved the style in which Abeken had presented his ideas.

The almost superhuman capacity of the Chancellor for work, sometimes creating, and sometimes appropriating and sifting the labours of others, his power of solving the most difficult problems, of at once seeing the right thing, and of ordering only what could be practically done, was, perhaps, never so wonderfully displayed as at this time; and this inexhaustible power of work was the more remarkable as his strength was kept up with so little sleep. The Minister lived in the field much as he did at home. Unless an expected battle summoned him before daybreak to the army at the side of the King, he generally rose late, as a rule about ten o'clock. But he passed the night sleepless, and fell over only when the morning light shone through his window. Often, hardly out of bed, and not yet dressed, he began to think and work, to read and make notes on despatches, to study the newspapers, to give instructions to the Councillors and other fellow-workers, to put questions or state problems of the most various kinds, even to write or dictate. Later in the day there were visits to receive, or audiences to give, or a statement to be made to the King. Then came the study of despatches and maps, the correction of papers he had ordered to be prepared, the jotting down of ideas with the well-known big pencil, the composition of letters, the news to be telegraphed or sent to the papers for publication, and in the midst of all this the reception of unavoidable visitors, who must sometimes have been far from welcome. It was not till two or often three o'clock that the Chancellor, in places where a halt of any length was made, allowed

himself a little breathing-time ; then he generally took a ride in the neighbourhood. Afterwards he went to work again till dinner at five or six o'clock, and in an hour and a half at the latest he was back once more in his room at his writing-table, midnight frequently finding him reading or putting his thoughts on paper.

The Count differed from other men in the matter of sleep, and he arranged his meal times in a peculiar manner. Early in the morning he took a cup of tea, and perhaps one or two eggs ; after that, generally nothing till dinner in the evening. He very seldom took a second breakfast, and then only tea, which was served between nine and ten o'clock. Thus, with very few exceptions, he ate only once during the four-and-twenty hours, but then, like Frederick the Great, he ate plentifully and with appetite. Diplomats proverbially keep a good table, and, I am told, come next to prelates. It is part of their daily business to entertain distinguished guests, who, for some reason or other, have to be put into a good humour by the contents of a well-stocked cellar and the efforts of a skilful cook. Count von Bismarck therefore kept a good table, which, when circumstances permitted, rose to the rank of a very good table. This was the case, for instance, at Rheims, Meaux, Ferrières, and Versailles, where the genius of the artist who wore the livery of the household prepared breakfasts and dinners for us, to which persons accustomed to simple fare did justice, feeling almost as if they were sitting in Abraham's bosom, especially when, beside the other good gifts of God, champagne was not wanting in the list of drinkables. For such feasts the travelling kitchen contained pewter-plates, tumblers of some silver-like metal, gilt inside, and cups of the same kind. During the last five months of the campaign presents from home added grace to our hospitable board :

for home, as it was right it should, thought lovingly of its Chancellor, and liberally sent him dainty gifts both solid and fluid, corned geese, game, fish, pheasants, cakes, capital beer, and fine wine, with many other excellent things.

To conclude this chapter I remark that, beside the Chancellor, only the Councillors at first wore uniform, von Keudell that of the Blue Cuirassiers, Count Bismarck-Bohlen that of a regiment of Dragoon Guards, Counts Hatzfeld and Abeken the undress uniform of officers in the Foreign Office. It was afterwards suggested that all persons belonging to the Minister's permanent staff, not of course the two first-named gentlemen, who were also military officers, should wear this dress. The Chief consented, and so Versailles saw the chancery messengers in a costume which consisted of a dark blue coat, with two rows of buttons, with black velvet collar and cuffs, a cap of the same colour, and for the Councillors, secretaries and cipherers, a sword with a gold *porte-épée*. In this costume old Privy Councillor Abeken, who made his horse prance about bravely, had quite a military air, and I think he knew this and liked it. He was well pleased to look like an officer, just as he once travelled through the Holy Land in Oriental costume, without understanding either Turkish or Arabic.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE FRONTIER TO GRAVELOTTE.

IN the preceding chapter I halted at the French frontier. That we had crossed it, was evident from the names of the villages. "Département de la Moselle" was to be read on all the way-posts. The white road swarmed with carts and waggons and troops on the march, while soldiers were quartered everywhere. In the neighbourhood, which was hilly and partly wooded, little camps were to be seen rising up here and there, with horses fastened to picket-posts, guns, ammunition waggons, forage-carts, holes for the cooking fires, and soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, busied in the preparation of food.

In about two hours we reached Forbach, which we passed through without stopping. In the streets where we drove, we observed that while the goods and trades of the different shops were described in French, the names of the proprietors were mostly German: for instance, "Schwarz, Boulanger." Many of the inhabitants who were standing before their doors saluted the carriages as they passed; most of them looked very cross, which did not add to the charm of their appearance, but was very easily explained, for they had evidently more soldiers quartered on them than they liked. Every window was full of blue Prussians.

We went up hill and down dale, through woods and villages, till we reached Saint-Avold, where, about half-past four o'clock, we were quartered with the Chancellor in the house of a M. Laity, No. 301, in the Rue des Charrons. It was a one-storied house with white blinds, and though it

had only five windows in front, it went back a long way, and was tolerably roomy. It opened behind on a well-planted garden, with trim walks among fruit and vegetables. The day before our arrival the possessor, apparently a retired officer, and well-to-do, had gone away with his wife, and had left an old woman, who could speak nothing but French, and a maid. The Minister had the one front-room; the rest of the party shared the rooms opening on the passage leading to the back parts of the house. In half an hour, the Bureau was established in the first of these back rooms, which served also as a sleeping-room for Keudell. The next room, which looked out on the garden, was given to Abeken and me. He slept in a bed placed in a recess in the wall. At the head of the bed there was a crucifix, and over the feet a Madonna with a bleeding heart. The people in the house, therefore, were thorough Catholics. They made a very comfortable bed up for me on the floor. The Bureau was at once set to work; and as there happened to be nothing to be done in my particular line I endeavoured to help in deciphering some despatches, a task which presented no great difficulty.

After seven we dined with the Count in the little parlour next his room, the window of which looked into a court prettily ornamented with flower-beds. The conversation at table was lively, the Minister taking the lead. He thought a surprise not impossible; for, as he had seen for himself, our outposts were only three English miles from the town, and very far apart. He had asked at an outpost where the next one was, but the men did not know. Afterwards he remarked that in his flight our landlord had left all his drawers full of clean linen, and added: "If the people from the ambulances come here, they will cut up his wife's fine chemises to make lint and bandages, and very properly

too. But then, of course, it will be said that Count Bismarck carried them off."

We then talked of the disposition of the troops, and the Minister said, "Steinmetz has shown himself very self-willed and disobedient. He will," said he, in conclusion, "come to grief with his obstinacy, in spite of the laurels he won at Skalitz."

We had on the table cognac, red wine, and sparkling Mainz wine. Some one spoke of beer, and remarked that we had none. The Minister rejoined: "That is of no consequence. The wide-spread use of beer is much to be deplored. Beer-drinking makes men stupid, lazy, and impotent. It is the cause of all the democratic pot-politics which people talk over it. Good corn brandy would be better."

I do not know, how or in what connection the subject of the Mormons came up, but the conversation turned on the question, whether they and their many wives should be tolerated. The Count took the opportunity to express his own opinion on religious liberty, and declared himself very decidedly for it; only it must, he said, be impartially managed. "Every man must be saved after his own fashion," he added, "I will one day agitate this question, and the Reichstag will certainly vote with me. But the Church property must of course remain with those who stand by the old Church which acquired it. A man who secedes from the Church ought to be able to make a sacrifice for his conviction, or rather for his unbelief. It does not offend us when Catholics or Jews are orthodox. Where Lutherans are so it does; and the Church is constantly accused of a 'persecuting spirit' when she casts out the non-orthodox; but people consider it quite *en règle* that the orthodox should be persecuted and maligned by the press and in their lives."

After dinner the Councillors walked with the Chancellor in the garden, whence, at some little distance, they saw a large building on which fluttered a white flag with the red cross, where some nuns at the windows were looking at us with spy glasses. It was probably a nunnery which had been turned into a hospital. In the evening one of the cipherers expressed great anxiety and apprehension of a surprise, and there was much consultation as to what should be done with the portfolios containing the state papers and the secret ciphers. I tried to quiet them, and offered in case of necessity, either to save or destroy the papers according to circumstances.

The gentlemen had, however, alarmed themselves unnecessarily ; and when morning and coffee appeared, it was found that the night had passed peacefully enough. With the morning, too, there arrived a green orderly from Berlin with despatches. Such messengers have winged feet, yet this one had not been quicker than I in my fright lest I should arrive too late. He had started on Monday, the 8th of August, and had changed horses several times, and yet it had taken him quite four days and nights to reach us. Early in the morning I again assisted the cipherers with their work. Later, while the Chief was with the King, I went with the Councillors to see the fine large church in the town, over which the sacristan conducted us. In the afternoon, when the Minister rode out, we inspected the Prussian park of artillery, placed on a hill behind the town.

The Chancellor returned by four o'clock, when we dined. He had been a long way to find his two sons, who were serving as privates in the Dragoon Guards, and he had learned that the German cavalry had already gone forward to the upper Moselle. He seemed to be in good humour, perhaps because our cause was prospering, and quite inclined

to talk. When the conversation turned on mythology, he said that "he never could bear Apollo. He had flayed Marsyas from conceit and envy, and for the same reasons had killed Niobe's children. He is," he continued, "the very type of a Frenchman; that is, one who cannot bear that another should play the flute as well or better than he. That he had sided with the Trojans, did not prejudice him in his favour. Honest Vulcan would have been his man, and Neptune would have suited him still better, perhaps because of the *Quos ego!*" He did not however say this.

After dinner we had to telegraph the following joyful message to Berlin: "By the 7th August, we had above 10,000 prisoners. The effect of the victory at Saarbrücken turns out to be much greater than we at first believed. They left behind a pontoon train, with about forty waggons, nearly 10,000 blankets, which are now of great use for the wounded, and a store of tobacco worth a million of francs. Pfalzburg and the pass over the Vosges at that place are in our hands. Bitsch is watched by a company, as it has a garrison of only 300 Mobile Guards. Our cavalry is already close to Lunéville." A little later we were able to send another pleasant message, namely, that the Minister of Finance in Paris, evidently in consequence of the approach of the German army, had issued a proclamation warning the French not to keep their money at home, but to send it all to the Bank of France.

The preparation of a proclamation was discussed, prohibiting conscription in the districts occupied by German troops, and putting an end to it for ever. News came in from Madrid that the Montpensier party, and the politicians who belonged to the Liberal Union, as for instance, Rios Rosas and Topete, and several other party leaders, were striving with the greatest eagerness to bring about the

immediate convocation of the House of Representatives, in order that by the election of a king it might put an end to the provisional government ; that the Duke of Montpensier, whom they were thinking of for King, was already in the Spanish capital ; but that the Government was opposing the plan with the greatest determination.

Lastly, we learnt that we were to start early in the morning, and that our next halt was to be at the little town of Faulquemont. In the evening I again employed myself in deciphering, and I was able to make out, without help, a despatch of about twenty groups of figures in as many minutes.

On the 13th of August, we did, in fact, arrive at Faulquemont, or, as it is now written, Falkenberg. Like that which we had traversed at Saarbrücken, the country through which we drove was hilly, often covered with brushwood, and equally full of martial sights. The road was crowded with trains of waggons, artillery, ambulances, gendarmes and orderlies. Long lines of infantry were marching on the road and to the right across the stubble fields to follow the course of the columns, marked out there by poles with wisps of straw round them. Sometimes we saw a man fall down in the ranks ; and here and there stragglers lay in the ditches, for the August sun shone fiercely from a cloudless sky. The troops who were before us, and, latterly, mostly behind us, were the 84th Regiment (Schleswig-Holsteiners), and the 36th. At last we got out of the thick cloud of yellow dust which rose from their steps, and entered the little town, where I was quartered on one Schmidt, a baker. The Minister had disappeared in the clouds of dust, and it was some time before I learned from one of the Councillors remaining in Falkenberg that he had gone on with the King to the village of Herny, five English miles farther.

Falkenberg is a place of some 2000 inhabitants, with only one tolerably long principal street, and sundry little narrow lanes on either side. It lies on the ridge of a gently-sloping hill. Nearly the whole of the day troops continued to march through. Among them were some Hessian infantry. The Saxons were stationed close by. They sent their sutlers even in the night-time to my baker to get bread, who was soon left in consequence without any.

In the afternoon Prussian hussars brought in more prisoners, one a dark-brown Turco, who had changed his fez for a hat. In another part of the town, near the town-house, we came upon some noisy squabblers; a sutler woman had stolen something from a little shopkeeper, I don't know what—some hats, I think—and of course she had to give them up. So far as I saw, our people paid for what they wanted with ready money, sometimes even more than was necessary. Count Hatzfeld told this story: "When Keudell and I were going along a bye-road, a woman approached us, who with many tears complained that the soldiers had taken away her cow. Keudell endeavoured to console her: he would see whether he could get it back for her again; and when she told us that it was the cuirassiers that had taken it away, we went to seek them, taking with us a little lad as guide. He at last brought us to the open country, but neither cuirassiers nor cow could he show us, and we returned without having effected anything." Keudell was to pay for the cow.

The people with whom I was quartered were very polite and agreeable. They cleared out for me the best of their rooms, and though I begged them not to trouble themselves on my account, they brought me a good breakfast with red wine, and coffee in the French manner, in a little bowl with a silver spoon, with which I was to drink it; and this they

made me take in spite of my reluctance. The woman spoke only broken German, but the man talked fluently, though in a German *patois*, and with here and there a word of French. The pictures in their rooms showed them to be Catholics.

I dined at the hotel where the Councillors were lodged, and when I came back to my baker I had the pleasure of doing him a slight service, in return for his readiness to oblige. About eleven o'clock at night I heard a noise below, which grew louder and louder. After a time the baker's wife looked in and begged me to stand by her; our men, she said, wanted to take food from them by force, and her husband had nothing ready yet. I got up quickly and found baker and bakeress surrounded by Saxon soldiers and sutlers, clamouring noisily for bread, which I must do them the justice to admit they were sorely in need of, and that they did not want it without payment. But there were only two or three loaves to be had. I proposed a compromise. The baker was to give them each a large piece of bread—and they might rely on having forty loaves ready for them by the morning. After some parley, they agreed, and the night passed without further disturbance. (*Vide* end of chapter.)

Sunday, August 14.—After luncheon, when Keudell said he had paid the woman for the cow—fifty thalers I think it was—we followed the Minister to Herny. The sky over our heads was of the deepest blue, and the fields reeked from the scorching heat. Near a village on the left of the road some Hessian infantry held divine service in the open air, the Catholic soldiers in one circle, the Protestants a little distance off in another, each round their own clergyman. The latter sang the hymn—

“Ein, feste Burg ist unser Gott.”

Arrived at Herny, we found that the Chancellor had

taken up his abode in the first story of a long, low, white-washed house, a little aside from the principal street, where his window looked on to a dung heap. The house was tolerably roomy, so that we joined him there, and I was again with Abeken. Hatzfeld's room was also the Bureau. The King took up his quarters with the pastor, near a fine old church the windows of which were filled with painted glass. The village consists of one broad straggling street, with a well-built mairie, which contains also the parish school, and of houses mostly crowded close together, looking at the back into the little railway station. In that we found a great deal of wanton destruction, papers scattered about, books torn up, and such like. Near it some soldiers were guarding two French prisoners. After four o'clock we heard for several hours the heavy thunder of artillery from the neighbourhood of Metz. At tea-time the Minister said, "I did not think a month ago that I should to-day drink tea with you gentlemen in a peasant's house in Herny." Amongst other matters we talked of Gramont, and the Count wondered that this strong, healthy man, after such unhappy antecedents, had not joined a regiment, in order to atone for his stupidity. He certainly was big and strong enough. "I should have acted differently in 1866, if things had not gone well with me," said he; "I should have joined a regiment at once; I never would have allowed myself to be seen alive."

When he returned to his room, which by the way was a low, countrified little parlour with very little furniture, I was frequently called to receive orders. It seemed useful to enable our illustrated papers to give a representation of the storming of the Spicherenberg. Then the assertion of the *Constitutionnel* had to be contradicted, according to which the Prussians burned down everything in their march

through France, and left nothing but ruins behind them ; of which, with every opportunity to know the facts, we could honestly declare we had seen nothing. Finally it was desirable to counteract the *Neue Freie Presse*, which had hitherto shown itself to be friendly to us, but these last few days its circulation had, according to the *Constitutionnel*, suffered, perhaps because of its partiality to the Prussians, and perhaps because there was something in the report that the Hungarian French party had bought the journal and had given it another tone. "Say this," said the Chancellor, concluding his directions with regard to another article of the *Constitutionnel*, "that there has never been the least question in the Ministerial Council of ceding Saarbrücken to the French, the matter not having been mentioned except in confidential communications ; and of course a national minister—one in sympathy with the national feeling—could not therefore entertain it. Yet this rumour may have a little foundation : it may be a misunderstanding, or a perversion of the fact that the question was mooted and discussed in the Ministerial Council before 1864 whether it might not be advisable to make over the coal-mines at Saarbrücken, which are national property, to companies. I proposed to pay the cost of the Schleswig-Holstein war in this way, but the thing came to nothing in consequence of the King's aversion to any such transaction."

Monday, August 15, seemed to begin all at once and unusually early. At daybreak, by four o'clock, the attendant called out in the room where Abeken and I slept, "His Excellency is going off directly ; the gentlemen will please to get ready." I got up at once and packed up. It was, however, a mistake. By the "gentlemen" only the Councillors were meant. About six o'clock the Chancellor started with Count Bismarck-Bohlen. Abeken, Keudell, and Hatz-

feld followed him on horseback. We others remained in Herny, where there was plenty to do, and where, when we had finished our work, we could make ourselves useful in other ways. Thick yellowish-gray clouds of dust were rising from long lines of infantry passing through the village; amongst others, three Prussian regiments, partly Pomeranian, almost all large, fine men. The band played "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," and "Ich bin ein Preusse." One could see in the eyes of these men the burning thirst they were enduring, so we organised, as quickly as possible, a little fire-extinguisher's brigade. We carried the water in pails and jugs, and reached it out to them as they marched along—for they dare not stop—in their ranks, so that at least one here and there could get a mouthful to carry him on a bit, either in the hollow of his hand or in the little tin cup which he carried by his side.

Our host was named Matthiote; his wife, Marie. He spoke a little German; she, only the hardly-intelligible French dialect of this district of Lothringen. Neither of them showed any disposition to oblige, but I took no notice. Nor did the Minister know anything about it. He had, before our arrival, only had dealings with the man, and he "was not a bad fellow." "He asked me," he went on to say, "when he brought up my dinner, whether I would not, for once, try his wine. When I wished to pay him, he charged only for the dinner, but nothing for the wine, which was, moreover, very drinkable. He enquired about the future boundary, and thought they would then be better off as to taxes."

Of the other people in the village very little was to be seen; those whom we did meet were polite and pleasant. An old peasant woman, into whose house I went to beg a light for my cigar, followed me into her room and showed

me, on the wall, a photograph of her son in a French uniform. Weeping, she blamed the Emperor for the war. Her *pauvre garçon* was certainly killed already, she thought, and she would not be comforted.

Our Councillors returned from their ride about three o'clock ; the Minister was rather later. Meanwhile Count Henckel, a stately dark-bearded gentleman, and Bamberger, a member of the Reichstag, had arrived ; also a Herr von Oldberg, who was to be Prefect, or something of that kind, so that we begin to feel that we are masters of the conquered land, and are settling down in it. How much of the country it is intended to keep had been told me in the morning by a telegram sent eastwards, in the deciphering of which I had been helpful, and which had said plainly that, God willing, we should keep Elsass.

As we learned at dinner, the King and Chancellor had made a sort of reconnoitering tour to within three English miles of Metz, and had seen General von Steinmetz. The French army stationed outside the fortress had been violently attacked by him the day before near Courcelles, and driven into the town and forts. The enemy's loss was estimated at 4000 men ; they found forty dead "Red-breeches" in one ditch, most of them shot through the head.

In the evening, as we sat on a bench near the house door, the Minister came up for a moment. Whilst he talked with us he asked me for a cigar, but Councillor Taglioni (one of the King's cipherers, formerly in the Embassy at Paris, now dead) was quicker than I in getting it out of his pocket. The more's the pity, for my weed was a great deal better than his.

At tea the Chancellor said, among other things, that he was twice in danger of being shot by the sentinels—at San Sebastian and also at Schlüsselburg, and from what he said

we discovered that he understands Spanish a little. The Schlüsselburg affair suggested to him the following anecdote, which I relate as having happened to himself, but as I did not hear every word, I cannot say for certain that it did not really happen to some one else. The Count was once walking in the summer garden in Petersburg with the Emperor. They came to an open lawn, in the middle of which stood a sentry. Bismarck took the liberty of inquiring what he was there for. The Emperor did not know, and turned to the adjutant, and he did not know. Then they asked the sentinel, who said nothing but "Ordered"—Bismarck gave the Russian word for it. This was no help, and the adjutant was directed to make further enquiries of the guard and the officers. He always got the same answer, "Ordered." Search was made in the military records, but nothing found—there always had been a sentinel there. At last they found an old servant, who remembered that his father, also an old servant, had once told him that on that spot the Empress Katherine had found an early snowdrop, and had given orders to protect it from being plucked. There was no better way of doing so than by placing a sentry there, and placed he was at once.

He then spoke of the feeling of aversion to us which existed in Holland, and the causes of it ; that it might be traced back to the Minister van Guylen, who succeeded in making himself disagreeable as ambassador in Berlin, and who was, in consequence, not honoured quite as he wished, so that he returned to Holland with unkindly feelings to us.

We were told that we were to proceed next day to Pont-à-Mousson, and as we turned in for the night, I thought to pay Abeken a compliment by telling him that the day's ride was quite astonishing for one of his years ; he really ought to be congratulated. But he did not take it altogether well ;

he did not like to appear old, and I vowed to myself quietly that in future I would be more sparing of my surprise and my good wishes.

On *August 16*, at half-past nine, a lovely, but warm morning, we set off again. I drove in the Councillors' carriage, as some of them rode, and by me sat Landrath Jansen, one of the Free Conservative party in the Reichstag; a good-looking, pleasant man, who had come to take part in the administration of the conquered district. The journey took us over a broad undulating plain, to the chain of hills on the right bank of the Moselle, among which stood out the cone of the Mousson, with its extensive ruins. We drove on an excellent road, through some more villages with handsome mairies and schools. It was everywhere full of life and bustle, with the infantry soldiers, the detachments of Saxon horsemen in bright blue, and all kinds of carriages and carts. Here and there, too, there were little camps.

At last about three o'clock we drove over the slope of the hill, and down into the valley of the Moselle towards Pont-à-Mousson. It is a town of about 8000 inhabitants, stretching along both sides of the river, over which is a beautiful stone bridge, and with a great old church on the right bank. We crossed the bridge and came into a market-place surrounded with arcades, hotels, and cafés, and an old town-house, before which the Saxon infantry were lying on straw spread on the ground. Here we turned into the Rue Saint-Laurent, where the Minister, with Abeken, Keudell, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen, were quartered in a small mansion at the corner of the Rue Raugraf, which was covered with a red-blossomed climbing plant. His involuntary host was, so we heard, an old gentleman who had gone off with Madame on his travels. The Chancellor took possession of the apartments on the

first floor, which looked out on the little garden at the back. The Bureau was established on the ground-floor, in a back room, and a smaller room next it served as the dining-room. The Landrath, I, Secretary Bölsing, Willisch, and St. Blanquart, the other temporary cipherer, were about ten doors off, in the Rue Saint-Laurent, in a house which seemed to be inhabited only by some French ladies and their maid-servants. I slept with Blanquart, or to give him his full title for once, Hofrath St. Blanquart, in a room which a chance visitor might have called an *omnium gatherum* of memorials from every country: dried flowers, wreaths of roses, palm branches, photographs from the city of David, also *Vino di Gerusalemme*, a darabuka, cocoa-nuts, corals, cray-fish, sponges from the bottom of the sea, a sword-fish, and other monsters with gaping jaws and sharp teeth; three German tobacco pipes, next which came three Oriental cousins of theirs—a tschibbuk, a nargileh, and a schischi; then a Spanish Madonna with half-a-dozen swords in her breast, reminding one of a bull fight; antelopes' horns, pictures of saints from Moscow, and, lastly, framed and glazed, a French newspaper, with an article in it obliterated by a Russian censor of the press. In short, a complete ethnographical cabinet.

We remained here only long enough to make ourselves decent. Then we hastened to the Bureau. On the way we saw different proclamations nailed up at the corners of the streets; one, of our victory of the 14th, a second, about the abolition of the conscription, and a third in which the mayor of Pont-à-Mousson exhorted the inhabitants to circum-spection,—which must have been issued the day before the attack of the civilians in this place on our soldiers, or even before. The inhabitants were also ordered by our people, under threat of punishment, to put lights in all the windows

at night, and to leave open all shutters and doors, and to deliver up all their weapons at the town-house.

The distant thunder of cannon was heard during the greater part of the afternoon, and in the evening, at dinner, we learnt that there had again been a hardly-contested action near Metz; upon which, some one remarked that perhaps we should not succeed in preventing the French from accomplishing their object, and withdrawing to Verdun. To this the Minister replied jestingly, "Molk, the hard-hearted reprobate, said that such a mishap would not be to be lamented, for then we should have them safe." Which meant, I suppose, that then we should shut them in on every side, and prevent their further retreat,—in fact, annihilate them. Of the other sayings of the Chancellor on this occasion, I give only this, that he said "The little black Saxons, who looked so intelligent," had pleased him greatly, during the visit he had paid them the day before. He meant the dark green riflemen, or the 108th regiment, with the same colour of uniform. "They seem to be sharp, nimble fellows, and we ought to mention this in the public press."

The following night I was awakened several times by the measured tread of infantry marching through, and the rolling and rumbling of heavy wheels over the uneven pavement. As we learnt afterwards in the Bureau, they were Hessian soldiers. We were told that the Minister had already, about four o'clock in the morning, ridden off towards Metz, where a great battle was expected to-day or to-morrow. As there was every probability of my having little or nothing to do, I seized the opportunity to take a walk with Willisch in the neighbourhood of the town. We first went up the river, over the pontoon bridge made by the Saxons, who had established in the meadows here a great park of artillery, in which were to be seen waggons from the villages near

Dresden. We swam across the clear deep stream, bordered on both banks by willows, and back again. Then we visited the church on the right bank, where we were surprised to find an extremely fine Sepulchre with a representation of the sleeping guards. The latter, especially, were, in attitude and expression, true masterpieces of the time of the transition from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance.

Returning to the Bureau we found it was still holiday there. I had time, therefore, to pay a visit with Jansen and Willisch to the top of the Mousson and its ruins. A steep path led up through the vineyards which cover the side of the cone next to the town and the river. From the ruins of the castle, which are so extensive that a tolerable-sized village once nestled there, we had a splendid view of the river valley, with its hills. Most of these regularly-shaped heights are planted with vines. The Moselle winds along, about as broad as the Saale at Giebichenstein, light-blue upon the green meadows. Villages and mansions are scattered through the valley and on the sides of the hills. Down below on the white road, like swarms of ants, were columns of soldiers with their gleaming helmets, caps and gun-barrels; behind them thick clouds of dust; now and then the sound of a drum or a signal-horn. All round us everything was lonely and quiet. Even the wind, which certainly blows strong enough up here sometimes, held its breath.

We descended once more to the confusion of war time and to our house in the Rue Raugraf, but only to hear that the Chancellor had not returned. News had been received of a battle the day before to the west of Metz. We heard of the heavy losses of our side, and that Bazaine had with great difficulty been prevented from breaking through. The chief scene of the fighting seemed to have been the village of Mars-la-Tour. The Chassepot balls literally fell like a

shower of hail. A Cuirassier regiment, so it was said then, with an exaggeration not uncommon in such cases, had been almost annihilated, and the dragoons of the guard had also suffered severely. There was no division whose battalions had not had terrible losses. To-day, however, when we would have the superiority of force, as the French had yesterday, a victory might be expected if the French attempted to advance.

This, however, seemed not quite certain. Consequently we were rather uneasy—no sitting still, no steady thinking was possible; as in a fever, certain thoughts were constantly recurring. On going to the market and to the bridge we found the slightly wounded gradually dropping in on foot, those badly wounded in waggons. Along the road from Metz we met a long line of about one hundred and twenty prisoners. They were chiefly small, meagre men, but still there were amongst them some well-grown, broad-shouldered fellows—Guards, recognisable by the white cord on the breast. Coming back from the market we went into the garden at the back of the Bureau, where, on the left hand, in a corner not far from the house, “the dog was buried,” the dog of Herr Aubert, who was, apparently, our landlord, and who erected a stone in memory of the departed, with the following touching inscription:

GIRARD AUBERT’S EPITAPH ON HIS DOG.

Ici tu gis, ma vieille amie,
Tu n’es donc plus pour mes vieux jours.
O toi, ma Diane chérie,
Je te pleurerai toujours.

At last, about six o’clock, the Chancellor came back. No great battle had taken place to-day, but something would most likely happen next morning. The Chief told us at

table, that he had been to visit his eldest son, Count Herbert, who had been wounded by a shot in the upper part of the thigh during a cavalry attack at Mars-la-Tour, and who was lying in the field hospital of Mariaville. The Minister, riding about, at last found it in a farmyard at the top of a hill, where were also a considerable number of other wounded men. They were left in the hands of a doctor who could not contrive to get water for them, and who, from a kind of prudery, refrained from taking the hens and turkeys which were running about the yard for the use of the sick. "He said he dare not," continued the Minister. "Friendly representations made to him were no use. Then I threatened, first to shoot the hens with a revolver, and afterwards gave him twenty francs with which he could buy fifteen of them. At last I remembered that I was a Prussian general, and I told him so. Upon which, he listened to me. But the water I was obliged to look for myself, and get it taken to them in barrels."

Meantime the American, General Sheridan, had entered the town. He came from Chicago, was staying in the market-square in the *Croix Blanche*, and wanted an interview with our Chancellor. I waited upon him by the Count's wish, and said that he would expect him in the course of the evening. The general, a little corpulent gentleman of about forty-five, with a dark moustache and a tuft, spoke a most decided Yankee dialect. He had with him his adjutant, Forsythe, and as interpreter, MacLean, a journalist, who was also war correspondent for the *New York World*.

In the night, from our room, we heard again the heavy tramp of soldiers marching through the town, and we afterwards found they were Saxons.

Next morning they told me in the Bureau that the King and the Minister had already driven out about three o'clock.

There was fighting again almost on the battle-field of the 16th, and it seemed as if matters were coming to a crisis. As may be easily imagined, we were more excited by this news than any time before in these last days. Restless and impatient to know what was going on, we started to walk in the direction of Metz, and arrived in a state of mental and bodily stew, at a spot about two miles and a half from Pont-à-Mousson. On the road we met some who were slightly wounded, walking—some singly, some in pairs, some in larger bodies—to the town. Many still carried their muskets; others were supporting themselves with sticks, and one had enveloped himself in the red-lined cloak of a French cavalry soldier. They had taken part in the action the day before at Mars-la-Tour, and Gorze. About the fight which was going on this day they bring reports, good and bad, which were repeated in the town with exaggerations. At last, good news got the upper hand, but even when the evening was far advanced nothing absolutely certain was known. We dined without our Chief, for whom we waited in vain till past midnight. At last, however, we heard that he along with Sheridan and Count Bismarck-Bohlen was with the King at Rezonville.

. *Friday, August 19.*—When we knew for certain that the Germans had been victorious the day before, Abeken, Keudell, Hatzfeld and I, drove towards the battle-fields. Our road took us at first between the Italian poplars on the chaussée through the pleasant valley of the Moselle. On our right hand was the shimmer of the stream, on the left were vineyards, with villas and pretty villages, and ruined castles, showing themselves above the now widening, now narrowing levels of the valley. We passed by Vendières, Arnaville, and Noveant. Then we made a bend to the left up to Gorze, a little town, which consists almost entirely

of a long narrow street running through a hollow in the chain of hills on this bank of the river. The Councillors here left the carriage, to proceed on horseback. I and our faithful Theiss tried to drive our conveyance through the crowd of vehicles which had got themselves into the narrow street, but it was impossible. From our side came rack-waggons with hay, straw, wood, and baggage; from the other side vehicles of every kind with the wounded from the field and munition carts, so that for some time we were quite stuck fast. The little Geneva flags on nearly all the houses showed that they were turned into lazarettes, and at almost all the windows were men with their heads bound up or their arms in slings.

After about an hour, the stoppage relaxed and we drove very slowly on, and after a time got out on to the plateau sideways from the town. Here we went first through a wood, where we were overtaken by a severe thunderstorm with heavy rain, then out on a wide undulating plain, with stubble fields divided by roads, mostly planted with German poplars. In the distance to the right more villages could be seen, and beyond hills and dales with greenwood.

Not far from Gorze the road bends downwards by a gentle slope to the right, which would have brought us to Rezonville in rather over half an hour, where I was to meet the Minister and those of our party who were riding. But my map gave me no information about the villages and roads hereabouts. The road to the left as well as that to the right was, so far as the eye could reach, quite deserted. I thought we should come out by it somewhat too near Metz, and so I continued to drive along the main road, which brought us first to a solitary farm, where house, barn, and stable were full of the wounded, and then to Mars-la-Tour.

Immediately after passing Gorze we came upon traces of

battle; ditches ploughed by cannon balls, branches torn from the trees by shot, and a few dead horses. Further on there were more; in some places we counted two or three close together, and in another there was a heap of eight such carcasses. Most of them were frightfully swollen and their legs were stretched up in the air, with their heads lying limp on the ground. Near Mars-la-Tour there was a Saxon camp. The battle of the 16th, as it appeared, had done little harm to the village; only one house was burned down. I asked a lieutenant of Uhlans here where Rezonville was. He did not know. "Where is the King?" "At a place about six (English) miles from here," was the answer. "Out there," said the officer, pointing towards the east. A peasant woman, who tried to show us where Rezonville lay, also pointed in that direction, so we drove on straight along a road which brought us after a time to the village of Vionville. Just before we reached that place I stumbled on the first of those killed in this fight—a Prussian musketeer lying between the ditches on the edge of the road and a stubble field. His face was as black as a Turco's, and his body fearfully swollen. All the houses in the village were full of badly wounded soldiers; German and French doctors were moving along the road, and ambulance men with the Geneva Cross hurried backwards and forwards.

I determined to wait here for the Minister and the Councillors, for I thought they would certainly come to this place, and that probably before long. I walked to the battle-field through a narrow path on the left side of the road, where, in a ditch, a man's leg which had been cut off lay under a mass of bloody rags. About four hundred paces from the village I came to two ditches about 300 feet long, running parallel to each other, neither wide nor deep, which men were still digging, and near them great heaps of dead bodies, French and German, huddled together. Some

were half-dressed, most of them still in uniform, all blackened and frightfully swollen from the heat. There must have been 250 bodies, which had been brought together here, and carts were still arriving with more. Many others had, no doubt, already been buried. Farther on towards Metz the battle-field sloped upwards a little, and here more seem to have fallen than elsewhere. The ground was strewn with French caps, German helmets, knapsacks, arms and uniforms, linen, shoes, and papers, all strewn about. Among the furrows of the potato-field lay some single bodies, some on their faces, some on their backs; one had lost the whole of his left leg, to a span above the knee; another, half his head; some had the right arm stretched stiff towards the sky. Here and there we came upon a single grave marked by a little cross made of the wood of a cigar-box and tied together with string, or by the bayonet from a Chassepot. The odour from the dead bodies was most perceptible, and at times, when the wind blew from the direction of a heap of horses, quite unbearable.

It was time to go back to the carriage, and I had had quite enough of this picture of the battle-field. I took another road, but here, too, I had to pass heaps of the dead; this time, "Red-breeches" only, heaps of discarded clothing, shirts, shoes, papers, and letters; prayer-books and books of devotion. Near some dead bodies lay whole packets of letters which the poor fellows had carried with them in their knapsacks. I took two or three of them as memorials, two of them German letters from one Anastasia Stampf, from Scherrweiler, near Schlettstadt, which I found beside a French soldier, who must have been stationed at Caen just before the outbreak of the war. One was dated from "25, hay month, 1870" (July), and concluded with the words, "We commend thee always to Mary's holy keeping."

When I got back to the carriage the Minister had not yet arrived, and it was four o'clock. We now turned round and took a nearer way back to Gorze, and I saw that we had driven round the two long sides of an acute-angled triangle, instead of choosing the shortest route. Here we met Keudell, to whom I explained our mistake and the unfortunate roundabout road we had taken. He had been with Abeken and Count Hatzfeld with the Chief, in Rezonville. While the battle of the 18th was raging, the decisive struggle taking place on Gravelotte, Bismarck had advanced with the King rather too far, and for a little time they were in some danger. Afterwards he, single-handed, had been carrying water to the badly wounded. At nine o'clock in the evening I saw him safe and sound in Pont-à-Mousson, where we all met together once more at supper. The conversation at table turned naturally on the two last battles, and the gain and loss which accompanied them. The French had left masses of people on the field. The Minister had seen their Guards laid down at Gravelotte in rows and heaps. But our losses, too, were, he said, very great. Those of the 16th of August were only now known. "A number of Prussian families will be thrown into mourning," remarked the Chief. "Wesdehlen and Reuss are laid in one grave; Wedell, dead; von Finkenstein, dead; Rahden (Lucca's husband), shot through both cheeks; a great number of commanders of regiments and battalions killed or severely wounded. The whole field at Mars-la-Tour was yesterday still white and blue with dead Cuirassiers and Dragoons." In explanation of this remark we learned, that a great cavalry attack had been made, near that village, on the French who were pressing forward in the direction of Verdun; that though this attack had been repulsed by the enemy's infantry in the style of Balaklava, it had so far been successful, that it had arrested the enemy, till

reinforcements reached us. The sons of the Chancellor had been present at this action, and had displayed great bravery; the eldest had received no less than three shots, one through the breast of his coat, another on his watch, and a third through the fleshy part of the thigh. The youngest seemed to have come through it unhurt; and the Chief related with manifest pride, that Count Bill in the retreat had, with his strong arms, dragged out of the fray one of his comrades who was wounded in the leg, and ridden off with him slung across his horse, till they got assistance. On the 18th, still more German blood was shed, but we had won the victory and attained the object of this destructive war. By nightfall Bazaine's army was decisively driven back on Metz, and the officers who were taken prisoners themselves admitted to the Minister that it was all over with them. The Saxons, who on the two previous days had made very stiff marches, and had reached a position to take effective part in the fight at the village Saint-Privat, stood now across the road to Thionville, and thus Metz was entirely surrounded by our troops.

The Chancellor, as it appeared, had not approved of some of the measures of the military in these two fights. Among other things, he said of Steinmetz, "that he had made a bad use of the really prodigious bravery of our troops—a blood-spendthrift!" He spoke with vehement indignation of the barbarous manner in which the French waged war; they had fired, it was said, on the Geneva Cross flag, and even on the bearer of a flag of truce.

The Minister seemed to have quickly got on very good terms with Sheridan; for I had to invite him and his two companions to dinner next evening.

On the 20th, early, came Herr von Kuhlwetter, who was to be civil commissioner, or prefect, in Elsass or Lothringen. At eleven the Crown Prince, who with his

troops was stationed some twenty-five miles from Pont-à-Mousson, on the road from Nancy to Châlons, came to visit the Chancellor. In the afternoon there passed through the Rue Notre Dame nearly twelve hundred prisoners on foot, and amongst them two carriages with officers, guarded by Prussian cavalry. In the evening, Sheridan, Forsythe, and MacLean were guests of the Chief, who talked eagerly with the American General in good English, whilst champagne and porter circulated. The latter was drunk out of the metal pots I have described, one of which filled up to the brim he sent to me, saying: "Doctor, do you still drink porter?" I mention this because at this time no one took porter but the Minister and the Americans, and because the gift was extremely welcome and agreeable; for though we had more than enough of wine, champagne, and cognac, we had had no beer since Saarbrücken.

The General, well known as a successful general of the Unionists in the latter part of the war of Secession, talked a good deal. He spoke of the fatigues he had undergone during his ride from the Rocky Mountains to Chicago, of the horrible swarms of gnats, of a great bone cave in California, in which fossil animals were found, and of buffalo and bear hunting. The Chancellor also told a hunting story in his best style. He was one day, in Finland, in considerable danger from a great bear, which he could not see plainly, as he was covered with snow. "At last I fired," he continued, "and the bear fell, about six steps in front of me. He was not dead, however, and was able to get up again. I knew what was the danger, and what I had to do. I did not stir, but loaded again as quietly as possible, and shot him dead as he tried to stand up."

In the forenoon of the 21st we worked hard for the post and the telegraph in order to send off the news, and articles

commenting on it, to Germany. The parlementaire who had been shot at by the French, as he approached them with his white flag, was, we heard, Captain or Major Verdy of Moltke's staff; the trumpeter who accompanied him was wounded. We received certain intelligence from Florence, that Victor Emmanuel and his minister, in consequence of our victories, had determined to remain neutral, which hitherto had been far from certain. Lastly, we were now able to calculate, at any rate pretty nearly, the losses of the French on the 14th at Courcelles, on the 16th, at Mars-la-Tour, and on the 18th at Gravelotte. The Minister put these, for all the three days, at nearly 50,000 men, of whom 12,000 were dead, and added, "The jealousy of some of our leaders was the cause of our losing so many of our men."

In the afternoon I spoke to one of the Dragoon Guards, who, on the 16th, had attacked the French battery. He told me, that beside Finkenstein and Reuss, the two Tre-skows were dead and buried, and that, out of the three squadrons of his regiment, which had been under fire, one had been formed after the battle; and a single regiment out of the 1st and 2nd regiments of Dragoons. He spoke, too, most modestly of the bravery they had shown in action. "We had to go forwards, if only to save our artillery being taken by the enemy." As I was still talking with him, about 150 more prisoners in the charge of Saxon infantry passed us, going through the town. I heard from the escort, that the Saxons had joined the fight at Roncourt and Saint-Privat after a long march, had attacked at once with bayonet and butt end, and had lost several officers, amongst them General Krausshaar.

In the evening at tea the Chief asked me, as I entered the room,

"How are you, Doctor?"

"Well, I thank your Excellency."

"Have you been able to see anything?"

"Yes," I replied, "the battle-field of Vionville."

"Pity that you were not with us in our affair of the 18th."

Whereupon he related fully his experiences on that day in the last hours of the battle, and in the night afterwards. These particulars, with other details supplied by the Minister, I shall give in one of the following chapters. The conversation then turned on General Steinmetz, of whom the Chancellor said, "He is courageous but self-willed, and vain beyond measure. In the Reichstag he always kept near the President's chair, and stood up so that every one could see him well. He coquetted also as if paying great attention, and made notes on paper. He was thinking all the time," continued the Chancellor, "that the newspapers would take notice of this, and praise his zeal, and unless I am mistaken, he did not miscalculate." The Chancellor was not at all mistaken; the press had, as usual, done satisfactorily what was wished, and what it was his object to get done.

The ladies in our house (I mean that with the ethnographical cabinet) were not at all shy, rather the contrary. They talked to us, so far as we could speak French, with the utmost freedom.

Monday, August 22.—I wrote in my journal.

"Went early with Willissh again to bathe before the Chief was up. At half-past ten I was summoned to him. He asked at once how I was, and whether I had not been attacked by dysentery. He had not been well in the night. The Count and dysentery! God preserve him from that! That would be worse than a lost battle. All our affairs would fall into uncertainty and confusion."

There is no longer any doubt that, in the event of ultimate victory over France, we shall keep Elsass and Metz, with the surrounding country, and the following was,

perhaps, the train of thought which led the Chancellor to this decision.

A contribution, however great it might be, would be no compensation for the enormous sacrifices we have made. We must secure South Germany, exposed as it is, from the attacks of the French: we must put an end to the pressure which France has exercised upon it for two centuries, especially since this pressure has essentially contributed to the derangement of German relations during the whole of that time. Baden, Würtemberg, and the other countries on the south-west, must not again be threatened from Strassburg and overrun at pleasure. It is the same with Bavaria. During the last two hundred and fifty years the French have undertaken more than a dozen wars of conquest against the south-west of Germany. Guarantees against such disturbances of the peace were sought, in 1814 and 1815, in a policy adopted towards France, which, however, proved to be too forbearing. This forbearance was useless, and even now would be fruitless and without result. The danger lies in the incurable assumption and dominating spirit inherent in the French character; attributes which may be abused by any ruler—not merely by the Bonapartes—to provoke attacks on peaceful neighbours. Our protection against it does not lie in fruitless attempts momentarily to weaken the susceptibility of the French, but in the gaining of a well-secured frontier. France has, by her continued appropriation of German territory, and of all our natural defences on our west frontier, placed herself in a position to penetrate into the heart of South Germany with an army, relatively speaking, not very great, before any help can be brought down from the north. Since the time of Louis XIV.—under him and his successor, under the Republic, under the first Empire,—there has been a constant repetition of these attacks, and the feeling of insecurity compels the

States of Germany to keep their eyes incessantly on France. That a feeling of bitterness will be created in the minds of the French by taking away a piece of territory, is really not worth considering. This bitterness would exist even without cession of territory. In 1866 Austria had not to cede one square rood of her territory ; and what thanks did we get for it ? Our victory at Königgrätz filled the French with aversion, hatred, and bitter vexation ; how much more effect will our victories at Wörth and Metz have upon them ! Revenge for this defeat of the proud nation will, therefore, even if we took no territory, be the war-cry in Paris and the provinces influenced by Paris, just as, for many years, they thought of vengeance for Waterloo. But an enemy which cannot be turned into a friend by generous treatment after defeat, must be rendered permanently harmless. It is not the levelling of the French fortresses on the east frontier of France, but their cession, that can alone be of service to us. Those who cry out for disarmament must be the first to wish to see the neighbours of the French adopt these measures, for France is the sole disturber of the peace of Europe, and will remain so as long as she can.

It is quite astonishing how naturally such opinions of the Chief already flow from my pen ! What ten days ago still looked like a miracle, is now quite natural and self-evident.

At table the conversation again turned on the improper, not to say base, manner in which the Red-breeches carry on the war, and the Minister said that at Mars-la-Tour they had fallen upon one of our officers, who was sitting, wounded, on a stone by the wayside. Some said they shot him ; others said, and a doctor who examined the body was of the same opinion, that he was thrust through with the sword, whereupon the Chief remarked that if he had to choose, he would rather be stabbed than shot. Then he complained of Abeken's movements during the night, so that he, who was a bad

sleeper in any case, was disturbed by Abeken's calling out, running backwards and forwards, and banging the doors. "He thinks he is feeling for his connections by marriage," said he. This referred to the Counts York, with whom our Geheimrath had become distantly connected by his marriage with Fräulein von Olfers—a relationship on which, with his perpetual "my cousins, the Yorks," he plumed himself more than a man of self-respect and high feeling would have done. One of the two Yorks had been wounded at Mars-la-Tour or Gravelotte, and the old gentleman drove that night to see him. I can easily imagine him, under the pressure of high-wrought feeling, reciting on the way, as he sat behind the coachman, something gushing, or thrilling, or dithyrambic, from Goethe, or Ossian, or even out of the old Greek tragic poets.

Count Herbert was brought here to-day, from the field-ambulance to his father, on the floor of whose room they made him a bed. I saw him and spoke with him. His wound is painful, but apparently not at present dangerous. He will go back to Germany in a few days till he recovers.

NOTE 1.—According to the *Constitutionnel* of August 8, the pressure of public opinion in Vienna had grown steadily. It showed itself in this way, that in a single day the *Neue Freie Presse* received more than a thousand letters from subscribers, to give notice to stop their papers, as they would no longer take in a print which continued to promote the interests of Prussia, to the injury of Austria.

NOTE 2.—According to one of the articles inspired from Vienna in the *Constitutionnel*, the *Morgenpost* of that city, of August 2, contained revelations said to come from "a personage on a very friendly footing with the Grand Duke of Baden," "according to which M. de Bismarck" is said to have "proposed in full Ministerial Council to give up Saarbrücken and Landau to France. The Grand Duke himself," it goes on to say, "told the fact to the person, who published it in the *Morgenpost*, and the Grand Duke had it from the King of Prussia, who asserted that it was only through his own opposition that the proposition of M. de Bismarck was not adopted by the Council."

CHAPTER III.

COMMERCEY—BAR-LE-DUC—CLERMONT IN ARGONNE.

TUESDAY, *August 23.*—We set out again on our journey westwards. Sheridan and his people were to accompany us, or follow us immediately. President von Kuhlwetter remains here for the present as prefect; Count Renard, of gigantic frame and corresponding beard, at Nancy, and Count Henckel at Saargemünd, in similar positions. We saw the Imperial envoy Bamberger again. Herr Stieber, too, made his appearance in the neighbourhood of the house at the corner of the Rue Raugraf. Lastly, as I paid a parting visit to the interior of the town, in order to take away a mental image to remember the place by, I saw the refined, wrinkled, smooth-shaven face of Moltke, for the first time since I saw him along with the Minister of War mounting the steps of Bismarck's residence, eight or ten days before the declaration of war. It wore to-day, as it seemed to me, a very happy and pleasant expression.

An account of the way in which Thiers had spoken not long ago of the immediate future of France interested me not a little as I returned to the Bureau. He had clearly pointed out, that in the event of victory we should take possession of Elsass, that Napoleon would, after the loss of battles, certainly lose also his throne, and that he would be succeeded for some months by a Republic, and then by some member of the Orleans family, perhaps even by Leopold of Belgium, who, as my informant claimed to know from certain knowledge, was very ambitious.

We left Pont-à-Mousson at ten o'clock. The fine weather of the last few days had changed between morning and afternoon to a grey cloudy sky and showers of rain. I drove in the Secretaries' carriage, which carried the portfolios of the Foreign Office from place to place. The road took us by Maidières, then over the sloping hills in the valley of the Moselle, up to Montauban, Limey, and Beaumont. It cleared up a little about twelve o'clock, and we saw a rather high hill country before us, beneath which stretched an undulating land, with broad depressions. Now and then we drove through a bit of greenwood. The villages had all continuous streets, house to house, as in a town; most of them had good mairie and school buildings. Some of them had also old Gothic churches. Beyond Gironville the road ascended a steep hill, from which there was a fine view over the plain beneath. We left the carriage here, to ease the horses, the Chancellor walking with Abeken at the head of the procession for a quarter of an hour, in great wide top boots, which in size and shape reminded one of those one sees in portraits from the Thirty Years' War. Next to him walked Moltke, the greatest artist in war of our days, by the side of the greatest statesman of our time, on a French road leading to Paris, and I could bet that neither thought it specially remarkable.

When we returned to the carriages, we saw, to the right of the road, that a telegraph had been established by some smart soldiers. Soon afterwards we descended into the valley of the Upper Meuse, and shortly before two reached Commercy, a pretty little town with about 6000 inhabitants, close to a great forest. The stream here is still narrow and muddy. On it is an old mansion, with a colonnade in front. The white shutters of the better houses in the street were mostly closed, as though the proprietors were determined

not to see the hated Prussians. The people in blouses, on the contrary, seemed more curious and less hostile. Over several doors was to be seen "*Fabrique de Madeleines.*" These are biscuits in the shape of little melons, which are in great request all through France, so we did not fail to buy some boxes to send home.

The Chief was quartered with Abeken and Keudell at the house of Count Macore de Gaucourt, in the Rue des Fontaines, in which not long before a Prince of Schwarzburg had lived, and where only the lady of the house remained behind. Her husband was in the French army, and was therefore in the field. He was a man of very good family, descended from the old Dukes of Lorraine. There was a pretty flower-garden near his house, and a park with charming shade stretched behind it. I was not far from the Minister, at No. 1, Rue Heurtebise, on the ground floor dressing-room of a man living on his means, whom I found a friendly and obliging host. He gave me an excellent four-poster bed. In walking through the town I met Sheridan's adjutant, in front of a house with steps leading up to the door. He told me that he left California in the beginning of May, and travelled to Chicago in great haste, and from thence to London; then to Berlin, and from there to Pont-à-Mousson in five days. He and the General, who was looking out at a window on the first floor, now wear uniform. Afterwards, I sought for the Chancellor, found him in the garden, and inquired whether he had anything for me to do. After some thought, he said "Yes," and an hour afterwards I set the field post, as well as the telegraph to work. I wrote, for instance, the following article:

"It is now quite certain that, the Princes of the Orleans family, in the expectation of seeing the star of the Napoleons pale and sink still lower, consider their time come.

Emphatically declaring themselves Frenchmen, they have placed their sword at the command of France in the present crisis. By their indolence, for the most part—by adhering to the principle of *laissez-faire* in dealing with the affairs of their neighbours, the Orleans family lost their throne. It seems as if they desired to reconquer it by energy, and as if by indulging the passions of Chauvinism, the craze for glory and the assumption of the guardianship of the world, inherent in Frenchmen,—they would seek to maintain themselves upon the throne. We are by no means at the end of our work. A decisive victory is probable, but not yet certain; the fall of Napoleon is somewhat nearer, but it is not yet a fact. If Napoleon actually falls, could we be content—in view of what we have just remarked—merely with this result of our enormous exertions? Ought we to feel that we had attained, in that event, what must be our supreme object—a peace with France, secured for many years? No one will assert this. A peace with the Orleanist family reseated on the throne of France would be, without any doubt, far more delusive than a peace with Napoleon, who has had enough to do with glory. Sooner or later, we should be again challenged by France, when France probably would be better armed, and more secure of powerful alliances.”

Three reserve armies are to be formed in Germany: one, the strongest, at Berlin; another on the Rhine, and a third—on account of Austria’s suspicious attitude—in Silesia at Glogau. The latter was a purely defensive measure. The troops on the Rhine were to be commanded by the Duke of Mecklenburg; those at Berlin by General von Canstein, and those at Glogau by General von Löwenfeld.

Towards evening the military band played before the house of the King, who had been quartered in Commercy

during the War of Liberation, and the street boys were quite pleased to hold the notes of the music for the men who played the horns and hautboys.

At dinner, where, among other good things, we had some marvellously fine white Bordeaux, Counts Waldersee and Lehndorf, and afterwards Lieutenant-General von Alvensleben, were guests of the Chief. The latter related—I no longer remember in what connection it was said—a story of the “Marl-major” who used to reduce all things that happened here below to geognostic causes. He reasoned almost in this way : The Maid of Orleans could only have been born on fertile marl soil ; she must have gained a victory on the chalk, and she was certain to die on sandstone.

Alvensleben said, referring to the enemy’s barbarous mode of warfare, that while they had fired upon the bearer of a flag of truce from Toul, another officer, who rode on to the *glacis* in a joke, had been able to hold a friendly chat with those on the walls. The question was put whether Paris could not be stormed in spite of its fortifications, and the military men thought it might. The General said : “ A great city of this kind cannot be successfully defended, if the army attacking it is sufficiently numerous.” One of the gentlemen wanted “ Babel destroyed,” and gave reasons which pleased me uncommonly. The Minister, however, replied : “ Yes, that would be right enough, but for many reasons it will not do, and for this, among others, because Germans also, good people from Cologne and Frankfort, have laid out considerable capital there.”

We then spoke of the country already conquered, and that still to be conquered, in France. Alvensleben wished to hold the country as far as the Marne. Our Count had another wish, although he did not seem to think it practicable. “ My ideal would be,” he said, “ to have a kind of colony belong-

ing to Germany, a neutral state of eight or ten millions, where there should be no conscription, and whose taxes should flow towards Germany, so far as they were not needed for internal purposes. France would thus lose the districts which furnish her best soldiers, and would be prevented from doing mischief. In the rest of France no Bourbons, no Orleanists, I don't know whether we should have Lulu, or the fat Bonaparte, or the old one. I wanted no war about the Luxemburg business, for I knew well enough that six wars would come of it. But there must be an end to this. Don't let us talk, however, of the bear's skin till we have shot the bear; I confess I am somewhat superstitious on that point." "Yes," said Count Waldersee, "but the bear is already wounded!"

The Chancellor then began to speak of his sons, and said, "I hope now that I shall keep at least one of my young fellows—I mean Herbert, who is on his way home. He had got very much in his place in the field. When he lay wounded near us in Pont-à-Mousson, and common dragoons came to see him, he conversed with them more freely than with the officers."

At tea it was mentioned that in 1814 the King had lived in the very same street, and, indeed, in a house close by the one he was quartered in now. The Minister said, "My plan for His Majesty in the future campaign is to send the Staff Guard on in front. The country right and left of the road must be thoroughly searched by a company of soldiers, and the head-quarters must keep together. Sentinels must be placed at short distances from one another. The King agreed to this plan, when I told him that it had been followed in 1814. At that time the monarchs did not drive, but always rode, and Russian soldiers, twenty feet apart, lined the road." Some one observed that it was quite

possible that peasants or Franks-tireurs might fire on the King in the carriage.

The next morning my landlord drove me to the castle in which, during the last century, the father-in-law of Louis the Fifteenth, Stanislaus Leszczynski, held his court there as Duke of Lorraine and Bar, and which has of late years been turned into Cuirassier barracks. From the back windows there is a charming view along the slowly-flowing Meuse beneath, and the groups of trees on the opposite bank. We paid a visit also to the chapel of the castle and to its "Fabrique," which word seems to mean both workshop and lumber room. Here our soldiers—they were hussars said the sacristan—had done much damage; sundry images of saints, with the noses knocked off, a shattered marble medallion, a chandelier in fragments, the archives scattered about, and an old oil picture spoiled by a sabre cut. Perhaps it had all been done by mistake in the dark; but the two Frenchmen were very angry about it, and I think I did not convince them when I said that such disorder was not customary amongst us. Yet the people with whom I came in contact were not ill-disposed; especially my kind host, who more than once assured me he considered me not as an enemy but as his guest. He belonged to that class, so numerous in France, of people in business, who having till the age of fifty honestly worried and saved carefully, retire from business with some means, enough to let them bring the remainder of their lives to a comfortable close, with no heavier duties than those belonging to a flower and fruit garden, relieved by the reading of newspapers, a gossip in a coffee-house, and visits to neighbours and friends. Gillot had two sons, of whom one lived in Cochin China, the other was a clergyman somewhere in France. He hoped that, since there was some

talk of the clergy being called upon to serve in the field, his son might be employed—as soldiers of a few weeks could be of little service—as a notary, and not sent to fight.

About twelve we drove back to Commercy, through beautiful green wood with different kinds of trees and much underwood, ivy, and climbing plants, a thicket full of fine hiding-places for murderous *Francs-tireurs*, and out into open, undulating country. The soil did not seem to be good, the grain which we saw, oats, was thin and poor. We overtook several columns on the way, and passed some more camps. The precautionary measures, of which the Chief had spoken, were carried out. We had a vanguard of *Uhlans* in front, and the Staff Guard as escort, which being picked out from the different bodies of cavalry in the army, all colours were there together, green, red, and blue *Hussars*, Saxon and Prussian *Dragoons*, and so on. The Chancellor's carriages followed close behind those of the King. For a long time we passed through no village; then we reached Saint-Aubin, and soon afterwards we came to a milestone by the side of the road, on which we read, "Paris, 241 kilomètres," so that we were now only about a hundred and fifty miles from Babel. Further on we come upon a long train of Bavarian baggage-waggons belonging to the regiments of King John of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Hesse, von der Tann, Prince Otto, and others, which showed us that we were now among the army commanded by the Crown Prince.

Soon after this, we drove into the little town of Ligny, packed with Bavarian and other soldiers; and here, in the market-place, we waited some three-quarters of an hour in a strange confusion of vehicles of every kind, while the Chief paid a visit to the Crown Prince. This over, we extricated our carriages from the throng, and pursued our way, soon

coming to a lovely green valley with trees and meadows, through which we reached Bar-le-Duc by the side of a canal. On the way we again passed masses of Bavarian infantry in their light-blue uniforms. Then we came on an encampment of light horse, with their flickering cooking fires; then on a second by which was a herd of oxen guarded by soldiers; and lastly, on a third, with a park of waggons drawn up for the night.

Bar-le-Duc, the largest French town to which the campaign has yet brought us, has about 15,000 inhabitants. It lies on a canal with beautiful green water, and on the shallow and muddy little river, the Ornain, over which are several bridges; the greater part of the town being built on the heights on each side of these watercourses it has a very picturesque appearance. The streets and squares were full of life as we drove through, and women's faces were to be seen peeping at the carriages curiously from behind the window-blinds. When the King arrived he was received by a Bavarian band, which played "Heil dir im Sieger Kranz." He took up his abode in the principal street of the lower town, in the house of the Bank of France. We were quartered over the way with a M. Pernay. The Bureau was established on the ground-floor, on the right hand of the entrance; the room on the left of it serving for us all to breakfast and dine in. The Chief had the front room on the first-floor, Abeken a little room which looked out on a pretty garden at the back of the house, with its roses in full bloom, its little fir-trees and flowering shrubs. I had a room hung with pictures of saints, portraits of clergymen, and all kinds of things connected with the Church. The master of this elegantly-furnished house, apparently well-to-do, had gone away, and had left only an old waiting-woman behind.

At dinner the King's private physician, Dr. Lauer, was a guest of the Minister. He was, as usual, communicative, and indeed seemed to be in a particularly good humour. During the Crown Prince's visit at Ligny the Minister had been obliged to breakfast with him and the Princes and higher officers of his suite, and had fared exceedingly well. "The Augustenburg one was there too; he wore the Bavarian uniform, so that I really did not recognise him, and looked quite at a loss when he was introduced to me." We learnt also from what the Chief said, that Count Hatzfeld was to act as a sort of prefect during the time we remained here; a position he was particularly well fitted to fill, from his thorough knowledge of the French language and his familiarity with the manners and customs of the country, gained by long residence in Paris. From another remark of the Minister, it appeared that the head-quarters were likely to remain here for several days—"as in Capua," said the Count, smiling.

In the evening before tea, some more articles were sent to Germany, amongst others, one on the co-operation of the Saxons at Gravelotte, whose praises the Chief never tired in repeating. It ran thus :

"In the battle at Metz on the 18th, the Saxons distinguished themselves by their usual heroic bravery, and contributed most essentially to the attainment of the object of the German troops. To bring the Saxon Army Corps into the field, very long marches from the right to the extreme left wing had been made the day before, and even on the 18th itself. In spite of these fatigues they attacked with extraordinary energy, drove the enemy back, and completely fulfilled the duty they were charged with, preventing the enemy breaking through towards Thionville. Their losses in these actions amounted to 2200 men."

Here I will again allow my journal to speak for itself :

Thursday, August 25.—Quite early, before there was any work to be done, I took a walk in the upper, evidently older part of the town, where there is a fine Gothic church dedicated to St. Peter, with richly ornamental doors, and some handsome houses of the period of the middle Renaissance. The view from the castle over the town is quite lovely, nothing is wanting to the beauty of the valley but running water. The little streets of the upper town are in many parts very steep, and for the most part narrow, and also dark. Below it is more sunny. There are here numbers of one-storied, but strong houses, well-built of freestone, with white open-barred outside summer shutters. In these parts of the town there are some churches in a good style, and amongst them a couple of new ones. The shutters are nearly all flung open ; people of whom we ask the road answer politely. Not far from our quarters there is an old stone bridge over the river, which has a little tower in the middle of it, and which doubtless saw the days when Lorraine and the Duchy of Bar did not belong to France. We visited the railway station, where the waiting-rooms and offices have been shamefully destroyed—they say, by the French themselves.

About nine o'clock the Bavarians began to march through. They went along the Rue de la Banque, and therefore passed the King's abode as well as ours. There were more French spectators than was convenient to us, on the pavement, on both sides of the rows of trees which border the wide street. The light cavalry in green uniforms turned up with red ; dark-blue cuirassiers, among whom were many fine men ; lancers, artillery, infantry, regiment after regiment marched for several hours past the Commander-in-Chief of the German armies. As they marched

in front of the house where the King stood, they raised loud ringing hurrahs, while the cavalry brandished their sabres, and the infantry held up their right hands and lowered their colours, amid blaring fanfare of the trumpets of the cavalry, and music from the bands of the infantry. Who after the war of 1866, or even three months ago, would have thought it possible?

More articles were written for the post, and others for the telegraph. Our people press rapidly forwards. The heads of the German columns already stand between Châlons and Épernay. In Germany the three reserve armies which have been talked of for some days, are in process of formation. In opposition to our plan of creating a safe frontier on the west, by the incorporation of French territory, the neutral powers for the most part raise difficulties, especially England, which, jealous of us for some time past, shows a disposition to tie our hands. The accounts from St. Petersburg appear to be better, where the Emperor, though not without some doubts of the measures we have in view, seems disposed to favour us, and where too the Archduchess Helena has given us her active sympathy. We stand, however, by our plan, dictated by the necessity of securing South Germany from the attacks of France once and for all, and of thus making it independent of French politics, the achievement of which will doubtless be demanded by the national feeling with an energy quite irresistible. The troops before us report much exciting news about the bands of Francs-tireurs which have been formed. Their uniform is of such a kind that they can hardly be known as soldiers, and what they wear to distinguish them as such can easily be thrown away. One of those fellows, when a troop of our cavalry is going along the road, lies apparently sunning himself in the ditch near a wood. As soon as our men have passed,

up he starts and fires his rifle at them, which he had kept concealed in a neighbouring bush, and runs into the wood, out of which, perfectly acquainted with the paths in it, he comes again, a little farther on, an innocent countryman in a blouse. I am inclined to think that these are not defenders of their country, but assassins, who should be hanged without ceremony, if they fall into our hands.

At dinner Count Seckendorf, Adjutant in the Crown Prince's general staff, was one of the guests. (*Vide* note 1, at end of chapter.) He denied that the Crown Prince had, as was reported, caused some treacherous French peasants to be shot; on the contrary, said the Prince, he had always behaved with great mildness and forbearance, even towards officers of the enemy, who showed great want of soldier-like breeding.

Count Bohlen, who is always full of fun and anecdotes, said, "When the battery von Breinitz, on the 18th, was sustaining such a sharp fire that in a short time nearly all its horses, and most of its men, were lying on the ground either dead or wounded, the captain said, as he rallied the last who were left standing, 'A fine fight this, isn't it?'"

The Chief said, "Last night I asked the sentinel outside the door, who he was, and what he got to eat, and I heard that the man had not had anything to eat for four-and-twenty hours. Then I went in and found the cook, and cut a great hunch of bread, and took it to him, which seemed to be most acceptable to him."

The conversation then turned from Hatzfeld's prefecture to other prefects and commissaries *in spe*, and when first one and then another name, which were all well known, were objected to, the Minister remarked, "Our officials in France may be allowed to do a few stupid things, if only their administration in general be energetic."

We spoke of the telegraph lines so quickly established behind us, and it was said that the telegraphists whose posts were taken away, and their wires cut, begged the peasants to watch them at night, but they would not do so even when they were paid for it. At last they were told that each post should bear the name of the man who watched it, and this speculation on the vanity of the French was so successful that the fellows watched faithfully the whole night in their night-caps, and no more mischief was done.

Friday, August 26.—They say that we are to advance to-day towards Sainte-Menehould, where our troops, as I telegraphed this morning to Germany, have taken prisoners 800 of the Mobiles. This expected move was announced by Taglioni, who by the way gave us yesterday some most excellent caviare, which he had, I believe, from fat Borck. The first thing this morning, I wrote an article on the *Francs-tireurs*, and described in detail their delusions as to what is permitted in warfare. Then—for the Chief had gone out, some said to see the King, others to make a tour of inspection in the upper town (*vide* note 2, at end of chapter)—in company with Abeken I went to see the fine old church of Saint-Pierre. The walls and pillars in this church are not so high, and the latter much less slender than is usual in Gothic churches, but the whole is very elegant. On one of the walls is a skeleton of marble, presented by one of the duchesses, who loved her husband in such a marvellous fashion that when he died she had his heart preserved in the hand of this skeleton. The windows are filled with painted glass, which throws a coloured shade over the nave. Abeken was strangely moved and excited by it. He cited passages from the second part of Goethe's 'Faust,' and showed himself for once quite the romanticist

he is or wants to be taken for. I fear that with the æsthetic tendencies of his character he imbibed during his residence in Rome, where he was preacher to the embassy, a strong leaning to the Catholic church, which was not weakened by the fact that distinguished people in Berlin, to whose circles he had the entrée, were enthusiastic for it, and his heart will never be in the work if he has to form front against that Church.

Back again we went down steep stairs, through the narrow little passages to the street called after Oudinot, coming out immediately in front of the house where he was born, and which is pointed out as such by a tablet. It is a little mean, tumble-down place, which has only three windows, and in whose interior a saw is going. Abeken saw two photographs of the church in a shop window, and bought them "as memorials of the devotional inspiration" which he there experienced, and honoured me by presenting me with one of them. As we returned to our quarters we heard that Eigenbrodt is suddenly ill with dysentery, and that he must be left behind.

On the 26th we did move on, but not towards Sainte-Menehould, where it was still unsafe, and Francs-tireurs and Gardes Mobiles were hovering about, but to Clermont in Argonne, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. For the last few miles of the road, which took us through several large villages with fine old churches, soldiers were stationed at every 200 paces, as a precaution. The houses were all built of grey stone without whitewash, and stood close one to another. Everyone here hobbled along in heavy wooden shoes, and the features of the men and women, who stood at the doors in great numbers, were, so far as I could judge in passing, almost all of them ugly. But it is probable that the prettiest girls had been placed in

safety, before the arrival of the German birds of prey. We several times passed by woods of an extent which I had not expected to find in France, which had been described to me as poor in wood. They were always of deciduous trees, with thick underwood and climbing plants.

We met first some Bavarian troops and baggage-waggons; from whom the King, who was just before us on the road, received a salvo of hurrahs, of which the Chancellor came in for a share. Then we overtook, one after the other, the 31st Regiment, the 96th, and the 66th, and afterwards passed some Hussars and Uhlans, and lastly some Saxon artillerymen. Just outside a wood, not far from a village that, if I mistake not, is named Triancourt, we passed a vehicle containing captured Francs-tireurs, and behind them a second containing their arms and knapsacks, and the weapons of some other people of the same kind. Most of these fellows hung their heads, and one was crying. The Chief halted and spoke to them. He did not seem to have had anything very cheering to say. Afterwards a superior officer, who rode up to the Councillors' carriage and got a friendly glass of cognac, told us that these fellows or comrades of theirs, had, the day before, not far from this place, shot or murdered a major of Uhlans, named von Fries or Friesen. When taken prisoners, they had not behaved like soldiers, but had escaped from their escort, but in the vineyards to which they had crept, the troopers, assisted by some riflemen, had driven them up into a corner like game, and some of them were again captured, others shot or cut down. It is evident that the war is now beginning, in consequence of the practices of these Francs-tireurs, to take a savage turn. The soldier looks on them henceforward as men who meddle with things with which by right they have nothing to do, as those who do not belong to the profession, as mere bunglers,

and he hardly needs to add to that that they are likely enough to lie in wait to shoot him.

We arrived at Clermont wet through, for we had, twice on the way, been overtaken by heavy showers of rain and hail, and with the exception of Keudell and Hatzfeld, we took up our abode in the town school, on the left side of the principal street. The King was quartered just opposite. In the evening we had an opportunity of taking a look at the place. It may have about two thousand inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated, partly in a hollow on the side of a low hill in the wooded chain of the Argonnes, and partly on a conical-shaped hill with a chapel on its summit. The long Grande Rue was full of baggage waggons and carriages in consequence of our arrival, and the pavement was covered with thick yellow mud. Here and there a Saxon Jäger was to be seen. At sunset Abeken and I climbed the stone steps behind the school house, up to the old Gothic church which stands half-way up the hill, and is surrounded by tall shady trees. This church is dedicated to St. Didier, a saint of whose existence I was ignorant up to this time. It was open, and we entered, but in the twilight we could only see the outlines of the chancel and altar. The lamp shed a twilight on the figures on the walls, and the last rays of sunlight fell on the pavement through the painted windows. We were alone. All around us was quiet as the grave. Only a muffled murmur reached us from all the babel of men's voices, the rattle of wheels, the tramp-tramp of marching troops, and the hurrahs that were saluting the King.

As we came down, a May fly flew past us. The Minister had gone, and left word for us to follow him to the Hôtel des Voyageurs, where we were to dine with him, our cooking waggon being late, or not having arrived. We went there

and found food and places at the Chief's table, in a sort of back-room used for skittles, and full of noise and tobacco-smoke. An officer with a long black beard, wearing the cross of St. John, dined with us. This was Prince Pless. He said that the captive French officers at Pont-à-Mousson behaved in a very arrogant and shameless way, and spent the whole night in drinking and playing hazard. A general had wanted a private carriage, as proper for his rank, and had behaved in a very unseemly way when it was, as was natural, refused him. The Francs-tireurs and their unmentionable mode of warfare were then talked of; and the Minister mentioned, what Abeken had told me already, that when he overtook some of them in the road this afternoon, he had given them a terrible lecture. "I told them, '*Vous serez tous pendus; vous n'êtes pas soldats, vous êtes des assassins*'; upon which some of them began to whine." That the Chancellor is anything but hard we have already seen, and shall see often again.

In our quarters, the Chief had a room on the first floor; Abeken had, I believe, the back room on the same floor; the rest of us were sent up to the second floor, to the dormitory of the two or three scholars whom the school-master seemed to have had—a very large room, in which at first there was, by way of furniture, nothing but two beds, with mattresses but without blankets, and two chairs. The night was bitterly cold, and I had nothing but my waterproof cloak for bedclothes; but I got on pretty well, sleeping on the thought, How must the soldiers fare, camping out in muddy fields off the roadside?

In the morning a little quiet but ingenious contrivance and re-arrangement was required to fit our sleeping-room for our very different requirements. It became, without losing its fundamental character, at once Bureau, dining-room, and

tea-room. In the artistic hands of Theiss some trestles, or which stood a kneading-trough, a cask raised to the necessary height by a not very high box, a door which we appropriated, and which was laid by the artist on the top of the kneading-trough and cask, made us a magnificent table, at which the Chancellor himself afterwards dined and breakfasted, and which between the meal times served as writing-table for the secretaries and Councillors, at which world-stirring ideas of the Count in the room below were reduced to shape and written out, and the most important despatches, instructions, telegrams, and newspaper articles penned. The want of chairs was happily supplied by a form from the kitchen and an empty box or two ; a cracked and altogether shaky washhand-basin was found, which Willisich, clever as an old sailor in mending and patching, made tight again by the help of sealing-wax. For candlesticks, the Minister and ourselves made use of the empty wine bottles—champagne-bottles answer the purpose best—and in the necks of these, good stearine candles burn as brightly as in the sockets of silver candlesticks. Not so easily and happily as in the matters of utensils, furniture and lights, did we contrive about getting the necessary water either for washing or drinking purposes, for the crowds of men who had been besieging the little wells of Clermont during the two days before had pumped away all the water for themselves and their horses. Only one of us, who was something of a grumbler, complained of these little misfortunes ; the rest, including Abeken, who was an old traveller, seemed to take them, as I did, good-humouredly, as giving a flavour to the expedition.

In two little school-rooms on the ground-floor the Bureau of the War Minister, or the general staff, was established ; and there, quartermasters and soldiers wrote on the school

tables and the masters' desks. On the walls were different kinds of apparatus for teaching, on one were maps and sentences and a black-board for teaching arithmetic, on the other an advice most applicable to these bad times : "*Faites-vous une étude de la patience et sachez céder par raison.*"

While we were still drinking our coffee in the morning, the Chief came and angrily inquired, why the proclamation, according to which certain offences of the population contrary to military law were to be punished with death had not yet been posted up. By his order I went to inquire of Stieber, who had found out good quarters for himself in the other part of the town, and I returned with the answer that Abeken had given the proclamation to the general staff, and that it was his duty as the director of the field police to post up only such proclamations as issued from his Majesty.

I took this message to the Chancellor and received some more commissions. I saw that he was hardly better put up than we. He had slept that night on a mattress on the floor, his revolver within reach, and he worked at a table so small that he could hardly put both elbows on it at once, in a corner near the door. The room was meanly furnished ; there was neither sofa, arm-chair, nor anything of the kind. He who for years had made the history of the world, in whose head its currents met and changed character according to his plans, had hardly a place to lay his head, while stupid courtiers in their comfortable four-posters had the sound sleep of the idle classes ; and even M. Stieber himself had managed to get much more comfortably housed than our master.

On this occasion I saw a letter which had fallen into our hands, having been sent from Paris some days ago, and addressed to a French officer of high rank. According to its contents, the circles to which he belonged neither

believed in the possibility of further resistance, nor hoped to maintain the dynasty on the throne. The writer did not know what to hope or expect in the immediate future; a Republic without Republicans, or a monarchy without believers in monarchy, appeared to be the choice which he saw before him. To him the Republicans appeared too much in love with moderation; the Monarchists too self-seeking. They were enthusiastic, he said, about the army, but no one showed any great activity in joining it in order to fight the enemy.

The Chief began to speak again of the performances of the Saxons on the day of Gravelotte. "Especially the little black regiments ought to be praised," he continued; "they speak so modestly of themselves in their papers, and yet they fought with extraordinary bravery. Try to get some details of their fine conduct on the 18th."

Meanwhile everyone was working hard in the Bureau. On the table, which still bore every sign of its origin as a kitchen door, councillors and secretaries wrote and deciphered with great activity, in the midst of a picturesque confusion of portfolios and papers, cloaks, shoes, and clothes-brushes, bottles with candles in them, with which to seal the documents, torn paper, and open envelopes, with which the ground was strewn. Orderlies came and went, couriers and Government messengers. Everybody talked without minding anyone else. We were too much in a hurry to take notice. Abeken darted in and out between the improvised table and the messengers, and his voice was more distinct than ever. I believe that his nimble hand must have turned out a fresh piece of writing every half-hour this morning, so continually was he heard to push back his stool and call the messengers. From the street below rose the almost continual tramp, tramp, music, the rattle of

drums, and the rumbling of wheels. It was not easy to keep one's thoughts together, or to do one's work as one wished. But it had to be done with good will.

The Chancellor and the Councillors dined with the King, and after our dinner, for which the cooking waggon had once more furnished its stores, Willisich and I mounted the steps up to the church, and then along a winding path to the top of the hill, where there is a chapel dedicated to St. Anne. Here, in the shade of a wide-spreading tree, a group of country folks, soldiers from a Freiberg rifle battalion, were enjoying their evening meal. They had been in the battle on the 18th, and I tried to obtain from them some particulars of the action, but I did not get much out of them, except that they had lost a great many men. Here and there on the road we found traces of old walls, and on the flat at the top of the hill we observed a certain regularity in the trees and bushes which suggested that a great garden and grounds had once existed here.

At one side of the chapel, between dark green trees of arbor vitæ, a sloping path led up to some seats at a point where the prospect is lovely. In the middle of this path walked a clergyman in a black cassock, reading in a prayer-book, or book of devotion. It is a splendid point of view. In the foreground close at our feet lay the little town. North and East beyond it was a broad plain, with stubble-fields, villages, and churches with their spires, groups of trees, and reaches of woodland. To the south and west the ridge of the Argonnes, endless dark green woods stretching far away till they became a misty blue. This plain is traversed by three roads. One leads in a straight line to Varennes. Near this road, not far from the town, was a Bavarian camp, the fires of which lighted up the picturesque clouds of smoke. To the right, against the horizon, was the village of Faucoix

on a wooded hill. Further to the right more single hills, while behind and over these, just visible in the light blue distance, was the high-lying little town of Montfaucon. More to the East a second road crossed the plain in the foreground, going towards Verdun. Still further to the right, in the semicircle near a Saxon camp, ran the road to Bar-le-Duc, on which troops were marching our way, their bayonets gleaming in the setting sun, and the roll of their drums coming faint to our ears from the distance.

We sat a long time looking at this lovely picture, flooded over with the light of the setting sun—so long that we watched the lengthening shadows of the hills creeping over the fields, till all was dark. On our way back we took another look into the church of St. Didier, where some Hessian troops were quartered. They lay on straw in the choir before the altar and—certainly without thinking any harm, for they were good quiet folks—lighted their pipes at the sacred lamp.

I shall here introduce some interesting notes from the journal of a Bavarian superior officer, which have been placed at my disposal. In May, 1871, on the return march to Clermont he was quartered in the same house in which King William had lived during our residence there, and he also visited the hill and its chapel to St. Anne. There, too, he met the priest, made his acquaintance, and learnt from him all sorts of interesting things. The remains of walls which we noticed had belonged to an old castle, which was afterwards turned into a cloister, destroyed at the time of the first French Revolution. The priest was an old man who had lived in the place for fifty-six years. He was a man of much feeling, and a good patriot. The misfortunes of his country lay heavy on his heart, but he did

not deny that it was a mischievous arrogance which had brought this sad fate upon it. Of this arrogance he gave a curious proof, which I will give as nearly as I can in the Father's own words.

"Like you, gentlemen, the French Cuirassiers appeared here suddenly last August. The beautiful hill tempted them too, to admire the country from its summit. They went joking along, and coming to my church, standing open, as usual, they said that a public-house would have been more in place here. Whereupon they got a cask of wine, which they drank in the chapel, after which they had dancing and singing. Suddenly there appeared a sturdy cuirassier, who carried on his back a dog dressed in woman's clothes, which he set down in the circle of dancers. '*C'est Monsieur de Bismarck!*' he cried, and their noisy delight over this wretched joke seemed as if it would never end. They pulled the dog by the tail, and as he howled they shrieked, '*C'est le langage de Monsieur de Bismarck!*' They danced with the creature, and at last the soldier got it on his back again; after which they formed a procession, which was to go down the hill and through the town. This excited me past bearing. I begged a hearing, and told them it was a shame to compare any man, even an enemy, to a brute. In vain; they overpowered me with noise and thrust me on one side. In a rage I called out to them: 'Look to it, that the punishment due to insolence does not fall on your head.' However, they would not be warned; the noise went on and the crowd went away with their dog, shouting and brawling, unhappily, meeting only applause all through the town. Ah! all that I feared was only too completely realised. Fourteen days had not passed before Bismarck stood as conqueror on the very spot where he had been ridiculed in so absurd a fashion. I saw this man of iron,

but I did not then think him such a terrible person, or that he would make my poor France bleed to death. Yes, I can never forget the day when these soldiers sinned against him so."

The author of the journal continues: "We returned to our quarters, and our host willingly showed us the room in which the Emperor William lived and the bed on which he slept. The old gentleman could not sufficiently praise the Emperor's chivalrous manners, and he did not think Bismarck nearly so dreadful as he was represented. The Count had come there one day to see the Emperor, but had to wait a very long time, for Moltke was already engaged with him. He had taken a walk with Bismarck through the garden while he was waiting, and found him very pleasant. He spoke French admirably, and no one would have thought him such a terrible Prussian. He had talked with him about all kinds of rural matters, and had shown himself as much at home there as in politics. Such a man, he said emphatically, is what France needs."

Sunday, August 28.—When we got out of bed a fine, soft rain was falling from a dull grey sky, reminding us that Goethe, not far from here, in 1792, in frightful weather, amidst mud and dirt, had passed the days before and after the cannonade at Valmy. I went to General Sheridan, who had found a home for himself in the back-room of an apothecary's shop, and by the Chief's directions, took him the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Then I wished to get from the Saxons some details of the 18th, but at first I could only find single soldiers who had no time to tell me anything. At last, by chance, I came upon one of their Landwehr officers, a country gentleman, Fuchs-Nordhof, from Möcker, near Leipsic. But he could not tell me much that was new. The

Saxons had fought nobly near Sainte-Marie-aux-Chênes and at Saint-Privat, and had saved the Guard there, who had fallen somewhat into disorder, from entire defeat. The Freiberg riflemen had taken the French position on the right attack, at the point of the bayonet without firing a shot. The Leipsic regiment, the 107th, had lost many men and almost all its officers. This was all. He told me also that Krauss-haar had fallen.

When the Minister rose we had plenty to do. Our cause makes excellent progress. I am to telegraph that the Saxon cavalry at Voussières and Beaumont, in the North, have scattered the Twelfth Chasseurs. I learnt, and was allowed to repeat to others, that the determination to take some provinces from France was still firmly adhered to, and that peace would be concluded on no other terms. An article sanctioned by the Chief, explained our reasons in the following manner :

The German armies, since the victorious days of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, have continually advanced, and the time appears to have come when the question may be put under what conditions Germany will conclude peace with France. In this we must not be governed by the love of glory or the lust of conquest, and as little by the magnanimity dinned into our ears by the foreign press. In all our proceedings we have to consider merely how best to protect Germany, and especially South Germany, from fresh attacks of French ambition, such as we have had renewed more than a dozen times from Louis XIV. to the present day, and which will be repeated as often as France feels herself strong enough to do so. The enormous sacrifices, both in men and money, which the German people have made in this war, and all our victories, would be in vain, if the power of France to attack were not weakened, and Germany's

capacity of defence not strengthened. The German people have a right to demand this. If we contented ourselves with a mere change of dynasty or with a contribution, no substantial improvement in our condition would ensue. Nothing would prevent this war from being the first of a series of wars ; and especially the sting of the present defeat would drive the pride of the French to revenge the German victories. The contribution would soon be forgotten, the riches of France being so great in comparison with our own. Each new dynasty, in order to maintain itself, would seek compensation for the disaster of the dynasty now in power by victories over us. Magnanimity is no doubt a very estimable virtue ; but, in politics, magnanimity, as a rule, gets little thanks. In 1866 we took not a single acre of territory from the Austrians. Have we found that we are thanked in Vienna for this self-denial? Are they not full there of bitter feelings of revenge, simply because they were beaten? And further, the French growled at us from envy because of Königgrätz, where, not they, but a foreign power were conquered. How will they ever forgive us the victories of Wörth and Metz, whether we magnanimously renounce or do not renounce any cession of territory? How they will dream of vengeance for the defeats which they have now suffered at our hands !

If in 1814 and 1815 the French were treated otherwise than as we here indicate, the result of the leniency with which France was then dealt with has sufficiently proved that it was a mistaken clemency. Had the French been weakened in those days, as it was desirable they should have been in the interests of the peace of the world, we should not have had to be carrying on this war now.

The danger lies, not in Bonapartism, although Bona-

partism is specially pledged to a Chauvinistic foreign policy. It lies in the incurable, ineradicable arrogance of that portion of the French people which gives the tone to France. This trait of the French national character, which will prescribe its line of action to every dynasty, let it call itself what it may, even to a French republic, will continually be a goad to attacks upon peaceable neighbours. He who desires the load of military armament in Europe to be lightened, he who wants to see such a peace as will permit nothing of the kind, must wish for a solid and impregnable barrier against the war-chariot of the French lust of conquest, not in a moral but a material form ; that for the future it may be made as difficult as possible to the French to invade South Germany with an army comparatively small, so as by the possibility of such an invasion to constrain the Germans of the south, even in a time of peace, to consider France. To secure South Germany by defensible frontiers is our present task. To fulfil it is to liberate Germany entirely—is, in fact, to complete the war of liberation of 1813 and 1814.

The least, therefore, which we must demand, the least which the German nation in all its parts, but especially our countrymen and fellow-soldiers beyond the Maine, will demand is the cession of the sallyports of France towards Germany, the conquest of Strassburg and Metz for Germany. To expect a lasting peace from the dismantling of these fortresses would be a short-sighted illusion of the same kind as the hope that it is possible to gain the French by mere clemency. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that when we demand these cessions we are demanding the cession of territory originally German, a considerable part of which is still German, the inhabitants of which may perhaps again learn in time to feel their German nationality.

To us change of dynasty is a matter of indifference ; a war contribution might weaken France for a time financially. What we want is the increased security of the German frontier, and this is only attainable by the transformation of the two fortresses which threaten us, into bulwarks to protect us. From being French fortresses of aggression Strassburg and Metz must become German places of defence.

He who sincerely desires peace on the continent of Europe, he who wishes that nations should lay down their arms, and that the plough should prevail over the sword, must wish above all that the neighbours of France on the East may secure this position, for France is the only disturber of peace, and will remain so, so long as she has the power.

NOTE (1).—Among other matters we talked at dinner of the Augustenburg prince who was serving with the Bavarians. The opinion expressed of him was much what was said to me some months later by a kindly disposed friend of his, who was at that time a professor in Kiel, in a letter to myself. “We all know that he is not born for any heroic exploits. It is not his nature. It is a family trait, that he rather takes to a persistent waiting on Providence, an expectation of the marvellous things his inheritance is to bring him. He has never once made any attempt at heroism. It would have been much more seemly if, instead of hanging about the army as a mere amateur of battle-fields, he had led a company or a battalion of the soldiers who were once almost his own, as a captain or a major, or, if he preferred it, a Bavarian company. Probably little would have come of it, but one would have been glad at least of the goodwill it would have shown.”

NOTE (2).—In the latter case the following may refer to our stay in Bar-le-Duc. Charles Loizet says in the *Paris Revue Politique et Littéraire* for February or March, 1874 :—“In a town in eastern France which had the sorry honour of harbouring the highest personages of the invasion for several days, and where the forced march on Sedan was decided on at a moment’s notice, the famous Bismarck took a walk round alone, up and down through the most outlying quarters of the town, indifferent to the ill-wishes and the amazement of the people who pointed at him. A man whose heart was made bitter by domestic

trouble, and who had ceased to care for his own life, secretly sought a concealed weapon for an enterprise which would have made a great sensation. It was refused him, the people were terrified for fear he should find one. The inhabitants of the town, who were very patriotic, had been previously disarmed. The man hung about for days, and his plan went to the grave with him. And the Chancellor went alone, in uniform, for a walk through the meadows above the upper town!" The regret with which M. Loizet concludes his story has something tragicomical in it.

CHAPTER IV.

WE TURN NORTHWARDS—THE CHANCELLOR IN REZONVILLE
—BATTLE AND BATTLE-FIELD OF BEAUMONT.

SUNDAY, *August 28*.—At tea we were surprised by great news. With the whole army, except what remains behind for the investment of Metz, we alter the direction of our march, and instead of going Westward to Châlons we move Northwards under the edge of the forest of Argonnes to the Ardennes, and the Meuse district. Our immediate object will be, it is said, Grand Pré. This movement is owing to Marshal MacMahon, who, with a strong force to the north of us, is marching to Metz to relieve Bazaine.

On *the 29th*, by ten o'clock, we started. The weather, which was at the beginning of the day rainy and cold, now improved, and the sky gradually cleared. We passed different villages, and sometimes a pretty château and park. On the road were Bavarian camps, line infantry, riflemen, light cavalry, and cuirassiers. We drove through the little town of Varennes, by the small two-windowed house where Louis XVI. was arrested by the postmaster of Sainte-Menehould, and which now contains a store of scythes belonging to the firm of Nicot-Jacquesson. The first market we came to in the town, with square-trimmed lime-trees, the little three-cornered square, which came next, and the large market-place further on, were all full of foot and horse soldiers, waggons, and guns. The crowd of men and animals was so great that we could with difficulty get through them out into the open ground, and then it was

only to pass through other villages and by more camps, past the Prussian artillery, to Grand Pré, where the Chancellor took up his quarters in the Grande Rue, two or three houses from the market. The King lived at the apothecary's, not far off on the left side of the road, towards the gloomy old castle above the town. The second division of the headquarters, in which was Prince Karl, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had arrived at the neighbouring village of Juvin. The quartermaster had got a lodging for me not far from opposite the Chief, in a modest little room belonging to a milliner, who had left home. On our arrival in the market-place we saw there some French prisoners, and towards evening more came in. I heard that a collision with Mac-Mahon's army was expected the next day.

In Grand Pré, too, the Chief showed that he had no fear of any murderous attack on his person. He went about the narrow streets of the town freely in the twilight without a companion, in lonely places where he was quite liable to be attacked. I say this from my own knowledge—for I followed him at a little distance. It seemed to me possible that I might be of use to him.

I heard the next morning that the King and the Chancellor were going out together, to be present at the great *battue* of this second French army. Remembering what the Chancellor said to me at Pont-à-Mousson, one day when he came back from Rezonville, and the proverb he quoted another time, "It is he who makes himself green that the goats will nibble," I took heart as the carriage drove up, and begged him to take me with him. He answered, "Yes, but if we stay out the night, what will you do?" I replied, "Never mind, Excellency, I shall be able to take

care of myself." "Well, then, come along," said he, smiling. He then took another stroll to the market-place, while I joyfully got together my bag, my waterproof, and my faithful diary, and when he came back and got into the carriage, he beckoned to me to take a seat by his side. A man must have luck, as well as do his duty, to get on.

It was a little after nine when we started. First we went back a little way on the same road we had come by a few days before, then to the left, up through vineyards, past more villages in a hilly country, with columns of troops and parks of artillery everywhere before us marching or resting, then down another road to the right, through the valley to the little town of Busancy, which we entered at eleven o'clock, where we halted in the market-place to wait for the King.

The Count was very communicative on the way. First he complained that he was so often disturbed at his work by people talking outside his door, "especially as some of the gentlemen speak so loud. The common inarticulate noises do not irritate me. Music, or the rattle of carriages, does not put me out; but talking, if the words are audible, is quite a different thing. I then want to know what is being said, and lose the thread of my thoughts."

Further on he remarked that it was not proper for me to return the military salutes of officers who passed the carriage. The salute was not to him as Minister or Chancellor, but simply to his rank as general, and officers might take it amiss if a civilian took their salutes as including himself.

He feared that nothing decisive would be done to-day, an opinion which was shared by some Prussian artillery officers standing by their guns close to Busancy, whom he asked about it. "This," said he, "reminds me of a wolf hunt I

once had in the Ardennes, which begin just here. We were for many long days up in the snow, and at last heard that they had found the tracks of a wolf. When we went after him he had vanished. So it will be to-day with the French."

Then he expressed a hope that he might meet his second son here, about whom he frequently inquired of the officers, and he remarked, "You see how little Nepotism there is with us. He has been serving now twelve months, and has not been promoted, whilst others, who have not served much more than one month, are ensigns already." I ventured to ask how that could be. "Indeed, I don't know," replied he. "I have particularly inquired whether there was any fault in him—drinking or anything of that kind; but no, he seems to have conducted himself quite properly, and in the cavalry fight at Mars-la-Tour he charged the French square as bravely as any man among them." A few weeks afterwards both sons were promoted to the rank of officers.

Then, amongst other things, he told another of his experiences on the evening of the 18th: "I had sent my horse to water, and stood in the dusk near a battery, which was firing. The French were silent, but," he continued, "when we thought their guns were disabled, they were only concentrating their guns and mitrailleuses for a last great push. Suddenly they began a quite fearful fire with shells and such like—an incessant cracking and rolling, whizzing and screaming in the air. We were separated from the King, who had been sent back by Roon. I stayed by the battery, and thought to myself, 'if we have to retreat, put yourself on the first gun-carriage you can find.' We now expected that the French infantry would support the attack, when they might have taken me prisoner unless the artillery carried me

away with them. But the attack failed, and at last the horses returned, and I set off back to the King. We had gone out of the rain into the gutter, for where we had ridden to the shells were falling thick, whereas before they had passed over our heads. Next morning we saw the deep holes they had ploughed in the ground.

“The King had to go back farther, as I told him to do, after the officers had made representations to me. It was now night. The King said he was hungry, and what could he have to eat? There was plenty to drink—wine and bad rum from a sutler—but not a morsel to eat but dry bread. At last, in the village, we got a few cutlets, just enough for the King, but not for any one else, so I had to find out something for myself. His Majesty would sleep in the carriage, among dead horses and badly-wounded men. He afterwards found accommodation in a little public-house. The Chancellor had to look out somewhere else. The heir of one of the greatest German potentates (the young Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg) kept watch by our common carriage, that nothing should be stolen, and Sheridan and I set off to find a sleeping-place. We came to a house which was still burning, and that was too hot. I asked at another, ‘full of wounded soldiers.’ In a third, also full of the wounded. In a fourth, just the same; but I was not to be denied this time. I looked up and saw a window which was dark. ‘What have you got up there?’ I asked. ‘More wounded soldiers.’ ‘That we shall see for ourselves.’ I went up and found three empty beds, with good and apparently fairly clean straw mattresses. Here we took up our night quarters and I slept capitally.”

“Yes,” said his cousin, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, when the Chancellor told us this story the first time, and with less detail; “you did sleep sound; and so did Sheridan, who—

where he got it I don't know—had rolled himself up in white linen all over, and who must have been dreaming of you, for I heard him several times murmuring, 'O, dear Count!' H'm, and the Hereditary Grand Duke, who took the thing very well, is a particularly pleasant and agreeable young fellow." "The best of the story is," said Bohlen, "that there was no necessity for such a pinch, for we found out that quite close by there was an elegant country-house, which had been prepared for Bazaine—with good beds, sack in the cellar, and what not—everything of the best. One of our generals lodged there and had a capital supper with his friends."

On our way to Busancy, the Chancellor went on to say, "The whole day I had had nothing to eat but the soldiers' bread and fat bacon. Now we found some eggs—five or six—the others must have theirs boiled; but I like them uncooked, so I got a couple of them and broke them on the pommel of my sword, and was much refreshed. When it got light I took the first warm food for six-and-thirty hours—it was only pea-sausage-soup, which General Göben gave me, but it tasted quite excellent."

Afterwards they gave us a roast fowl, "over whose toughness the best teeth would have despaired." This had been offered to him by a sutler, after he had bought one uncooked from a soldier. Bismarck had taken the former and paid for it, and gave the soldier's to the sutler, telling him, "If we meet again in the course of the war, you shall give it to me roasted; if not, then I hope you will pay it me back in Berlin."

The market-place in Busancy, a small provincial town, was full of officers, Hussars, Uhlans, messengers, and vehicles of every kind. After a time Sheridan and Forsythe came. At half-past eleven the King appeared, and immediately after-

wards we started again, news coming that the French were unexpectedly going to make a stand.

Some four kilomètres from Busancy we came on higher land with bare depressions to the right and left, with heights again beyond. Suddenly, a dull heavy crack in the distance. "A cannon shot," said the Minister. A little farther on, beyond the depression on the left, on a treeless rise, I saw two columns of infantry stationed, and in front of them two guns, which were being fired. But it was so far from us that we hardly heard the shots. The Chief was surprised at my sharp eyes, and put on his spectacles, as I now for the first time notice that he is obliged to do when he wants to make out anything distant. Little white round clouds, like air-balloons, floated for two or three seconds in the air over the hollow beyond which the guns stood, and vanished with a flash; they were shrapnels. The guns must be German, and seem to aim at the slope beyond the declivity on the other side. We could make out a wood on the slope, and in front of it dark lines which were probably Frenchmen. Still further off on the horizon a high spur of hill, with three or four large trees on the top of it, stood forward; on the map this was called the village of Stonn, where, as we afterwards heard, the Emperor Napoleon remained to watch the battle.

The firing on the left soon ceased. Bavarian artillery, blue cuirassiers, and green light horse came along the road past us at full trot. A little further on, as we drove through some brushwood, we heard a crackling, rather like a long drawn out and badly-fired platoon salvo. "A squirt of shot," said Engel, turning round on the box.

Not far from this, on a spot where Bavarian riflemen were resting in the ditches and in a clover field by the side of a road, the Minister mounted his horse, in order to ride

on with the King, who is before us. We remained some time standing on the same spot, and artillery kept continually galloping past. Many of the riflemen seemed to be dropping out of the ranks. One of them begged mournfully for water. "I have had dysentery for five days," he murmured. "Ah, dear comrade, I am dying; no doctor can do me any good! Burning heat inside, nothing but blood running from me!" We comforted him, and gave him water with a little cognac. Battery after battery rushed past us, till at last the road was again free. Right in front, on the horizon, which was here very close to us, the white clouds from shells were again rising, so that we concluded that the fight was going on in a valley not far off. The thunder of the guns was more distinct, and the snarl of the mitrailleuses, the noise of which sounds to us something like a coffee-mill at work. At last we turned into a stubble field, on the right from the road, which goes down at that point into a broad depression to the left. The ground now sloped gently to a height on which the King had taken his stand with our Chief and a number of princes, generals, and other officers of high rank, about a thousand paces in advance of the horses and carriages which brought them here. I followed them over fresh ploughed fields and stubble fields, and a little apart from them I watched, till night fell, the Battle of Beaumont.

A broad not very deep valley stretched before us, at the bottom of which was a beautiful deep green wood of leafy trees. Then an open, gently rising country in which the small town of Beaumont, with its fine church, was visible a little to the right. Still further to the right were more woods. To the left also, at the edge of the valley in the background, there were woods to which led a road bordered with Italian poplars. In front of them was a small village,

or rather a collection of buildings, belonging to an estate. Beyond the gently-swelling ground before and behind Beaumont the prospect terminated with dark hills in the distance.

Now the guns could be seen distinctly firing. From the heavy cloud of smoke hanging over it, the town seemed to be burning, and soon afterwards smoke burst up from the village or farm at the wood beyond the poplar-trees.

The firing now slackened a little. First it was in the neighbourhood of the town, then it moved upward somewhat to the left, and at last it came from the wood at the bottom of the valley, apparently from the Bavarian artillery which had passed us.

To our left, behind a village which lay a little below our station, and is named in the maps Sommauthe, a regiment of Bavarian hussars and another of light cavalry filled up the foreground of the picture for some time. About four o'clock these bodies of cavalry galloped off towards the wood below, and disappeared there. Afterwards more cavalry, Uhlans, if I remember right, went down into the hollow, beyond which we first saw the firing from the road behind the place where the carriages were left, and rode on to Stonn. At the edge of the wood beyond the burning village in front and to the left, the battle again seemed to be raging furiously. Once there was a bright burst of light, and then a dull report. Probably a munition waggon had exploded. It was said that the Crown Prince himself had been for some time taking part in the battle.

It began to get dark. The King now sat on a chair, near which a straw fire had been kindled, for the wind blew keenly, and watched the battle through his field-glass. The Chancellor watched it too; but he had taken his place on a grassy ridge, from which Sheridan and his adjutant also

observed the spectacle. We now distinctly perceived the flash of the exploding shells, changing the little round balls of vapour in a moment into jagged stars of fire, and the flames as they burst forth from Beaumont. The French were retiring more and more rapidly, and the battle disappeared behind the ridge of the treeless heights, which closed the horizon on the left of the woods beyond the burning village. The battle, which from its commencement appeared like the enemy covering his retreat, was won. We had caught the Minister's wolf, or would catch him that day or next. The following morning I wrote home, after making out additional details.

The French, with whom were the Emperor and his son, gave way at all points, and the whole battle was in fact, a constant advance of our side and a constant retreat of theirs. They never showed the energy which they displayed in the actions at Metz, and which showed itself there latterly in vehement attacks. They were either greatly discouraged, or the regiments had in their ranks many Mobile guards, who, as may be easily imagined, do not fight like real soldiers. Even their outposts were badly set, so that their rearguard could be at once surprised by an attack. Our losses in killed and wounded were far less this time than in the battles at Metz, when they were not far from equal to those of the French. They had lost, however, frightfully, especially in that surprise, and still more frightfully at Mouzon, where they were crowded back over the Meuse. As far as yet ascertained we have captured about twenty guns, among which there are eleven mitrailleuses, the equipages of two tents, masses of baggage and military stores. Up to the present we have taken nearly 15,000 men prisoners. The French army, which was estimated at from 100,000 to 120,000 on the morning of the day of battle

is now in Sedan, cut off from the possibility of a farther march round about the extreme end of our right wing towards Metz. I think we have cause to count August 30 as one of the best and most productive of our days of victory in this war.

From the position whence we had witnessed the fight at Beaumont, we returned, as darkness came on, towards Busancy. Everywhere along the road, and a great way off from it we were reminded of the night life of a great army. The road was full of Bavarian infantry. Further on gleamed the spiked helmets of Prussian line troops, whom, when we approached, we found to be the King's Grenadiers. Lastly, there were long lines of waggons, which had sometimes lost their way, so that we were detained some time. At one place, where there was a steep declivity between two hills, and we were forced to make an unusually long halt, the Chief said, "I wonder whether the reason why we are stuck fast here is the same as that which made the five Swabians capable, after they had eaten the dumplings, of blocking up the defile."

It was pitch dark when we reached Busancy. Round it blazed a hundred little fires, in the lights of which glided the silhouetted figures of men, horses, and waggons. We dismounted at the house of a physician, who lived at the end of the principal street, not far from the house in which the King had taken up his quarters, and in which those who had been left behind in the morning in Grand Pré had also meanwhile found accommodation. I slept here in an almost empty back room on the ground floor, on a straw mattress, under a blanket fetched from the town hospital by one of our soldiers somewhere about ten o'clock. But the sleep of the righteous was none the worse on that account.

Wednesday, August 31.—In the morning, between nine

and ten o'clock the King and Chancellor drove out to inspect the battle-field of the preceding day. I was again to accompany the Minister. At first we took the same road as the day before, past Bar de Busancy and Sommauthe, and between these two villages we passed some squadrons of Bavarian Uhlans, who were resting, and who greeted the King with loud "Hurrahs." It seemed to me as if their lances were shorter than the others. Behind Sommauthe, which was full of the wounded, we drove through the beautiful wood between it and Beaumont, and it was after eleven when we reached the latter. King William and our Chancellor here took horse and galloped across the fields to the right. I took the same direction on foot. The carriages went on to the town, where they were to wait for us.

Before I started, indeed, as soon as I was alone, as on the day before, I carefully noted the commissions which I had received on the road, and any other remarks which had fallen from the Chief this morning were committed to paper as accurately as was possible. The Chancellor was again unusually communicative and very accessible to questions. He spoke rather as if he had a cold. He had had cramp, he said, in his legs all night, which often happened with him. He was then obliged to get up and walk about for awhile in his room with bare feet, and that usually gave him cold. So it was this time. "One devil drove out the other; the cramp, went away, and the snivelling came on." He then said that he wished me again to notice in the press the horrible way in which the war is being carried on by the French, and their repeated violations of the Geneva Convention, "which indeed is good for nothing," said he, "and cannot be carried out in practice," and of their unjustifiable firing at those bearing white flags of truce, with their trumpeters.

“They have allowed German prisoners in Metz to be ill-treated by the mob,” he continued, “giving them nothing to eat and shutting them up in cellars. But it is not very much to be wondered at. They have barbarians for comrades, and from their wars in Algiers, China, Cochin China, and Mexico, they have become barbarians themselves.”

Then he related how the Red-breeches had yesterday made no great stand, and shown very little foresight. “At Beaumont,” he said, “they were attacked in their camp on a clear morning by a surprise party of heavy artillery. We shall see to-day where their horses are lying, shot at the picket posts, with many dead soldiers lying in their shirt-sleeves, chests rifled, bowls full of boiled potatoes, pots with meat half-cooked in them and such like.”

While driving through the wood—perhaps the remark was suggested by our having met before we came to it the King’s suite, to which, by the way, Counts Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen had attached themselves—he spoke of Borck, the Keeper of the King’s Privy Purse, and from him passed to Count Bernstorff, who was then our ambassador in London, and who had (while he was in office) “kept him for a long time from entering on his diplomatic duties while he was laboriously weighing and considering whether London or Paris was the better embassy to appoint him to.” I ventured to ask what sort of a man von der Goltz, of whom one hears such different opinions, had been—whether he was really as clever and as considerable a man as people say. “Clever! Yes, in a certain sense, a rapid worker, well informed, but changeable in his judgment of men and things: to-day for this man, or these plans; to-morrow for another man and quite opposite arrangements. Then he was always in love with the Queens to whose courts he was accredited; first, with Amalia of Greece, then with

Eugénie. He seemed to think that what I had had the good fortune to do, he with his larger intellect might have done still better. Therefore he was continually intriguing against me, although we had been acquaintances when young. He wrote letters to the King in which he complained of me, and warned him against me. This did him no good, for the King gave me the letters, and I answered them. But in this respect he was unchangeable, and continued writing letters, unexhausted and indefatigable. For the rest, he was not much liked by his subordinates. In fact they hated him. I remember, when I went, in 1862, to Paris, and called upon him, he had just gone to take a nap. I wished to leave him undisturbed, but the secretaries were obviously delighted that he would have to get up, and one of them went off at once to announce me to him so as to cause him annoyance. He might so easily have gained the respect and attachment of the people about him. Any man can do so as ambassador. It was always a great object with me. But as Minister there is no time for that; there are so many other things to do and to think of, that I am obliged to manage at present in a more military fashion."

From these characteristic traits we see that von der Goltz was a kind of intellectual kinsman and forerunner of Arnim.

The Minister spoke, lastly, of Radowitz, and said, amongst other things: "They ought to have placed their army sooner in position before Olmutz, and it is his blame that this was not done." The very interesting and characteristic remarks with which he supported this assertion must, unhappily, for the present, be suppressed, like some others made afterwards by the Chancellor.

The King and the Chancellor had ridden to the place where the "surprise patrols of heavy artillery" had done

their work, and as soon as I had finished my notes, I followed them there. The part of the field referred to lay to the right of the road which brought us here, and about eight or nine hundred paces from it. Before it, near the wood at the bottom of the valley, were some fields surrounded with hedges, in which lay about a dozen dead German soldiers, Thuringians of the 31st Regiment. One of them was lying on the hedge, shot through the head. He was caught in the thornbush just as he was getting over it. The encampment itself looked horrible, all blue and red, with dead Frenchmen, some of whom had been blown to pieces by the bursting shells of the surprise party belonging to the Fourth Corps—in a manner quite impossible to describe. Blackened with powder, stiff in their blood, they lay, some on their backs, others on their faces—many with staring eyes like wax figures. One shot had scattered about five in one place—like so many ninepins; three of them had their heads quite or half shot away, some had their bodies ripped up, whilst one whose face had been covered with a cloth seemed to have been even more frightfully mangled. Further on lay a piece of a skull like a dish with the brains on it like a cake. Caps, shakoes, knapsacks, jackets, papers, shoes, clothes and blacking-brushes, were strewn about. Officers' chests open, horses shot at the picket post, pots with peeled potatoes, or dishes with bits of meat which the wind had salted with sand, at the extinguished cooking-fires—all showed how unhoped for had been success to us, how unexpected their loss to them. A bronze gun even had been left where it stood. I took a brass medal from one of the dead, which he wore next his bare breast on a bit of elastic. A saint was represented on it with a cross in his hand, and below it the episcopal insignia—the mitre and crosier, over which were the words and letters, "Crux S. P.

Bened." At the back in a circle of dots was a figure resembling one on our Landwehr crosses, covered with several letters, perhaps the initials of the words of a prayer or some pious charm. Also an amulet, seemingly of ecclesiastical origin, given no doubt to the poor fellow by his mother or by his pastor, but which had not made him bullet proof. Sutlers and soldiers went poking about. "Are you a doctor?" they called to me. "Yes, but not a physician; what do you want?" "There is a man here still alive." This was true, and he was removed on a hand-barrow covered with linen. A little further on, in front of me, at a field-path which ran into the main road, lay a man stretched on his back, whose eyes turned as I approached, and who still breathed, although he had been hit in the forehead by a German rifle bullet. In a space of five hundred paces square there must have been a hundred and fifty dead bodies, but not more than ten or twelve of them were ours.

I had once more had enough of such sights, and hastened towards Beaumont, to reach our carriage. On the way, just before the first houses in the town, I saw a number of French prisoners in a redstone quarry to the right of the road. "About seven hundred," said the lieutenant, who with a detachment was guarding them, and who gave me some muddy Bavarian beer out of a cask, for which I showed my gratitude by giving him a pull at my flask of cognac. Further on along the road was a young wounded officer in a carriage, shaking hands with the men of his company. In the market-place and round the principal church of the town, which stood on a small patch of elevated ground, there were more captured Red-breeches, and amongst them some of high rank. I asked a Saxon rifleman where the King's carriages were. "Gone already—a quarter of an

hour ago—that way.” So I was too late. Alas! I hurried in the direction indicated, in the piping heat, along the poplar-bordered road, uphill towards the town which was in flames last night, and asked the soldiers there. “They are just gone through.” At last at the edge of the wood, behind the last house, where lay a great number of dead Bavarians as well as of Frenchmen on both sides of the ditches in the roadside, I saw the carriage of the Chief stop. He was evidently pleased that I had returned. “Ah! there he is,” said hē; “I wanted to have sent back for you before—I would if it had been anyone else. But I thought to myself, The doctor will take no harm. He will stay all night by a watch-fire if necessary, and can soon ask his way back to us.”

He then told me what he had seen and experienced since I left him. He also had seen the prisoners in the quarry, and among them a priest, who was said to have fired on our people. “When I charged him with it he denied it. ‘Take care,’ said I to him, ‘for if it is proved against you, you will most certainly be hanged.’ I allowed him in the meantime to take off his priest’s gown.”

“Near the church,” the Chief continued, “the King noticed a soldier who was wounded. Although the man looked somewhat dirty from his work of the day before, the King held out his hand, to the great surprise, no doubt, of the French officer who was standing by, and asked him w’ t was his trade. He was a doctor of philosophy. ‘Well, you must have learned to bear your wounds philosophically,’ said the King. ‘Yes,’ answered the soldier, ‘that I had already made up my mind to.’”

On the road, near a second village we overtook some Bavarian stragglers, common soldiers, who were dragging themselves slowly along in the burning sun. “Halloa,

fellow-conuntryman!" cried the Chancellor to one; "will you have a drop of cognac?" Naturally he would, and another with his longing eyes looked like wanting it, and then a third and so they and some more each had his pull at the Minister's flask and then at mine, after which each of them got a genuine cigar.

A mile further on, at a village, the name of which my map did not give, but which sounded something like Crehanges, the King had arranged a breakfast, to which Count von Bismarck was also invited; and there were all the princes of the second grade and gentlemen of the suite of the Crown Prince. Meantime, I made my pencil notes on a stone by the roadside, and then went to assist the Dutch, who had set up their ambulance close by in a large green tent, where they brought the wounded and nursed them. When the Minister came back, he asked me what I had been doing. I told him. "I should have liked to have gone too," he said, drawing a deep breath.

On the road afterwards, the conversation wandered for a while into high regions, and the Chief discussed good-naturedly and fully all the questions suggested by my curiosity. I regret that, for various reasons, I must keep these utterances to myself, the more so as they were as wise as they were characteristic, and as they were full of genial humour. At last we came down from the sphere of the gods above the clouds back to men; out of the region of the supernatural, or, if my reader likes it better, the extra-natural, back to the natural. There we stumbled on the Duke of Augustenburg in his Bavarian uniform. "He might have done better," said he—I mean the Minister—continuing, "I wanted originally no more from him than what the minor princes had conceded in 1866. But he would not yield (Thank goodness, thought I to myself, and thanks to the wisdom of

Samwer the advocate !). I remember a conversation which I had with him in 1864—he was with us in the billiard-room beside my study—and which lasted till late at night. At first I called him ‘your Highness,’ and was rather especially polite. But when I began to speak of Kiel harbour, which we wanted, and he said, ‘that would be about twenty square miles of water,’ which I could not but allow; and when he would also have nothing to say to our demands with regard to the military,—I put on a different face. I now called him ‘illustrious person,’ and said to him at last quite calmly—*plattdeutsch*—that we were quite able to wring the neck of the chicken we had ourselves hatched.”

After an unusually long drive, over hill and dale, we arrived about seven in the evening at to-day’s destination, the town of Vendresse. On the way we passed several large villages, a few mansions, one very old with towers in the corners, like a castle, by a canal with old trees on both sides, and latterly through a district which the Chancellor said reminded him of a Belgian landscape. At a window in one of the villages was Ludwig Pietsch from Berlin, who must have been here as war correspondent—who saw me and screamed down his salutations to me. In the next village, Chéméry, a halt was made for half an hour, whilst more infantry regiments defiled before the King and saluted him with the usual hurrahs.

In Vendresse the Chancellor went to the house of Widow Baudelot, where the other gentlemen of the suite had already settled themselves. Keudell and Abeken, who I think had ridden here from Busancy, had met with an adventure on the way. When they were in the wood behind Sommauthe, or near Stonn, suddenly eight or ten French soldiers, with chassepots, rushed on them out of a thicket, and then disappeared. The Councillors, thereupon, as was very natural,

had turned round and taken a less suspicious road. It was not impossible that each party wished to give the other a wide berth. But Saint Blanquart, who had travelled the same road, with Bölsing and Willisich, and seen the same suspicious Red-breeches, was firmly convinced that he had risked his life for the Fatherland. Lastly, Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen could boast of a pretty little heroic deed, for at the place, if I remember right, where the Chancellor had breakfasted with the Princes, they had discovered a fugitive Red-breeches hiding in a vineyard, had started him out of it, and had either themselves made him prisoner or got some else to catch him.

In Vendresse I saw Würtemberg soldiers for the first time. They were mostly fine strong fellows. Their uniform, dark blue, with two rows of white buttons and black straps, reminded me of the Danish soldiery.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAY OF SEDAN.—BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON AT
DONCHERY.

ON the 1st *September*, Moltke's chase after the French in the district of the Meuse, according to all that we heard, was evidently drawing to an end, and it was permitted me to join in it the very next day. Having risen very early to get forward in my journal—that book which was waiting for so many interesting entries—I left the house where I had been quartered for that of the Widow Baudelot, and just as I was entering it a large squadron of cavalry, consisting of five Prussian hussar regiments, green, brown, black, and red (Blüchers), passed by the railing of the little garden before the Chief's window. He, we were told, was going to drive with the King, in about an hour, to a commanding point of view near Sedan, to witness the catastrophe which was now confidently expected. When the carriage came, and the Chancellor appeared, he looked round, and his glance fell upon me. "Can you decipher, Doctor?" "Yes," I replied, and he rejoined, "Then get a cipher, and come with us." I did not need to be told twice, and soon took my seat in the carriage, in which Count Bismarck-Bohlen had a place at the Minister's side, this morning.

A few hundred paces on we stopped in front of the house where Verdy was quartered, behind the carriages of the King, who was not quite ready. In this interval Abeken came to us, to receive his orders respecting some papers he brought with him. The Chief explained his views pre-

cisely, and Abeken, as his habit is, insisted a little on a point he wanted made clear. Just at that moment Prince Karl, with his negro in Oriental costume, passed by. Now the old gentleman, who on such occasions had generally ear and thought for nothing but the Chief's words, had the misfortune to be over-much interested in everything concerning the Court, which this time brought him into trouble. The appearance of the Prince was evidently more engrossing than the words of the Minister, who must have noticed it. On asking Abeken what he had just been saying, he got a rather mooning answer. He had a rather sharp rebuke. "Listen to what I say, Mr. Privy Councillor, and in God's name let princes be princes. We are talking business here." Afterwards he said to us, "The old gentleman is quite carried away if he sees anything belonging to the Court." Then, as if apologising for him, "But after all I could not do without him."

When the King appeared, preceded by his bright uniformed life-guards, we followed him, and so passed once more the towns of Chéméry and Chéhery, which we saw yesterday, and then by a third village, which lies to the left of the road in a hollow at the foot of a bare hill, halting in a stubble-field on the right hand of the road. Here the King, with his retinue of princes, generals, and courtiers, mounted their horses, our Chief doing the same, and all hastened towards the flat top of the rising ground before us. The expected battle was already going on, as the distant thunder of the guns informed us. Bright sunshine from a cloudless sky lighted the scene.

After a time I followed the riders, leaving the carriage under the care of Engel. I found the party in a stubble-field at the top of the hill, where there was a view of the country far and near. Before us it dropped into a broad,

deep, green valley, on the hills enclosing which a wood was here and there to be seen, and through whose meadows the blue water of the Meuse wound along to a middle-sized town, the fortress of SEDAN. On the rocky hill on our side, about a rifle-shot off, began wood, and to the left there was some brushwood. The foreground below our feet was formed by a slanting descent, over which we looked down the valley. Here on our right stood Bavarian batteries, which kept up a vigorous fire at and over the town, and behind were dark columns, first infantry, then cavalry. Still further to the right a column of black smoke curled up out of a hollow near the descent to the bottom of the valley. This was, as we heard, the burning village of Bazeilles. Sedan is, in a direct line, about a mile from us; the weather being so clear, its houses and churches can be distinctly seen. Above the fortress, which joins the town on the left, and looks something like a straggling suburb, rises, not far from the farther bank of the stream, a long chain of hilltops, with its middle clothed with a wood, which also runs down into the hollow which here divides the ridge, bare on the left, and covered on the right with a few solitary trees and bushes. Near this gorge there are some cottages, if I am not wrong; or they may be villas. To the left of this ridge is a plain, from which swells up an isolated hill, with a group of tall trees on it with dark tops. Not far from this, in the river, are the pillars of a bridge which has been blown up. In the farther distance, to the left and right, are three or four villages. Behind, towards the horizon, the picture before us is closed in by ranges of high hills, covered all over with dark woods, seemingly pine forests. These are the Ardennes, on the Belgian frontier.

The main position of the French now appears to be on

the hills immediately beyond the fortress, and it looks as if our troops were intending to surround them there. At present, however, the advance of our men is only obvious on the right ; the line of their artillery fire is slowly pushing nearer and nearer, with the exception of the Bavarian artillery below our point of view, which appear stationary. Gradually clouds of gunpowder smoke rise behind the line of hills with the gorge in the centre, and we infer from this that our masses enclosing the enemy are endeavouring to continue farther the semicircle they now form, so as to complete the circle. On the left of the picture, however, all is yet perfectly still. About eleven o'clock there rises from the fortress, which, by-the-way, is not firing, a black, grey pillar of smoke, edged with yellow. Beyond it the French are firing furiously, and above the wood of the gorge, rise unceasingly a number of little white clouds from bombs, whether German or French we know not ; sometimes also the crackling and snarling of a mitrailleuse.

On our hill a brilliant assemblage had gathered ; the King, Bismarck, Moltke, Roon, a crowd of princes, Prince Karl, their Highnesses of Weimar and Coburg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, generals, aides-de-camp, marshals of the household, Count Hatzfeld, who after a time disappeared, Kutusoff the Russian, Colonel Walker the English military plenipotentiary, General Sheridan and his adjutant, all in uniform, all with field-glasses at their eyes. The King stood. Others, among whom was the Chancellor, sat on a grassy ridge at the edge of the stubble. I heard that the King had sent round word that large groups must not stand together, as the French in the fortress might fire on them.

After eleven o'clock our line of attack on the right bank of the Meuse developed itself by a further advance in order

to surround the French position in a narrower ring, and in my zeal I was explaining this perhaps somewhat more loudly than was necessary or befitting the place, to an elderly gentleman of the Court, when the Chief hearing me with his sharp ears, turned round, and beckoned me to come to him. "If you are developing your strategical ideas, Doctor," said he, "it would be better to do it less audibly, otherwise the King will ask, Who is that? and I must then present you to him." Soon afterwards he received a number of telegrams, and came and gave me six of them to decipher, so that the contemplation of the spectacle, for me at least, came to an end for a time.

I went back to the carriage and found in it a companion, Count Hatzfeld, who had also to combine the useful with the agreeable, but who did not seem at all to relish his change of position. The Chief had given him a French letter of four pages, which had been intercepted by our troops, to copy out immediately. I mounted the coach-box, took the cipher I had brought with me, and with my pencil set to work at deciphering whilst on the hill beyond our position the battle was raging like half-a-dozen thunderstorms. In haste, eager to get done, I was not the least aware that the scorching midday sun had covered one of my ears with blisters. The first translated telegram I wrote out I sent to the Minister by Engel, that he, too, might see something of the battle; the next two I took to him myself, as, greatly to the gratification of my propensity for sight-seeing, the last three did not correspond with my ciphers. Apparently not much was lost thereby, the Chief thought.

It was now one o'clock. Our line of fire by this time swept the larger half of the enemy's position on the heights on the other side of the town. Clouds of smoke from the powder rose in a wide curve, and the little white balls

of smoke from the shrapnels which we knew the look of so well, kept rising and shattering. Only to the left there was still one quiet gap. The Chancellor now sat on a chair and studied an official document of many sheets. I asked whether he would like something to eat or drink, as we had it ready. He declined. "I should like it, but neither has the King anything," he answered.

The enemy on the other side of the river must now have been very near, for we heard more frequently than before the hateful sound of the mitrailleuses, of which, by-the-way, we had been told meantime that their bark was worse than their bite. Between two and three o'clock by my watch the King came close past the place where I was standing, and said to the people about him, after looking for some time through a glass towards the suburb: "They are pushing great masses forward there to the left—that, I think, must be an attempt to break through." They were, in fact, columns of infantry advancing, but soon going back, apparently because they found that the gap, though quiet, was not at all open. Shortly afterwards we could see, through a telescope, French cavalry on the crest of the hill to the left of the wood and the gorge make repeated charges, which were met by quick fire, after which at a semicircular sweep of the field we could see, even with the naked eye, the ground strewn with white objects—horses or cloaks. Soon after the artillery fire became weaker at all points, and the French everywhere fell back into the town and its immediate neighbourhood. They had been surrounded, except for a small gap near the Belgian frontier, and for some time, on the left, there also, as the Würtembergers had planted a couple of batteries not far from our hill, to which, as we were told, they had now brought up the Fifth and Eleventh Army Corps. After half-past four

all the enemy's guns were silent, and a little afterwards ours also.

Once more the scene became more lively. Suddenly there rose, first in one part of the town, then in another, great whitish-blue clouds, signs that the town was burning in two places. Bazeilles, too, was still in flames, and sent up from just below the horizon to the right a column of thick yellowish-grey vapour into the clear evening sky. The burning light of the late afternoon became more and more intense, the valley below looking every moment brighter and more golden. The hills of the battlefield, the gorge in its midst, the villages, the houses and towers of the fortress, the suburb of Torcy, the ruined bridge to the left in the distance, shone bright in the evening glow, and their details became clearer every minute, as if one were looking through stronger and stronger spectacles.

About five o'clock General Hindersin talked with the King, and I thought I heard him speak of the "bombardment of the town" and the "ruins of houses." A quarter of an hour afterwards a Bavarian officer galloped up the hill to us: General von Bothmer wished to tell the King, that General Maillinger said that he was with his riflemen in Torcy, that the French wished to capitulate, and that they were ready to surrender unconditionally. The King answered, "No one can negotiate this affair but myself. Say to the General, that the bearer of a flag of truce must come to me."

The Bavarian rode back again down the valley. The King talked it over with Bismarck—then groups of these two with the Crown Prince, who had come up some time before from the left, Moltke and Roon. Their Highnesses of Weimar and Coburg stood close by, but a little aside. After a time a Prussian adjutant appeared, bringing word

that our losses, so far as was yet known, were not large ; moderate with the Guards, somewhat larger with the Saxons, less with the other corps which had taken part in the battle. Only a few of the French had escaped by the woods towards the Belgian frontier and were being pursued. All the rest had been driven into Sedan.

“ And the Emperor ? ” asked the King.

“ Nobody knows,” answered the officer.

About six o'clock another adjutant appeared, and said that the Emperor was in the town, and would immediately send out a flag of truce.

“ This is indeed a great success ! ” said the King, turning round to his retinue. “ And I thank thee ” (to the Crown Prince), “ that thou hast contributed to it.”

With that the King gave his hand to his son, who kissed it ; then to Moltke, who kissed it also. Lastly, he gave his hand to the Chancellor, and talked with him for some time alone, which seemed to me to make some of their Highnesses uncomfortable.

About half-past six, a guard of honour of cuirassiers appeared a little way off, and the French general, Reille, as the bearer of Napoleon's flag of truce, rode slowly up the hill. He dismounted about ten paces from the King and went up to him, took off his cap, and presented him with a letter having a large red seal. The general is an oldish, middle-sized, slight man, in a black overcoat, open, with straps and epaulettes, black vest, red stockings, and polished riding boots. He wore no sword, but carried a walking stick in his hand. All stepped back from the King, who opened and read the letter, and then told the now well-known contents to Bismarck, Moltke, the Crown Prince, and the other gentlemen. Reille stood a little way apart, below him, at first alone, then in conversation with the

Prussian generals. The Crown Prince also, Moltke, and the Coburg Highness, talked with him, whilst the King conferred with the Chancellor, who then commissioned Hatzfeld to sketch an answer to the Imperial letter. After some minutes he brought it, and the King wrote it out, sitting on one chair, while the seat of a second was held up by Major von Alten, who knelt before him on one knee, with the chair supported on the other by way of table.

Shortly before seven o'clock, the Frenchman rode back in the twilight to Sedan, accompanied by an officer and a Uhlan trumpeter, with a white flag. The town was still blazing in three places, and the red lights flashing in the pillar of smoke rising over Bazeilles showed that the conflagration there was still raging. But for these signs the tragedy of Sedan was played out, and the curtain of night fell on the scene.

An after-piece only was left for the next day. For the present we went home. The King went again to Vendresse. The Chief, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, and myself, drove to the little town of Donchery, where when we arrived it was quite dark. We took up our quarters in the house of a Doctor Jeanjot. The place was full of Würtemberg soldiers, encamped in the market-place. We made this diversion to Donchery, because it had been arranged that the Chancellor and Moltke should meet the French plenipotentiaries this evening, with a view to settling the terms of the capitulation of the four French Army Corps shut up in Sedan.

I slept here in a little alcove in a back room on the first floor, separated only by the partition from the Chancellor, who had taken possession of the large front room. About six o'clock in the morning I was awakened by hasty steps,

and I heard Engel say, "Your Excellency! your Excellency! there is a French general down here at the door; I don't understand what he wants." The Minister seems at once to have jumped out of bed, and held a short parley with the Frenchman out of the window—it was again General Reille. He then dressed as quickly as possible, mounted his horse—without touching breakfast, just as he had arrived the night before—and rode off at full speed. I went at once to the window of his room to see in what direction he had gone, and saw him trotting towards the market-place. Everything was lying about his room in great disorder. On the floor there lay, '*Tägliche Lösungen und Lehrtexte der Brüdergemeinde für 1870*,'* and on the night table there was another book of devotion, '*Die tägliche Erquickung für gläubige Christen*'†; books in which, as Engel told me, the Chancellor was accustomed to read at night.

I, too, now dressed quickly, and after I had learned downstairs that the Count had ridden off to Sedan, in order to meet the Emperor Napoleon, who had left the fortress, I followed him as quickly as possible. About 800 paces from the bridge over the Meuse, at Donchery, there stands on the right of the high road, which is lined with poplars, a solitary house, which was then inhabited by a Belgian weaver. It is a one-storied house, painted yellow, with four windows in front, white shutters on the ground floor, and on the first floor white venetian blinds. It is slated, like most of the houses in Donchery. Close beside it on the left there was a field of potatoes in flower, while to the right there were a few bushes across the path leading to the house, which was about fifteen paces from the high road.

* '*Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870.*'

† '*Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians.*'

Here I saw that the Chancellor had already found the Emperor. In front of the weaver's little house, six French officers of superior rank were standing, of whom five wore red caps with gold lace, the sixth a black one. On the high road a carriage with four seats, apparently a hired one, was waiting. Opposite the Frenchmen stood Bismarck, his cousin Count Bohlen, and a little way off Leverström and two hussars, one in brown and the other in black uniform. About eight o'clock Moltke came, with some officers of the general staff, but after a short time he removed to a distance. Soon afterwards a little thick-set man came forward, behind the house, who wore a red cap with a gold border, a black paletot lined with red, with a hood, and red trousers. He spoke first to the Frenchmen, some of whom were sitting on the bank near the potatoes. He wore white kid gloves, and was smoking a cigarette.

It was the Emperor. From the short distance at which I stood I could see his face perfectly. The look in his light grey eyes was somewhat soft and dreamy, like that of people who have lived hard. He wore his cap a little on the right, to which side his head also inclined. His short legs were out of proportion to the long upper body. His whole appearance was a little unsoldierlike. The man looked too soft, I might say too shabby for the uniform he wore: he gave one the impression that he could be occasionally sentimental—feelings which forced themselves upon one the more on comparing this little molluscos gentleman with the erect and lofty form of our Chancellor. Napoleon looked unstrung, but not very much broken down, and not so old as I had imagined him to be: he might have been a tolerably preserved man of fifty.

After a while he went up to the Chief and spoke for about three minutes with him, then he again walked up and down

alone, smoking, with his hands behind his back, through the potato-field in flower. Another short conversation followed between the Chancellor and the Emperor, which the Chancellor began. After it Napoleon conversed with the French officers of his suite. About a quarter to nine o'clock Bismarck and his cousin went away in the direction of Donchery—whither I followed them.

The Minister repeatedly spoke of the events of this morning and of the preceding evening. I throw these different statements together in the following paragraphs, which give always the sense, generally the very words.

“Moltke and I, after the battle of the 1st September, had gone to Donchery, about three miles from Sedan, with a view to negotiations with the French. We passed the night there, while the King and the head-quarters returned to Vendresse. These negotiations lasted till after midnight without coming to any conclusion. Besides Moltke and myself Blumenthal and three or four other officers of the general staff were present. General Wimpffen was the spokesman for the French. Moltke's terms were short: the whole French army to surrender as prisoners of war. Wimpffen found that too hard. ‘The army,’ said he, ‘had merited something better by the bravery with which it had fought. We ought to be content to let them go, under the condition that as long as this war lasted the army should never serve against us, and that it should march off to a district of France which should be left to our determination, or to Algiers.’ Moltke coldly persisted in his demand. Wimpffen represented to him his own unhappy position: that he had arrived from Africa only two days ago; that, only towards the end of the battle, after MacMahon had been wounded, had he undertaken the command; now he was asked to put his name to such a

capitulation. He would rather endeavour to maintain himself in the fortress, or attempt to break through. Moltke regretted that he could take no account of the position of the general, which he quite understood. He acknowledged the bravery of the French troops, but declared that Sedan could not be held, and that it was quite impossible to break through. He was ready, he said, to allow one of the general's officers to inspect our positions, to convince him of this. Wimpffen now thought that from a political point of view it would be wise for us to grant them better conditions. We must, he said, desire a speedy and an enduring peace, and this we could have only by showing magnanimity. If we spared the army, it would bind the army and the whole nation to gratitude, and awaken friendly feelings; while an opposite course would be the beginning of endless wars. Hereupon I put in a word, because this matter seemed to belong to my province. I said to him that we might build on the gratitude of a prince, but certainly not on the gratitude of a people—least of all on the gratitude of the French. That in France neither institutions nor circumstances were enduring; that governments and dynasties were constantly changing, and the one need not carry out what the other had bound itself to. That if the Emperor had been firm on his throne, his gratitude for our granting good conditions might have been counted upon; but, that as things stood, it would be folly if we did not make full use of our success. That the French were a nation full of envy and jealousy; that they had been much mortified with our success at Königgratz, and could not forgive it, though it in no wise damaged them. How, then, should any magnanimity on our side move them not to bear us a grudge for Sedan? This Wimpffen would not admit. 'France,' he said, 'had

much changed latterly; it had learned under the Empire to think more of the interests of peace than of the glory of war. France was ready to proclaim the fraternity of nations;' and more of the same kind. It was not difficult to prove the contrary of all he said, and that his request, if it were granted, would be likelier to lead to the prolongation than to the conclusion of the war. I ended by saying that we must stand to our conditions.

"Thereupon Castelnau became the spokesman, and, as the Emperor's personal commissioner, declared that on the previous day he had surrendered his sword to the King only in the hope of an honourable capitulation. I asked, 'Whose sword was that—the sword of France or the sword of the Emperor?' He replied, 'The Emperor's only.' 'Well, there is no use talking about any other conditions,' said Moltke sharply, while a look of contentment and gratification passed over his face. 'Then, in the morning we shall begin the battle again,' said Wimpffen. 'I shall recommence the fire about four o'clock,' replied Moltke; and the Frenchmen wanted to go at once. I begged them, however, to remain and once more to consider the case; and at last it was decided that they should ask for a prolongation of the armistice in order that they might consult their people in Sedan as to our demands. Moltke at first would not grant this, but gave way at last, when I showed him that it could do no harm.

"Early on the 2nd, about six o'clock in the morning, General Reille appeared in front of my house at Donchery to tell me that the Emperor wished to speak with me. I went with him directly, and got on my horse, all dusty and dirty as I was, in an old cap and my great waterproof boots, to ride to Sedan, where I supposed him still to be. But I met him on the high road near Fresnois, a mile

and three-quarters from Donchery. He sat with three officers in a two-horse carriage, and three others were on horseback beside him. I only knew Reille, Castelnau, Moscowa, and Vaubert. I had my revolver in my belt, and his eye rested upon it for a moment.* I gave the military salute. He took his cap off, and the officers did the same; whereupon I took mine off, although it is contrary to rule. He said, 'Couvrez-vous donc.' I behaved to him just as if in Saint-Cloud, and asked his commands. He inquired whether he could speak to the King. I said that would be impossible, as the King was quartered nine miles away. I did not wish them to come together till we had settled the matter of the capitulation. Then he inquired where he himself could stay, which signified that he could not go back to Sedan, as he had met with unpleasantnesses there, or feared to do so. The town was full of drunken soldiers, who were very burdensome to the inhabitants. I offered him my quarters in Donchery, which I would immediately vacate. He accepted this. But he stopped at a place a couple of hundred paces from the village and asked whether he could not remain in a house which was there. I sent my cousin, who had ridden out as my adjutant, to look at it. When he returned, he reported it to be a miserable place. The Emperor said that did not matter. He went across to the house and came back again, apparently not being able to find the stairs, which were at the back. I went up with him to the first floor, where we entered a little room with one window. It was the best in the house, but had only one deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs.

"Here I had a conversation with him which lasted nearly

* I must here omit an expression of the Chancellor's, very characteristic both of himself and of the Emperor.

three-quarters of an hour. He complained at first of this unhallowed war, which he had not desired. He had been driven into it by the pressure of public opinion. I rejoined that neither had any one with us wished war—the King least of all. We had looked upon the Spanish question as Spanish, and not German; and we had expected, from his friendly relations with the princely house of Hohenzollern that the hereditary Prince would easily have come to an understanding with him. Then he turned to speak of the present situation. As to that, he wished above all for a more favourable capitulation. I explained, that I could not enter upon a discussion on that point, as it was a purely military question, on which Moltke must decide. Then we left the subject, to speak of a possible peace. He answered, he was a prisoner, and therefore not in a position to decide; and when I asked him whom he considered competent for that, he referred me to the Government in Paris. I remarked to him, that in that case, things were just where they were yesterday, and that we must stand by our former demands with regard to the army of Sedan, so as to have some pledge that the results of the battle of yesterday should not be lost to us. Moltke, who had been summoned by me, had now arrived. He was of the same opinion, and went to the King to tell him so.

“Outside, in front of the house, the Emperor praised our army and its generalship; and when I allowed to him that the French had also fought well, he came back to the conditions of the capitulation, and asked whether it was not possible for us to allow the corps shut up in Sedan to cross the Belgian frontier, and there to lay down their arms and be ‘interned.’ I tried again to make him understand that this was a military question, not for me to decide without an understanding with Moltke. And as he

had explained, that as a prisoner he could not take upon himself the Imperial powers of the Government. The negotiations on these questions could only be conducted with the general in command at Sedan.

"Meantime, efforts had been made to find him better accommodation; and the officers of the general staff had discovered that the château of Bellevue, near Fresnois, where I had first met him, was suitable for his reception, and was not yet filled with the wounded. I told him so, and advised him to settle himself there, as the little weaver's house was not comfortable, and he perhaps needed rest. We would inform the King that he was there. He agreed to this, and I rode back to Donchery to dress myself. Then I conducted him with a guard of honour, consisting of a squadron of the first Cuirassier regiment, to Bellevue. At the conferences which now began, the Emperor wished to have the King present—from whom he expected softness and good-heartedness—but he also wanted me to take part.

"I on the contrary was determined that the military men, who can be harder, should have the whole affair to settle. So I whispered to an officer as we went upstairs that he was to call me out in about five minutes—the King wanted to speak with me—and he did so. With regard to the King, the Emperor was told, that he could not see him till after the capitulation was settled. The arrangement between Moltke and Wimpffen was thus made much as we had wished it to be the evening before. Then the two sovereigns came together. When the Emperor came out after the interview, his eyes were full of tears. Towards me he was quieter, but friendly throughout."

We had heard nothing about all these occurrences previous to the forenoon of September 2, and from the moment when the Chief in his best uniform with his cuirassier's hel-

met on his head, rode away again from Donchery, till quite late at night, only indefinite reports reached us. About half-past nine some Würtemberg artillery trotted past our house, and it was said that the French would renew the fight, that Moltke had granted them a respite till eleven o'clock for reflection, and that the bombardment would then immediately commence from five hundred guns. In order to see this I went with Willisch over the Meuse Bridge, where, at the barracks, there were many French prisoners standing, to the high road, passing the little weaver's house, now become historical, and up to the top of the range of hills overlooking it, whence we could overlook Donchery with its grey slate roofs, and the whole neighbourhood. Everywhere on the roads and in the fields clouds of dust rose under the horses' hoofs of the passing squadrons of cavalry, and the weapons of columns of infantry flashed in the sun. Sideways from Donchery, near the bridge which had been blown up, we saw a camp. The highway at our feet was taken up with a long row of waggons with baggage and forage. After eleven o'clock, when we saw there was no firing, we came down the hill again. Here we met the lieutenant of police, von Czernicki, who meant to drive in a little conveyance into Sedan, and who invited us to go with him. We had gone as far as near Fresnois when we—it was about one o'clock—met the King with a great retinue, amongst whom was the Chancellor. Expecting that the Chief might wish to go home we got out and went back. The cavalcade, which included Hatzfeld and Abeken, went on through Donchery, with the intention of riding round the whole field of battle. Not knowing, however, how long the Minister might be away, we remained where we were.

About half-past one some thousands of prisoners marched through the town on their way to Germany; partly on foot,

partly in waggons—a general on horseback, and sixty or seventy officers of different grades. There were cuirassiers with white helmets, blue hussars with white lace, and infantry of the 22nd, 52nd and 58th regiments. The escort consisted of Würtemberg infantry. About two o'clock there came two thousand more prisoners, amongst them negroes in Arab garb—broad-shouldered figures with savage faces, looking like apes, and a number of old troopers wearing the Crimean and Mexican medals. A tragi-comical incident happened here. One of the troop of prisoners marching along noticed a wounded man in the market-place, and recognised his brother, with a cry, “Eh, mon frère!” He tried to run out to him. But Godfather Schwab, of the escort, said, “Is it freezing (*frieren*) you are? I am freezing too;” and pushed him back into the column. I beg my reader’s pardon if this is a pun, but I am only telling the story, and did not make it.

After three o'clock two captured guns with their ammunition waggons passed through our street, all still drawn by their own French horses. On one cannon there was written in chalk, “5th Rifles, Görlitz.” Somewhat later a fire broke out in a side street close behind our quarters—the Würtembergers had there broken open a cask of brandy and incautiously allowed it to catch fire; they were said to have demolished another house because the people refused them Schnaps. The damage done could not have been very great, for when we came to the place there was nothing of it to be observed.

There was hunger now among the inhabitants of our little town, and our host himself, who as well as his wife was a good soul, was in want of bread. The place was over-full from the numbers of soldiers quartered there, as well as of the wounded, some of whom were laid in the stables. People

from the court wanted to take our house for the Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar, but we opposed this with success. Then an officer wanted quarters with us for a Mecklenburg prince. We showed him the door, and told him it would not do—this was the Chancellor's place. But when I was away for a little time, the gentlemen from Weimar had forced themselves in, and we might be glad that they had not appropriated the very bed of our Chief.

About ten o'clock the Minister had not yet returned, and we were in trouble and perplexity. Some accident might have happened to him, or he might have returned with the King from the battle-field to Vendresse. He arrived after eleven, and I had supper with him. The Hereditary Prince of Weimar, in the light blue uniform of a hussar, and Count Solms-Sonnenwalde, formerly of the embassy in Paris, now attached to our bureau, but hitherto seldom to be seen, supped with us.

The Chancellor told us all sorts of things about his ride over the field of battle. He had been nearly twelve hours in the saddle, with only short interruptions. They had gone over the whole battle-field, and found the greatest excitement in all the camps and bivouacs. In the battle itself 25,000 prisoners were taken, and 40,000 more in Sedan after the capitulation, which had taken place at mid-day.

The Minister had had the pleasure of meeting his youngest son. "I discovered in him"—so he said at dinner—"a new famous talent—he possesses exceptional dexterity in pig-driving. He had found out the fattest, on the principle the fatter the pig the slower his pace, and the more difficult to run away. At last he carried it off in his arms like a child. It must have seemed odd to the French officers among the prisoners, to see a Prussian general embrace a common dragon."

"In another place," he went on to say, "they smelt suddenly a strong odour as of roasted onions. I remarked that it came from Bazeilles, and it was probably the French peasants who had been killed by the Bavarians, and had then been burnt in their houses, because they had fired at them from their windows." Then they spoke of Napoleon, who was to set off to-morrow morning to Germany, and indeed to Wilhelmshöhe. "It was a question," said the Chief, "whether they should go by Stenay, and Bar-le-Duc, or through Belgium." "But here," replied Solms, "he would be no longer a prisoner." "That would not matter at all, even if he had gone in another direction. I was for his going through Belgium, and he himself appeared inclined to do so. If he should not keep his word, it would do us no great mischief. But to make this tour, we must have asked permission from Brussels, and could not have got an answer under two days."

When I came back to my alcove Krüger, the new messenger, had confiscated my mattress and blanket for the use of Abeken. He was standing by, and said, "But now you have no bed." I answered, "It of course belongs to you;" as indeed was only fair; for the old gentleman had gone valiantly through the whole long expedition with the King on horseback.

I got through the night quite tolerably on the floor of the back-room opposite our doctor's kitchen. My resting-place, constructed by that most ingenious of servants, the excellent Theiss, consisted of four carriage cushions covered with blue cloth, one of which, leaning against the back of a chair he had turned upside down, made a comfortable pillow. My water-proof cloak and my fatigue made up for blankets, and in the morning when it had become bitterly cold, Krüger added a blanket of brown wool which he had taken from

the French. On the floor beside me slept Engel on my right hand, and Theiss on my left, while two Bavarian soldiers lay in the one corner on a trestle bed. In the next room, shot through the arm, was Captain Domberg, the Adjutant of General Gersdorf who commanded the Eleventh Army Corps. Early in the morning I was wakened after a while by the noise of people in the room brushing trousers, cleaning boots, polishing buttons, calling to the maid in bad French for water, the barber, &c. &c., and I drank a bowl of coffee with a table-spoon, and ate a piece of dry bread with it. We tasted once at least a few of the privations of a campaign.

About eight o'clock, as I was still busy with my breakfast, there was a noise just as if the firing had recommenced. It was, however, only the horses in a stable close by, stamping their feet on the wooden floor—perhaps out of vexation that they were put on such short commons to-day, for the coachman could only get them half a peck of oats. Want reigned everywhere. I afterwards heard that Hatzfeld had gone to Brussels with a commission from the Chief. Soon afterwards he called me to his bedside. He had received a present of five hundred cigars, which I was to distribute among our wounded soldiers. I went for this purpose to the barracks, which had been turned into an hospital, then into the rooms, barns, and stables of the side street behind our house. At first I only allowed the Prussians to share my treasures, but the Frenchmen who were sitting among them watched me with such longing eyes, and their German neighbours on the straw begged so heartily for them, “they must not look on without getting any,” “they have shared everything with us,” that I thought it no robbery to give them some. All complained of hunger, all asked if they would soon be taken away from this place. But in time came soup

and bread and sausages ; indeed, those in the barns and stables were made happy with bouillon and chocolate, brought by a Bavarian ambulance-man.

The morning was cold, dull, and rainy, but the Prussian and Würtemberg troops passing through in numbers seemed to be in the best of spirits. The music played and the men sang. More in harmony, probably, with the uncomfortable weather and the hidden sun were the thoughts of the occupants of a long train of carriages which passed about the same time through the town in an opposite direction to that which the troops had taken. As I was wading about ten o'clock through the frightful filth of the market-place in a drizzling rain, towards the barracks in the execution of my errand to the wounded, there crowded past me a long row of carriages from the bridge over the Meuse, escorted by the black Brunswicker hussars. They were chiefly covered coaches, then baggage and cooking waggons, and lastly a number of cavalry horses. In a closed coupé, immediately behind the hussars, by the side of General Castelnau sat the "Prisoner of Sedan," the Emperor Napoleon, on his way through Belgium to Wilhelmshöhe. There followed him, in an open *char à bancs*, with Prince Lynar and some of the French officers, who had been present the day before at the meeting of the Chancellor and the Emperor, the general of infantry, General-Adjutant von Boyen, who had been selected by the King to accompany the Emperor. "Boyen will do admirably for this," said our Chief to us the night before, probably thinking that the officers who surrounded the illustrious captive might be somewhat insolent ; "he can be very rude in the most polite manner."

We learnt some time afterwards that the route round by Donchery was taken because the Emperor very much wished not to pass through Sedan again. The hussars rode with them

to the frontier, near Bouillon, the first Belgian town. The Emperor was not badly received by the French prisoners whom they passed on the way. The officers, on the contrary, had to put up with some disagreeable remarks. They were naturally "traitors," as from henceforth every one was who lost a battle or sustained any defeat from us. A particularly bitter moment for these gentlemen seemed to be when they drove past a number of guns which had fallen into our hands. Abeken told us the following story about this: "One of the Emperor's adjutants—I think it was the Prince of Moscowa—thought these cannon were guns of ours, because the men and horses with them were Prussian, and yet something about them surprised him. He asked, 'Quoi, est-ce que vous avez deux systèmes d'artillerie?' 'Non, monsieur, nous n'avons qu'un seul,' he was told. 'Mais ces canons-là?' 'Ils ne sont pas de nôtres, monsieur.' ('Have you two systems of artillery, then?' 'No, sir, only one.' 'Look at those cannon there.' 'They are not of our casting, sir.')

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE MEUSE TO THE MARNE.

I WILL now let my journal once more speak for itself.

Saturday, September 3.—We left Donchery this morning rather before one o'clock. On the way we were overtaken by a short but unusually heavy storm, with thunder which echoed through the valleys for a long time. The terrible downpour which followed, wet the Chancellor, who was in an open carriage, through and through, even under the armpits, as he told us at dinner. He had pulled on his water-proof, but had not found much good from it. Fortunately no evil consequences followed, but the time is arrived when diplomacy must come more to the front again in our affairs, and if the Chief were to fall ill, who could replace him?

I drove with the Councillors, and Count Bohlen gave us all sorts of details of the occurrences of the last few days. Napoleon had left Sedan so early—it must have been just about daybreak, if not sooner—because he did not feel safe in the midst of the enraged soldiers, who, crowded together in the fortress, were furious when the news of the capitulation spread through the town, and broke to pieces muskets and sabres, wherever they could get them. The Minister had said to Wimpffen at their first interview at Donchery, that he was well aware that the arrogance and pugnacity of the French, and their envy of their neighbours' successes, did not come from the labouring or industrial classes, but from the journalists and the Parisians; but

these guided and controlled public opinion. Accordingly, we could not reckon on those moral guarantees at which the general hinted, we must have material ones; the army of Sedan must first be rendered harmless, and then the great fortresses in the East must be handed over. The troops had laid down their arms on a sort of peninsula formed by one of the bends of the Meuse. At the interview between the King and the Emperor, before which Moltke had ridden out a little to meet the King on his road from Vendresse, the two sovereigns were left for about ten minutes alone together in the drawing-room with the glass verandah, in the little château of Bellevue. The King afterwards called the officers of his retinue to read the capitulation to them, while he thanked them, with tears in his eyes, for helping to bring it about. The Crown Prince told the Hessian regiments that the King had sent the captive Emperor to Cassel as a reward for the bravery with which they had fought.

The Minister dined with the King at Vendresse, where we were quartered for one more night, but he came back in time to eat pancakes with us. He read to us part of a letter from his wife, which in Biblical, but most energetic language, expressed her hope of the destruction of the French. He then said thoughtfully: "H'm! 1866 in seven days. This time, perhaps, seven times seven. Yes, when did we cross the frontier? On the 4th? No, on the 10th August. It is not yet five weeks since that. Seven times seven—it is possible."

To show once more the myths that are made about us and how wild are their imaginations, I may mention that Bohlen asserted that at Bazeilles the inhabitants had joined treacherously with the French soldiers against the advancing Bavarians, that they had killed some wounded Bavarians,

that a woman had shot four men from behind, &c., &c., and that Bazeilles had therefore "been deliberately set fire to, house by house," and that a woman and thirty-five peasants had been hanged there.* Keudell said that he met Court Councillor Freyberg, who had accompanied his Highness of Coburg and his Illustriousness of Augustenburg into the war. The latter—with superfluous and utterly uncalled-for wisdom—dissuades us from putting any constraint on the South Germans, and is particularly anxious that we should demand from the French the restoration of some manuscripts—I believe the Manasse collection of Middle High German poems—which they took away from Heidelberg during the Thirty Years' War.

I again sent off some articles to Germany, amongst which was one on the results of the battle of the 1st September. These results have grown greater bit by bit since yesterday, as at Königgrätz. We have made prisoners of more than 90,000 Red-breeches, all told, and captured over 300 guns, an army of horses, and an enormous quantity of war material. In a few days we shall have still more, for of MacMahon's army, which, after Beaumont, was still reckoned at nearly 120,000 men, evidently not many have escaped.

The Chief is again quartered in the house of Widow Baudelot. I am not this time at the Field Post, but in a side street, at the house of an elderly widower, a kindly, feeble soul, who complained to me with tears of the loss of his "*pauvre petite femme*," showed me every attention, and cleaned my boots without being asked. It is said that we are to go on in the morning in the direction of Reims and halt at the town of Rethel.

* The real facts will be given further on in the proper place.

Rethel, September 4, evening.—Early to-day the Chief called me to him, when we were still in Vendresse, to give me an account, the latter part of which he almost dictated, of his meeting with Napoleon, for the newspapers.* Soon afterwards, about half-past nine, the carriages drove up and we began our journey into Champagne.

We first passed through a hilly country, then over a gently undulating plain full of fruit-gardens, lastly, through poor stretches where there was hardly a village. We drove past long lines of troops, first, Bavarians, then the 6th and 60th Prussian regiments, in which last, Willisch greeted his brother, who had come through the battle unhurt. A little while afterwards, the wheels of one of Prince Carl's carriages took fire, and he was obliged to remain behind in a village. Count Dönhoff, his master of the horse, and Major von Freyberg, the adjutant of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, accordingly, came into our carriage, which made us look much more picturesque, the Count wearing a bright red Hussar uniform and the Major the familiar sky-blue of the Bavarian troops. The tragedy of Bazeilles was again spoken of, and the Major's account was very different from that which Bohlen gave us yesterday. According to him, about twenty peasants were killed, and one woman, but all while fighting with the attacking soldiers. Afterwards a priest was shot, lawfully, according to the usages of war. The narrator had not, however, been an eye-witness, so that his version of the story may be no more historical than the other. He knew nothing of Bohlen's thirty-five men "hanged." There are people whose tongue is always crueller than their disposition.

We arrived here, in Rethel, about half-past four. The

* I have worked it in in the last chapter.

place is a middle-sized town and full of Würtemberg soldiers. As we drove through to the market-place, we saw French prisoners looking down at us from the first story windows of a house in the street. The quartermaster had assigned us the spacious and elegantly-furnished house of M. Duval, in the Rue Grand Pont, where I had, next to Abeken, a pretty little room with mahogany furniture and a four-poster with yellow satin hangings—a pleasant contrast to last night in Donchery. The whole of the mobilised foreign office is established here. The numerous family of Duvals are wearing crape and gauze, in mourning—if I understand rightly—for their country. In the evening, after dinner, I was summoned three times to report to the Chief. He said, too, “It is the fortresses of Metz and Strassburg which we want and which we will take. Elsass”—he evidently referred to the strong emphasis laid on the German origin and the use of the German language by its inhabitants in the periodical press—“is an idea of the professors.” Afterwards, at tea, where there were only Keudell, Bohlen, and I, he again read us part of a letter from his wife, telling him that Count Herbert had arrived all right at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Meantime newspapers had arrived from home. In these we saw that the press of South Germany is beginning to protest, in the most satisfactory way, against the foreign diplomacy which is so eager to effect a peace between us and France. It was quite in the Chief’s sense that the *Swabian Mercury* said, on this point, “When the German nations marched to the Rhine to defend their native country, it became the duty of the European Cabinets to let the two combatants alone, to confine themselves to localising the war. Well then, we have carried on the war alone, against those who threatened Europe ; we mean also to localise the

conclusion of peace. We mean to dictate in Paris the conditions which are to protect the German people from the renewal of a burglarious attack like this war of 1870, and no diplomatist of the foreign Powers who kept their arms folded, shall dictate to us respecting these conditions. Those who have done nothing have no business to interfere." "This article will take the young fellows," said the Chief, and it did so.

Reims, September 5.—The French do not seem to look upon us all as barbarians and villains. Many of them evidently suppose us to be honourable people. I went this morning to a shop to buy some shirt collars. The shopman told me the price of a box, and when I put down two thalers for them, he handed me a basket full of small money that I might take the change he had to give me.

The stream which flows through Rethel, the Aisne, is beautifully green like the Rhine. Not far from our quarters there is a stone bridge over it, and during the whole of the forenoon great masses of troops were crossing. The last were four Prussian infantry regiments. There were singularly few officers with them; several of the companies were commanded by young lieutenants or ensigns. This was the case especially in the 6th and 46th Regiments, one of the battalions of which carried a French Eagle which they had captured. Then followed the 50th and the 37th. The heat was scorching; the men were quite covered with a thick layer of the chalky dust of Champagne, but they kept marching steadily on in good form and firm on their legs. Our coachman put some pails of water on the road for them, out of which the thirsty men helped themselves as they passed, with tin cups, or bowls, or glasses, sometimes even taking a draught out of their helmets.

Between twelve and one o'clock we started for Reims,

The district through which our road passed is chiefly flat slightly undulating land, with few villages, and a whitish soil ; oftener pastures than fields with standing grain ; here and there a windmill—an institution which I had not before noticed in France, then by the side of the road a stunted fir wood. On this road Keudell had a conversation with a captain in the Black Dragoons. “He is a son of Minister von Schön,” said he. “He fought at Wörth and Sedan.”

At last, far away over the sunny plain, emerged the towers of the cathedral of Reims and beyond the town, hills, which at first looked bluish, but as we approached them became green, with white villages hanging on their slopes. We drove first through poor little streets, then through some of more pretensions and across a square containing a monument, to the Rue de Cloître, where we took up our quarters in the handsome house of M. Dauphinot, nearly straight opposite the grand cathedral. The Chief here lived in the wing to the right of the entrance into the court, on the first floor ; the Bureau was established on a raised ground floor, under the Minister’s chamber, while a room close by was appropriated for a dining-room. I found my bedroom in the left wing, near Abeken. The whole house, so far as I can see, is elegantly furnished. Once more I sleep in a mahogany four-poster, with silk hangings, have cushioned chairs covered with crimson damask ; a mahogany commode with marble top, a washhand-stand and night table of the same kind, and a marble chimney-piece in my bedroom. The streets are thronged with Prussians and Würtembergers. King William did the Archbishop the honour to take up his quarters in his palace. I hear that our host is the Mayor of Reims. Keudell thinks that the district to be held by us at the conclusion of the war will not be

given to one state, nor be divided among several, but that it will remain as the property of the whole of Germany.

In the evening the Chief was at dinner, and as we were here between the two great champagne firms of the country, we tried different brands of that wine. It was mentioned that yesterday a squadron of our hussars had been fired upon from a coffee-house. "Then," said the Minister, "the house must be at once destroyed, and the occupier brought before a court-martial. Stieber must be directed to investigate the matter without delay." The champagne recommended by Count Bohlen was good, and he was specially praised for finding it, I suppose by me among others. The Minister said, "Our Doctor is not like the rest of the Saxons, who drink nothing but coffee." I replied, "Yes, your Excellency, that is why I am so downright, occasionally perhaps not perfectly polite;" at which there was great laughter. It is said that we shall remain here ten or twelve days.

Tuesday, September 6.—Early betimes to the cathedral, the chimes of the bells having already awakened me several times during the night. A magnificent edifice of the best period of Gothic architecture, dedicated to Our Lady. A glorious main façade beneath the two unfinished towers, three portals richly decorated with sculptures; in the interior, wonderful lights, falling from painted windows, on the pavement and on the sides of the pillars. The high altar in the great nave, where the kings of France were crowned, is a-blaze with gilding. In one of the side chapels, in the passage which runs round the choir, mass was being read. In front, fellow Christians in the shape of Silesian and Polish infantry and Cuirassiers, are kneeling, beside the French women with their rosaries. Outside, round the church, there are many beggars, some of them singing their petitions.

From ten till three o'clock I worked diligently, without once looking up; amongst other things, on two articles—one of considerable length, the other shorter—upon the conditions under which Germany can conclude peace. Our Chief considered an article in the *Volks-Zeitung*, of August 31, "very sensible, and deserving to be more widely circulated." It pronounced against the incorporation of the conquered provinces of France in Prussia; and after attempting to show that this would not strengthen but weaken Prussia, it ended with these words: "Not the aggrandisement of Prussia, but the unity of Germany and the rendering France innocuous, are the objects to be pursued." Bamberger has established in Nancy a newspaper in French; to which news is to be sent from us from time to time.

Before dinner, Count Bohlen, counting the covers, said, "Are we not thirteen at table to-day?" "It is well you mention it, for the Minister does not like sitting down thirteen." Bohlen, to whom our bodily comforts seem to be entrusted, had evidently stimulated the genius of our *chef de cuisine* to do its very best. The dinner was quite sumptuous. Von Knobelsdorf, captain of the guards, Count York, and a tall, slender, rather shy youth, in the uniform of a lieutenant of dragoons with a crimson collar, who as we afterwards heard was a Count Brühl, were the guests of the Chancellor. The latter brings great news with him, that in Paris the Republic is proclaimed, and a Provisional Government instituted, in which are the leaders of the former Opposition, Gambetta and Jules Favre. Rochefort, also, of *La Lanterne*, sits with them in high council. These gentlemen, it is said, intend to carry on the war against us. In that case our position is not improved, in so far as we wish peace, but it is by no means made worse, especially if the Republic lasts; and if afterwards they want to win good friends for France at the different Courts.

With Napoleon and Lulu all is over for the present ; the Empress has done as Louis Philippe did in 1848 ; she has left the field and is said to be in Brussels. What sort of a web, these advocates and *litterati* will spin, who have come in her place, will soon be seen. Whether France will recognise their authority remains also to be seen.

Our Uhlans are already at Château Thierry. Two days more and they might be before Paris. But, as is now certain, we shall be at least a week longer at Reims. Count Bohlen told the Chief about the coffee-house keeper, from whose premises our cavalry had been fired at. The man is a Sieur Jacquier, the hussars belonged to a Westphalian regiment, and their commander was a Captain von Vaerst, a son of a member of the Reichstag. The house, at the urgent entreaties of Jacquier, who says the man was innocent in the main, has not been destroyed, especially as the treacherous shot had not taken effect. They have simply ordered the landlord to give 200 or 250 bottles of champagne to the squadron—which he gladly agrees to do.

Some one at tea, I don't remember who, turned the conversation on the exceptional position in the North German Confederation which Saxony was permitted to take with regard to military matters. The Chancellor would not admit that any great weight should be attached to this. "Moreover, I am not the author of the arrangement," he added. "Savigny concluded the treaty, for I was then in bed exceedingly ill. Still less did I interfere with the foreign affairs of the smaller states. By many people too much stress is laid on this point, and we are threatened with danger from having diplomatic representatives of the smaller states beside those of the confederation. But if such states were, in other respects, powerful, they could even, without official representatives, both by letters and by word

of mouth, intrigue at foreign courts. Whatever measures we adopted, a dentist, or somebody of that sort could carry on an intrigue."

Wednesday, September 7.—Early this morning I took a walk through the town. It seems well to do, and has some rather fine streets. The shops are, almost without exception, open, and some of them do, as I learn, a very good business with our officers and soldiers. In the square into which our street enters, is a handsome monument to Louis XV. In the middle of a broad street, which serves as a sort of market, having arcades on both sides, with shops and coffee-houses, is a statue of Marshal Drouet, tolerably executed. On my way back I again met, near the cathedral, quite a number of beggars, and among them some great originals. One little lad, with a still smaller one on his back, pranced about me whining all the time, "*Je me meurs de faim, M'sieur, je me meurs ; donnez-moi un petit sou.*" ("I am dying of hunger, sir, dying ; give me a half-penny.") A man, without feet, slid along the pavement on his knees, whilst his companion played the accordion and collected alms for him. A woman, with a child in her arms, begs for something "*pour acheter du pain*" ("to buy a bit of bread with"). A big strong man, certainly anything but ill in body, sings in a deep bass voice a verse with the refrain, "*O, c'est terrible de mourir de faim !*" ("O, it is terrible to die of starvation !") Five or six unspeakably dirty little scamps clamoured round one of our musketeers, who was carrying a loaf—they bake it here in the shape of a horseshoe—and when he broke off a large piece for them, they scuffled for the alms with savage cries. The stoppage of the manufactories must cause dreadful distress among the manufacturing classes of Reims, and the authorities of the town were afraid there would be riots when we took our departure.

After getting home, I wrote on several subjects ; for instance, an explanation of the attitude of Russia towards the war. In the afternoon, when the Chief went out, I made, with Abeken, a long excursion to see the principal sights of the town, which is very large in proportion to the number of its inhabitants,—about 60,000—most of the houses being only one or two stories high. As people who had once been Latin scholars, we went first to the Promenade to see the Roman triumphal arch. Except for its age, there is not much to boast of. It has only a few ruined pillars and remains of sculpture, and the top of it is quite modern. We then went, in heavy rain, through the suburbs to the statue of Colbert, past the Circus, which now has soldiers quartered in it, to the Canal de Vesle and the dock in the harbour, full of great heavy barges. On a post is put up, "*Pêche interdite*" ("No fishing allowed"), but *inter arma silent leges*. Just below the notice, three men in blouses were angling unmolested, and further on there must have been thirty more of these fishermen, dangling their rods over the light-green water. We then went through a poor street to the left, to see the second great church of the town. It is dedicated to St. Remus, and belongs to the period of the transition from the Italian to the German style of architecture. By its enormous depth, its noble simplicity, and its massive pillars, it makes a very grand impression. The saints' tomb behind the choir reminds one forcibly of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. It is a little temple under the cupola of the apse, open on all four sides. It is built of white marble and has red veined pillars in the style of the Renaissance. At the side is a chapel, where, over an altar of exceptional, perhaps unique, interest in the history of art, hangs a crucifix, in which the Christ wears a golden crown and is clothed in a purple robe

glittering with gold stars. The expression of the face and the handling of the drapery argue great antiquity. On the other side, in the Sacristy, the sacristan showed us several old pictures, which are done in needlework.

Thursday, September 8.—I bathed this morning early in the Vesle, with Willisch, in a cold wind with bright weather. In the evening we had a great dinner, at which the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his adjutant, Nettelblatt, Stephan, the director of the post-office, and the three Americans were present. . . . They spoke of the different reports about the incidents at Bazeilles. The Minister said that it could not be tolerated that peasants should join in fighting to defend places. They were not in uniform, and therefore, when they throw away their muskets unnoticed, they cannot be known as combatants. The chances ought to be equal for both sides. Abeken thought the fate of Bazeilles too hard, and that the war ought to be carried on more humanely. Sheridan, to whom MacLean had explained the case, took a different view. He thought the severest treatment of the population during a war quite justified on political grounds. "The main thing in true strategy," what he said amounted to, is this, "First deal as hard blows at the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of the country that they will long for peace, and press their Government to make it. Nothing should be left to the people but eyes, to lament the war!" Rather heartless, I thought to myself, but perhaps worth consideration.

Friday, September 9.—In the forenoon till three o'clock I was writing at all kinds of articles; amongst others, some on the inexplicable attachment of the Alsatians for France; on their voluntary Helotism, and the infatuation which prevents their seeing and feeling that a Gaul regards them only as

Frenchmen of the second class, and treats them in many respects accordingly. The news comes that Paris is not to be defended, but is to be declared an open city, which is doubtful, as according to other accounts they have still regular soldiers at their command, though not many now.

I saw Hofrath Freitag, and spoke to him for a moment near the house where the Crown Prince is lodged. He and one of our messengers go home to-day, since, as he said to Keudell, there is nothing for him to do here—a very praiseworthy recognition of facts, and a sensible resolution, to which some other gentlemen, who have attached themselves to certain headquarters as mere amateurs of battles, ought to have come long ago.

Saturday, September 10.—The Chief drove out early with Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen to Châlons, where the King also was going. They came back about half-past five in the afternoon. Meantime, after four o'clock, Minister Delbrück arrived: he had come by Hagenau and Bar-le-Duc, and had had many unpleasant experiences. He had travelled with General Boyen, who brought Napoleon—or, as he now calls himself, Count Pierrefonds—without accident as far as Cassel. He complained that he had not been able to bring with him a box of very old Nordhäusen, which had been intrusted to him, I forget where, for headquarters. Further, he said that Napoleon had declared to Boyen that he had been forced into the war by public opinion, and that he had praised our troops very highly, especially the Uhlans and the artillery.

The Chief dined to-day with the King, but for half an hour came back to us at table, where Bohlen, who had visited the imperial castle of Mourmelon, near Châlons, had previously told us how the people there had destroyed all the furniture, mirrors, &c. After the dinner, at which Boyen and Delbrück

were present, the Chancellor talked a long time alone with these two gentlemen. Afterwards he sent for me to commission me to make a *communiqué* for the two papers which are published here, the *Courrier de la Champagne*, and the *Indépendant Remois*, to this effect: From the fact of the journals which appear in Reims acknowledging the Republic in France, and recognising the new form of Government by printing its decrees, the inference might be drawn that the action of these journals is taken with the approval of the German Governments, as the town is occupied by German troops. This, however, is not the case. The German Governments respect the freedom of the press here, as at home, but in France they have not hitherto recognised any other Government than that of the Emperor Napoleon. They are unable, therefore, for the present to consider any but the Imperial Government as authorised to enter into national negotiations. Then he asked me (I extract the following from my journal, only to show the remarkable kindheartedness and simple natural affability of our Chief), "You looked wretchedly ill this morning; what is the matter?" "A slight attack of dysentery, your Excellency," said I. "And fever? headache?" "Yes, a little, your Excellency." "Have you seen a doctor?" "No, I prescribed something for myself and got it from the druggist's shop." "What was that?" I told him. "That is no good," he answered. "You are your own doctor, then? Do you not think much of the doctors?" "I have not consulted one for many years." "Well, they often cannot help one much; sometimes make one much worse. But this is more than a joke. Send to Lauer, he is a clever fellow. I really don't know what I shall not have to thank him for, in the matter of health, before I get home again. And now go to bed for two days, that is the best cure; otherwise you may

have relapses, and not be able to get up again for three weeks. I often suffer myself from something of the kind, and there on the chimney-piece, you see my little bottle, wrapped up—thirty to thirty-five drops, on a piece of sugar. Take it, but give it me back again. And if I send for you, only say that you cannot come. I will then come to you, if I have anything for you to do. You can perhaps write in bed?”

Sunday, September 11.—The Chief's little bottle was a capital cure. In the morning I got up quite well, and could work swimmingly. The substance of the *communiqué* was sent to the journal in Nancy, and to German newspapers. In reference to certain arguments in the papers, we pointed out that Prussia concluded the Peace of Prague, not with France, but with Austria, and that consequently France had no more right to complain of the 5th article than of any other article of that treaty.

About twelve o'clock Abeken and I went to the Protestant church, or, as they call it here, the Protestant temple, on the Boulevard, in which there is a high oratory, with galleries, chancel, and a small organ, but without towers. The service, which was conducted by the military chaplain, Frommel, and which the King, Prince Karl, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Bismarck, and Roon, as well as some Prussian and many Würtemberg officers and soldiers attended, began with military music, instead of organ playing. First, the psalm, "Praise the Lord," the soldiers singing from their Psalm Books. Instead of the Epist'e, another psalm followed, and then the Gospel for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. The preacher took his text from 1 Samuel vii. 11 and 12: "And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Beth-car. Then Samuel took a stone,

and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The last words were his principal subject; the subordinate heads dwelt on gratitude for the help of the Lord, and the vow sworn on the altar-stone Eben-ezer not to act like those whom the Lord had condemned, and the hope that the Lord would grant His help still further, especially for the permanent unity of Germany. The discourse was not unsuitable. Many good thoughts were well expressed; but Clovis came in for somewhat undeserved honour because he was baptised (it took place, as every one knows, in Reims), although every student nowadays knows that he was none the better of it, as after baptism he continued to be a crafty and sanguinary tyrant. What the preacher said about St. Louis was equally awkward.

Later in the day, again in company with Abeken, I attended the Catholic service in the cathedral, the bells of which, large or small, had been ringing all day. The choir was full of priests of all sorts and kinds. Priests in violet, in black and white, or black; priests in red collars, purple drapery, black bands with white borders; priests in silk or cloth or linen vestments, all passed before us, the archbishop, with a long train, walking first; two other priests of high rank behind him, and his pages, the chorister boys, in white and red. As he rustled out, he bestowed his blessing from the door of the screen, with the two uplifted fingers of his right hand, on the pious women assembled. From the place where I was, I came in for a share of it.

In the course of the day a M. Werle was with the Chief, a thin old gentleman with shaking head and the inevitable red ribbon in his buttonhole, which seems to be universal among well-dressed Frenchmen. He is a member of the legislative body, and proprietor or partner in the

firm Veuve Clicquot, and it is said that he wishes to consult the Minister on the means of meeting the distress which prevails in the town, and averting a rising of the poor against the rich. The latter fear that the Red Republic may be declared by the workmen, who seem to be in a state of ferment; and as Reims is a manufacturing town, having ten to twelve thousand *ouvriers* within its walls, the danger may well be serious when our soldiers have to leave the town. No one could have dreamt of this a month ago: German troops the defenders of the French from Communism—truly a miracle of miracles! M. Werle speaks German, too; indeed he is, by birth they say, a countryman of ours, like many of the proprietors of the great Champagne manufactories here and in the neighbourhood. Then there came other people from the town with one petition and another to the Bureau, and wished to speak with the Chancellor. Amongst others, a woman who complained that the soldiers had taken away several sacks of potatoes, and she wanted to get back her property. We directed her to the police, who would see her righted. But she refused, and repeated that we must help her. “*Quoi, je suis mère de famille!*” (“Am I not the mother of a family?”) But we did not repeat the little farce of Faulquemont, where we paid for the cow.

At dinner Knobelsdorf was with us again. Afterwards I was sent for several times to receive the Chief's orders. The Belgians and Luxemburgers have behaved unkindly to our wounded, and there is probably some foundation for the idea that Ultramontane instigation is at the bottom of it. The mitrailleuse balls seem to be alloyed with some poisonous substance, for they cause gangrenous wounds. Favre, “who, for us, has no existence,” has asked us in a round-about way, through London, whether we are inclined for an

armistice and negotiations. He appears eager for it—the Chancellor not.

In the evening, after ten o'clock, the Chief came down to tea. He wanted a "cheap light cigar," with which I was able to supply him, as my case now contains only such weeds. We spoke first of Rogge's sermon, and the Minister had his fling both at the unhistorical Clovis and the much-glorified St. Louis. Then he spoke of his son, whose wound in the thigh had become worse, and showed gangrenous edges. The doctor had conjectured that the ball might contain some poisonous substance.

At last the conversation turned on the politics of the last few years, when the Chancellor said, "I am, after all, proudest of our successes in the Schleswig-Holstein business, out of which a play representing the intrigues of diplomacy might be written for the stage. . . . I expressed what I wished immediately after the death of the King of Denmark in a long speech at a sitting of the *Staatsrath*. . . . The person who drew up the protocol left out the chief passage he thought, indeed, that I had indulged too much at the *déjeuner*, and that it would be agreeable to me if it were left out. I took very good care, however, that it should be inserted again. My idea was, I admit, very difficult to carry out. Every one was against it—the Austrians, the English, the liberal and not liberal smaller states, the opposition in the Diet, the influential people at court, and the majority of the newspapers. . . . Yes, indeed, there were then hard battles to be fought, for which better nerves than mine were required. At the Frankfort *Fürstentag* (Diet of princes) it was the same, when the King of Saxony was present. . . . When I left the room my nerves were so excited and I was so exhausted that I could scarcely stand on my legs, and in closing the door of the adjutant's room I tore off

the latch. The adjutant asked me if I was unwell. 'No,' said I; 'I am all right again now.'" We went on talking of the particulars of these events till it got late, and the Chief took leave of us, saying: "Yes, gentlemen, a finely-strung nervous system has much to suffer. So I shall now go to bed. Good night."

Monday, September 12.—I was writing different articles till midday. In Laon the French—though it may have been the act of a single individual person—have been guilty of a wicked treachery. Yesterday, after the conclusion of the capitulation and after the entry of our troops, they blew the citadel into the air, by which explosion about a hundred men of our 4th battalion of rifles have been killed or wounded. In the German papers we read, that the Chief said that in the battle of Sedan the allies of Prussia had done best. In fact, he said that they co-operated in the best manner. Under certain circumstances we might do a good turn to the Belgians, who exhibit such hatred to us, and such ardent love to France. It may be hinted to public opinion there that arrangements are not entirely out of the question even with the present French government through which some satisfaction might be given to this leaning of the Belgians towards France. The Bavarian Count Luxburg, who is at Kuhlwetter, has distinguished himself by his talent and zeal. He is to be invited in future for the discussion of important questions.

There is a report that America has offered to mediate between us and the new French Republic. We shall not decline this mediation, we prefer it to others, of course. It is not credible that in Washington they can think of disturbing the military operations necessary on our side. The Chief appears to have been for a long while back favourably disposed to the Americans, and the rumour went abroad

lately that he hoped to get permission in Washington for us to arm ships in American harbours, with which to injure the French marine. At present there is certainly no intention of such a thing.

The following is the view which the Chancellor takes of the general position, if I understand him rightly. Peace seems yet to be far away, as there is no government in Paris which promises durability. When the time for negotiation comes, the King will invite his allies to come to a common understanding as to the terms which we ought to demand. Our main object is and will continue to be, the security of the South-West German frontiers against the centuries' old danger of a French invasion. A new neutral intermediate state, like Belgium or Switzerland, would be of no use to us, since such a state would certainly lean to France, if another war broke out. Metz and Strassburg, with as much of their surroundings as is necessary to us, must become our frontier territory and belong to all Germany. A partition of this district amongst our separate states is not to be thought of. Carrying on war in common will not be without a salutary influence upon the demand for the unity of Germany. Prussia will as a matter of course, after the war, respect the free will of the South, as she has hitherto done, and will avoid even the suspicion of any pressure. A great deal will depend on the personal feeling and decision of the King of Bavaria.

The proclamation of the Republic in Paris is approved of in Spain, as it may probably also be in Italy. The monarchical governments must see a danger in this which should warn them to draw closer to each other and to maintain a firm alliance. Every one of them is threatened, even Austria. This must be recognised in Vienna, though nothing is to be expected from Beust, whose rancorous

hatred of Germany and Russia makes him coquette with the Poles and even with the Red Republicans. The Emperor Franz Josef will not perhaps refuse to listen to explanations. He will allow himself to be convinced that the interests of his own monarchy are really gravely imperilled by the Republic, which may very easily take a socialistic form. This Republic is propagandist among its neighbours, and would gain followers even in Germany, if the wishes of the people came not to be respected by the princes. In return for their great sacrifices both in money and in men, they demand an effectual security against France and an enduring peace.

To-day, before dinner, Prince Leopold of Bavaria had a conversation with the Chief, at which the Prince gave him some of these "historical and political views."

Tuesday, September 13.—Early this morning a military band of troops from Würtemberg gave the Chief a morning serenade, which must have delighted him very much. If the gentlemen of the *Stuttgart Observer* hear of it! In the course of the forenoon the Chancellor summoned me six times, and I wrote as many as six articles for the press, among which were two for the French newspapers here, which had also received news from us on previous days. Further measures were taken to secure for General von Blumenthal the place which is due to him, when his portrait and biography are given, in the friendly illustrated journals. "The newspapers do not mention him at all, so far as we see, although he is chief of the staff of the Crown Prince; and, after Moltke, has up to this time been of the greatest service in the conduct of the war."

On the *14th September*, a little before ten in the morning, we left Reims, the cathedral of which continued visible for a long time across the level country, and went to *Château Thierry*.

We first crossed a broad plain with cultivated fields flanked by a ridge of hills with vineyards and villages on their sides, with woods at the top ; and then drove over this high ground down into an undulating country full of all sorts of little valleys and dells. In the little town of Dormans on the Marne, which we twice crossed here, we made a short halt. The river is about as broad again as the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson, and the water is of a clear, bright green. The sky was full of drooping grey clouds, and we were twice overtaken by heavy showers. The road went close by the railway to the left of us, which had been put out of gear by the retreating enemy, and not far from the river. On the right hand were vineyards, on the left on the hillsides mostly greenwood, out of which a pretty little mansion occasionally peeped. We passed three or four villages with old churches and picturesque side-streets, where houses built of grey flag-stones looked out at us half hidden among the vines. As we went on, vineyard after vineyard followed us, far and wide, the vines being very low, and the grapes blue. They say that these vines yield the must from which they make champagne in Reims and Epernay.

All the villages were full of Würtembergers, and they had stationed outposts, both of infantry and cavalry, along the road for our protection. It must still be somewhat dangerous here, for the peasants who went hobbling about with their wooden shoes, or stood before their houses, looking quite harmless and unintelligent, are capable of very wicked tricks. To speak plainly, their faces are extremely simple-looking, but perhaps the nightcaps which most of them wear give them that sleepy, weak appearance. They had, without exception, their hands in their long trousers pockets, but it might possibly not be mere apathetic indifference which made them clench their fists inside.

About five o'clock we arrived at Château Thierry, where we all found comfortable accommodation together in the handsome house of a M. Sarimond in the square fronting the Church. The host was, so the Minister informed us, a pleasant man, with whom one could talk about all sorts of things. Château Thierry is a charming little town. It lies rather raised above the banks of the Marne below the moss-covered ruins of an old castle. It is spread over a large space of ground and has many gardens. Only the one long street in the heart of the town which leads up to the church, and a few of the side streets opening on it, have houses standing close to each other. The old church is dedicated to Saint Crispin the Cobbler—who was so benevolent as even to steal leather to make shoes for the poor—in French, *Crépin*,—perhaps an allusion to the fact that before the tanneries which still flourish here, the industry of shoemaking may formerly have provided food for a great part of the inhabitants.

In the evening at dinner, the Chief was unusually cheerful and good-humoured. Afterwards we enjoyed a wonderful moonlight on the terrace of the garden behind the courtyard.

The next day (*Sept.* 15) we set out at noon, after breakfasting at the Hôtel Nogeant, for Meaux, about 30 English miles from Château Thierry, and only about the same distance from Paris. On the way we again passed for hours by vineyards of enormous extent. We crossed the Marne and drove through coppices, and over the spurs of the hills on the left side of the valley. At the village of Lusancy we halted for half an hour. Our carriage was now drawn partly by horses captured at Sedan. The nearer we approached to Paris the closer together were the sentries posted, especially in the woods, and where there were alleys of trees. They now consisted of Prussian infantry

(with yellow shoulder-straps). We could see very little of the inhabitants of the villages as we passed through. Only the landlords and the old people seemed to have been left behind. Girls and young wives were not to be seen, nor young children. In Lusancy we saw written in chalk over one house-door, "Ill with small-pox."

Shortly before coming to the little town of Trillport we crossed the Marne again, by a bridge of red Prussian pontoons, as the fine new bridge over which the railway ran, as well as that not far from it, over which the high road went, had been destroyed by the French. The rails with the sleepers still fastened to them were hanging sadly about the pillars of the bridge among the ruined arches, or resting on the masses of shattered masonry lying in the river-bed. A little way farther on we crossed the river again by a temporary wooden bridge, and farther on by another over the canal, the original footways over which had also been rendered impassable. All this seemed a very useless cutting into their own flesh, for the advance of our people could not be delayed more than an hour by all this destruction, especially at the smaller watercourses.

MEAUX is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, and stands in a pleasant, well-wooded neighbourhood. It has beautiful shady promenades, with large green gardens. The streets in the older part of the town are mostly narrow and poor. The Chief lived in the Rue Trouchon, in the splendid house of the Vicomtes de la Motte, which had an extensive garden behind it. I was quartered just opposite, in the house of a Baron Vandœuvre, an old gentleman, who had fled, and at whose writing-table I could work most comfortably. I had the choice also of two different bed-rooms, and of a four-poster bed with silk and another with linen or cotton hangings. Then the view from the Baron's study, the

windows of which look out on a little garden with old trees and creepers, is of the kind that soon makes one feel at home, and the library would be most welcome if we were here for amusement. It is very well chosen. I find, for instance, Sismondi's '*Histoire des Français*,' Thierry's collected works, Cousin's '*Philosophical Essays*,' Renan's '*Histoire Religieuse*,' Rossi's '*Économie Nationale*,' and other works on history and national economy. The house has a number of little side-rooms, alcoves, tapestry-covered recesses, and concealed closets, and there is now no one living in it but me, except, on the ground-floor, the two body-servants who have to-day arrived from Berlin, and who, from this time, are to follow the Minister in plain clothes whenever he walks out. Walks out—but what if he rides?

At dinner we were told that a man had arrived from Paris, bearing a flag of truce, and they pointed out a thin dark-haired young fellow, standing in the court in front of the Chief's house. This was the person; and from his talk he seemed to be an Englishman. At dinner to-day both the Counts York were our guests. They explained to us why we had seen so few men in the villages. They had found great crowds of peasants in the woods, who had fled there with some of their belongings, especially with their cattle, and highly delighted they were when they were told—they were mostly unarmed—that they might go back without fear or anxiety to their villages. On hearing this, the Chief said, "If I were a soldier and had to order things, I know what I should do. I should treat all who remained at home with every possible attention and respect. But I should consider the houses and furniture of those who have run away, as found property. And if I caught them I would take away their cows and whatever else they had with them, declaring that they had stolen them and hidden

them in the wood. It would be well if they could first be made aware that the different sauces with which we cook little French children are all lies."

Friday, September 16.—A splendid bright sunny morning, with a deep blue sky over Bossuet's city. Early in the morning I translated for the King a letter sent to him by James Parkinson, an English prophet, who predicted that if the King did not put a stop to this shedding of blood, the vengeance of Heaven, of which the Emperor Napoleon would be the instrument, would overtake him for the "Slaughter of the Danes," and the "Blood of Austria's sons." This warning was dated August 29. Three days later the telegraph would have prevented it. The officious fool who sent this, and some other English fools in high places who meddle in our affairs, would have done better to remember that England has her own door-step to sweep clean, that we are defending ourselves against the most outrageous arrogance in a just war; that we have not yet thought of wantonly burning peaceful villages, or of blowing men from the mouths of cannon, as they have done in wars ten times less justifiable.

The young black-haired gentleman of yesterday, who was supposed to have come with a flag of truce, and who had a long talk with the Chief in the evening, over a bottle of Kirschwasser (cherry cordial), is Sir Edward Mallet, an attaché of the English Embassy in Paris. He had brought a letter from Lord Lyons, in which he asked, whether the Count would confer with Favre on the conditions of an armistice. The Chancellor is said to have answered him: "On the conditions of a Peace, yes; on the conditions of an Armistice, no." *

* He cannot well have done so, if we compare this with what happened later.

From the letters of Berlin friends, I see that many well-meaning people cannot get into their heads that the provinces of France to be retained are not to be joined to Prussia. An epistle from a good patriot in Baden fears that Elsass and German Lothringen may be given to Bavaria, and sees in this the germ of a new Dualism. He says, in a memoir addressed to the Chief, "It is quite too obvious that Prussia alone possesses the power to re-Germanise the German provinces of France." He calls attention to the fact, too little considered in the North, that all sensible men in the South wish to see Elsass in the hands of Prussia, and he declares that it "is a gross mistake if people in the North imagine that the South must be rewarded with territory and people." Whence he has his idea about the mistake in the North, I don't know; no one with us, as far as I know, makes it for a moment. I believe the feeling here to be, that South Germany will be amply rewarded by being finally secured against the French lust of conquest. Other ideas of the writer's might, under certain circumstances, be correct. Undoubtedly juster and more in harmony with actual relations, is our Chief's idea, which I have before noted—to make these provinces Imperial territory, not, therefore, an object of envy and bitter feeling among the allies of Prussia, but a bond of union between, and a common point for, both North and South.

There was some talk about the King not going to Paris, but of his awaiting the course of events at Ferrières, the seat of Rothschild, lying about half-way between Meaux and Paris.

At dinner, Prince Hohenlohe was a guest. The Chief, after returning from dining with the King, was also present. We learnt that Reims was to be the centre of administration of the French provinces occupied by our army, outside

Elsass and Lothringen ; that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was to have the supreme control as Governor-General, and that Hohenlohe was to take office under him.

In conversation, the Chief said to his Cousin, who was complaining of not feeling very well: "When I was thy age" (his cousin was about thirty-eight) "I was quite intact, and everything agreed with me. It was at St. Petersburg that I got my first shake."

Someone turned the conversation to Paris, and the French in connection with the Alsatians ; and the Chief expatiated on this theme, telling me afterwards—giving me leave, or a hint at least, to report his words, or the sense of them, to the newspapers. "The Alsatians and German-Lorrainers," he said, "supplied the French with many clever people, especially in their army. But they were little esteemed among them, seldom advanced to the higher offices of the state, and ridiculed by the Parisians in all manner of anecdotes and caricatures. It is the same," so he continued, "with the other French provincials, but not so much so. France breaks up, in a sense, into two nations: Parisians and Provincials, and the latter are the willing helots of the former. France may now be emancipated from the domination of Paris. The man who feels himself, as a provincial, out in the cold, and wants to come to something, settles in Paris, is there received into the ruling caste, and shares their power. Might we not force the Emperor back on them as a punishment? At any rate it is possible ; for the peasants do not want the tyranny of Paris. France is a nation of ciphers—a mere crowd ; they have money and elegance, but no individual men, no feeling of individuality ; they act only in the mass. They are thirty millions of obedient Kaffres, each without a native 'ring' or a personal value. It would be easy to get sixty people

together capable of holding down all the rest of these people who are without character or personality, so long as they are not united."

In the evening several articles were written; in which I had to point out that "the partisans, in Germany, of the Republic, the people who take their tone from Jacoby, the socialistic democrats and their allies, are refusing to listen to any cessions of territory from France to us; because they are, in the first instance, republicans and only afterwards a little German. The security of Germany by the acquisition of Strassburg and Metz is odious to them, as a security against the Republic they wish so ardently, as a crippling of the propaganda for this form of government, as an injury to the prospects of its extension across the Rhine. Their party is higher than their country. They supported the war against Napoleon as an opponent of their doctrine; since the Republic has taken his place, they are French in their proclivities." Another article treated of the wish Russia has expressed for a revision of the treaty, which was the result of her defeat in the Crimean war. The alteration of certain points of this treaty, which Russia had in view, seemed founded on reason. With respect to the Black Sea, the Treaty of Paris contained unjust stipulations, as its coast-line really belongs for the most part to Russia.

Saturday, September 17.—I went early for an hour's walk with Willisch along the green Marne, where, at a great public washing establishment, women were beating shirts and bed-linen in the river, down to the old bridge, over the one half of which stand the buildings of a mill several stories high, and then on to the suburb on the left bank of the stream. At the end of the Rue Corillon another bridge, which has been blown up, crossed a gorge or deep cutting, at the bottom of which there is a canal. The interruption of traffic

caused by the destruction of this bridge has been already so far remedied by our pontooners, that not far from the ruins which block up the canal they have made a temporary bridge for single horsemen, over which a squadron of Bavarian cuirassiers happened to be just passing one behind the other.

On the way back we met a long train of waggons, with military stores, which reached from the ruined bridge quite to the middle of the town. At one corner of a street we saw several placards, amongst them an address yards long from Victor Hugo to the Germans, very piteous and high-flown, at once sentimental and pompous; a whipped-up trifle, with fine phrases stuck in it for plums, thoroughly French. What can the queer man take us for, if he thinks that our Pomeranians and East Prussians, with their sound, manly intelligence, can like such stuff as this? A man in a blouse near me, who was reading it half aloud, said to me, '*C'est bien fait, Monsieur, n'est-ce pas?*' ("Well written, sir, is it not?") I answered that it grieved me to the soul to be obliged to say that it was utter nonsense. What a face he pulled!

We visited the church, which is a fine old building, with four rows of Gothic pillars. In the passage of the chapel behind the choir, there must have been a large annexe in a similar style. At the side of the choir, on the right hand, immediately on entering the great door, is a marble monument of Bossuet, who was bishop of this place, and probably preached from the pulpit of this church. The celebrated author of the four articles of the Gallican Church is represented sitting.

At dinner the Chief was absent, and he did not appear till the evening. Then we heard that he had ridden to see his son Bill, who was with his regiment ten miles away from

Meaux, and had found him well and bright. He spoke of the young Count's courage and strength, some instances of which we have already mentioned. During the attack at Mars-la-Tour, Count Bill's horse stumbled with him at a dead or wounded Gaul, lying before him, within fifty feet of the French square. "But," said the Chief, "after a few moments he shook himself together again, jumped up, and not being able to mount led the brown horse back through the shower of bullets. Then he found a wounded dragoon, whom he set upon his horse, and covering himself thus from the enemy's fire on one side, he got back to his own people." The horse fell dead, after shelter was reached.

To-day, according to instructions received yesterday, I worked much, both morning and afternoon, and threw into an article the following ideas characteristic of the Chancellor's mode of reasoning:

"The morning edition of the *National Zeitung* of September 11 contains a paper 'At Wilhelmshöhe,' which, while it complains especially in its first paragraph, of the respectful treatment of the captive of Sedan, encourages a widespread error. 'Nemesis,' says the author of this article, 'should have been less courteous to the man of the 2nd December, the author of the Mexican tragedy, the instigator of this horrible war. The conqueror has been far too chivalrous.' Popular sentiment, which the author seems to approve, is of that opinion. We do not at all share this view. Public opinion is, indeed, only too much inclined to view political relations and events as it views matters of private right and wrong, and to demand that in conflicts between states the victor should sit in judgment on the vanquished with the moral code in his hand, and punish him, not only for offences against himself, but, if possible, even for acts

committed against others. Such a demand is entirely without justification. To make it is quite to misunderstand the nature of political affairs, to which the notions of punishment, reward, vengeance do not belong. To respond to it would be to falsify the very essence of politics. Politics must leave the punishment of the sins of princes and nations against the moral law to Divine Providence, to the Ruler of Battles. It has neither the right, nor is it its duty, to usurp the office of judge ; it has, under all circumstances, to ask solely and merely, what is for the advantage of my country in this matter ? And how can I best and most profitably utilise the advantages I may gain ? Feelings and sentiments have as little place in politics as in commerce. Politics ought not to avenge what has taken place, but to take care that it shall not happen again.

“Applying these principles to our own case, to the procedure against the vanquished and captive Emperor of the French, let us ask the question, Why should we punish in him the 2nd December, the laws of public safety, the events in Mexico, however much we might disapprove of them ? The law of politics does not entitle us to think even of vengeance for this war which he has conjured up on us, and if it did permit the thought, vengeance ought to be taken, not merely on Napoleon, but on every individual Frenchman, in the Blücher-like manner suggested by the *National* ; for all France, with its thirty-five millions of inhabitants, hailed the Mexican expedition, and even the present war, with the greatest enthusiasm. Germany has simply to ask herself the wider question, Which is best for us in present circumstances, a badly-treated or a well-treated Napoleon ? We think the question not very difficult to answer.

“These were the principles on which we acted in 1866.

Had we aimed, in certain measures of that year, in some of the stipulations in the Peace of Prague, at vengeance for previous injuries, at punishment for the sins which brought about the war of that time, those who would have suffered from those measures and stipulations would not really have been those whose crimes called most for vengeance and who deserved the severest punishment."

Sunday, September 18.—Early in the morning articles were written for Berlin, Hagenau and Reims. Among other things they dealt with the phrase of Favre: "*La république c'est la paix*" ("The Republic is peace"). The line of thought which I followed was mainly this: France has, for the last forty years, always pretended to be peace, and has always and under all forms been the exact opposite. Twenty years ago, the empire said it was "peace," the Republic now says the same thing. In 1829, Legitimacy was "peace," and at that very time a Russian and French league was formed which was only prevented by the Revolution of 1830 from fulfilling its object, an aggressive war against Germany. It is notorious that the "peaceful" government of the Citizen King wanted, in 1840, to take the Rhine from us, and it can never be forgotten that the Second Empire has carried on more wars than all the preceding forms of government. We may infer what we have to expect from Favre's asseveration with respect to the Republic. To all such illusions Germany has to oppose the words, "*La France c'est la guerre*" ("France is war"), and it is in accordance with this conviction, that we demand the cession of Metz and Strassburg.

If accounts from America, which appear to have been anticipated by a telegram, are not the result of a hoax, intentional or otherwise, an attempt on the life of the Chancellor seems to have been or still to be intended. A

very respectable person of the better classes in Baltimore says that he heard in a beer-house there that a man whom he can distinctly describe, and who, to judge from his language, must have been an Austrian, said to another that in the event of the war breaking out he would shoot Bismarck. The account goes on to say, that this person at first gave no heed to the expression. Shortly afterwards he again saw the fellow on board a Bremen steamer bound for Europe, and he has twice dreamt of seeing the villain in the act of discharging a pistol at an officer in a tent, who, according to photographs, must be Bismarck. In consequence of this it is as well that the personal attendants have been ordered here, and the most careful precautions must be taken, unless, indeed, the story is a pious fraud, meant to put the Chancellor more on his guard.

The Chief was at breakfast to-day, and two dragoons of the Guard were present. Both had the Iron Cross. The Minister kissed one, and called him "Thou." I hear that he is Lieutenant Philipp von Bismarck, a brother's son of the Chief. The other was the Adjutant von Dachröden. The Chancellor's nephew, who is employed in time of peace in the High Court of Justice, impresses one as an unassuming and excellent man. When the Minister was rejoicing in his having obtained the Iron Cross on the proposition of his comrades, he replied that he had it merely by seniority.

At tea the Chief asked about the Prince of Hohenzollern, who is with his regiment, "Is he a soldier, or merely a Prince?" The answer being favourable, the Minister replied, "I was delighted with his first reporting his election as King of Spain officially to his commander." It was mentioned that a General Ducrot, who had been taken prisoner at Sedan, by way of return for the greater freedom

which he was allowed, has disgracefully broken his parole on his road to Germany—I think at Pont-à-Mousson. The Chief remarked, “If we lay hold again of such scoundrels who have given their parole—others who escape are not to be blamed—we ought to hang them in their red trousers, and write upon one leg *parjure*, and on the other *infâme*. Meanwhile this must be represented properly in the press.” When they spoke of the cruel manner in which the French are carrying on the war, the Minister said, “If you strip off the white skin of such a Gaul, you have a Turco before you.”

I find this addition to my journal : To-day the Würtemberg War Minister, von Suckow, was for a considerable time upstairs with the Chief. He reported that in Swabia the cause of Germany was all right ; that things looked less promising in Bavaria ; and that Bray, the Minister, had been as unnational as he well could be under the circumstances.

In the afternoon a M. B. appeared at my house, who took up his quarters, with his two boxes, quite coolly down below with the guards. He had afterwards some conversation with the Chief ; and from his passport appeared to be a merchant travelling for Count Pierrefonds.

Monday, September 19.—In the morning I prepared for the Military Cabinet an extract in German from an English letter addressed to the King. The author, who claims to be descended from the Plantagenets, is named Weale, of Jenley, in Pembrokeshire, formerly an engine-driver. Like Mr. Parkinson, who some days ago obtruded himself with his prophecies, he has evidently a bee in his bonnet, but is at the same time a good sort of fellow. With many pious reflections, horribly spelt, he warns us of pits and traps which are laid for the Prussians in the woods of Meudon,

Marly, and Bondy, on the ground of a conversation between an Irishman and a Frenchman, which he says he heard. He winds up with blessing the King, his family, and all his subjects.

We hear for certain that Jules Favre will be here to-day at twelve o'clock to treat with the Chief. The fine weather seems to favour him. About ten o'clock Count Bismarck-Bohlen comes down from the Chancellor. "We are to be off at once," to the Château of Ferrières, fifteen miles away. We have to pack up and be off immediately. With great difficulty Theiss gets my clothes from the washerwoman. Then we learn that Abeken and I are to remain with one carriage and a servant and to follow at a later hour. At last, about eleven o'clock, we have breakfast with the Chief, at which there was some rare old white Bordeaux, which the owner of the house, a Legitimist lady by the way, honoured the Minister with, as it appeared, because we had done no mischief to her or to hers. The Chief had guessed the Legitimist feeling of the old lady from the Lucerne lion over his bed.

CHAPTER VII.

BISMARCK AND FAVRE IN HAUTE-MAISON.—A FORTNIGHT
IN ROTHSCHILD'S CHATEAU.

AT twelve o'clock on September 19, Jules Favre had not yet arrived, and they did not wait. The Minister, however, left a letter for him at the Mairie, and told the servant of our Viscountess to inform him of it if he came. To-day the Chief and the Councillors went round the estate of the great Parisian money-broker, and for some time they rode before the carriages, in the second of which I sat by myself. We first drove past the house where the King is, which is a fine mansion on the Promenade, and then out of the town along the canal on the left bank of the river, till we were able to cross the latter by means of a temporary bridge. At the village of Mareuil the road slightly ascended, running along the first steps, so to speak, of the chain of hills which on this side run parallel to the river and the canal, through a well-cultivated country, with vegetable gardens, orchards, and vineyards of blue grapes.

Here, between the villages of Mareuil and Montry, at a place where the high-road made a sharp descent, under fine shady trees, we met a carriage and pair, close shut, in which were three gentlemen in ordinary dress and a Prussian officer. One of the civilians was an oldish grey-bearded gentleman, with a protruding under-lip. "That is Favre," I said to Krüger, who was sitting behind me; "where is the Minister?" He was not to be seen, but was probably on before, hidden from our sight by a long train of waggons,

some of them piled high with baggage. I made them drive quickly, and after a time met the Chief with Keudell riding back to us, in a village called, I believe, Chessy, where some peasants had covered a dead horse with straw and chaff, and then set fire to it, causing a most dreadful odour.

"Favre passed us, your Excellency," said I; "and is up there."

"I know it," answered he, smiling, and trotted on.

The day after Count Hatzfeld told us some particulars of the meeting of the Chancellor with the Parisian Advocate and Regent. The Minister, the Count, and Keudell were a good mile and a half before us on the road, when Hofrath Taglioni, who was with the King's carriages, had told him that Favre had driven by. He had come by another road, and reached the spot where it joined this one, after the Chief and his companions had passed. The Chief was indignant that he had not been told of it before. Hatzfeld spurred after Favre and turned back with him. After a time Count Bismarck-Bohlen met them, and galloped back to tell the Minister, who was still a good bit off with Keudell. At last they met near Montry. The Minister himself thought of going with the Frenchman into a house here; but as the high-lying château of Haute-Maison was only about ten minutes' walk distant, and was considered a more suitable place, they went there.

Here they met with two Würtemberg dragoons, one of whom, with his carbine, was posted as guard at the door. A French peasant also was there, whose face looked as if he had had a severe beating, and whom they asked if there was anything to be had to eat and drink. Whilst they were speaking to him, Favre, who had gone into the château with the Chancellor, came out and had a discourse with his countryman

full of pathos and fine feeling. "Surprises might be attempted: this must not be. He was no spy, but a member of the new Government, who had taken the weal of the country in hand, and was responsible for its honourable conduct; and he called upon this peasant, in the name of the rights of nations and the honour of France, to see that this house was held sacred. His, the Regent's, honour, and the peasant's honour peremptorily demanded this;" and such like fine phrases. The worthy but somewhat stupid peasant had listened to this flood of words with a very simple look, evidently understood as little of it as if it had been Greek, and made such a face, that Keudell said, "If that fellow is to protect us against a surprise, I had much rather depend on the soldier there."

I learnt from another source in the evening that Favre had been accompanied by M. Rink and M. Hell, formerly secretaries of Benedetti, as well as by Prince Biron, and that quarters had been found for him in the village near Ferrières, where he hoped to have another interview with the Chief. Keudell said, "When the Chancellor left the room where he and Favre had been talking, he asked the dragoon at the door where he came from." "From Hall in Swabia." "Well, you may boast hereafter that you were on guard at the first peace negotiation in this war."

The rest of us, meanwhile, had to wait a long time at Chessy for the Chancellor, and took occasion, probably with his leave, to drive on towards Ferrières, which was about six miles off. On the road we crossed the line of the zone round Paris, within which the French have diligently destroyed everything. But here the destruction was only partial. The inhabitants of the villages which we visited seemed to have been mostly driven away by the Gardes Mobiles. So far as I know, we did not see one dog, but

in some yards there were a few hens. On most of the doors which we passed there was written in chalk "The Corporal's Guard N.," or "One officer and two horses," or something of that kind. In the villages one comes occasionally to town-like houses, and outside of them there were villas and mansions with parks, showing the proximity of the great city. In one of the villages through which we passed lay several hundred empty wine bottles in the ditch and on the field near the road. A regiment had discovered here a good source whereat to quench its thirst, and had halted for that purpose. There was no sign to be seen on the road of the guards, or the other prudential measures which had been observed at Château Thierry and Meaux, which might have been hazardous for the Chief when he returned late in the evening and with only a small escort.

At last, as it began to grow dusk we drove into the village of Ferrières, and soon after into Rothschild's property, which is situated close by, in the castle of which the King, and with him the higher division of the great headquarters, took up their abode for some time. The Minister was to have his quarters in the last three rooms of the right wing on the first floor, where he looked out on the meadows, the lake, and the castle park; while the Bureau took possession of one of the larger rooms of the ground floor, and a smaller room in the same corridor was used as a dining-room. Baron Rothschild had fled, and was in Paris, and had left behind only a house-steward or castellan, who looked a person of the highest consequence, and three or four women servants.

It was dark when the Chief arrived last of all, and he soon after sat down with us to dinner. While it was going on Favre sent to enquire when he could come to continue the

negotiations, and from half-past nine till after eleven he had a conference alone with the Chancellor in our Bureau. When he left he looked—as my journal remarks—perhaps he had not quite laid aside the part he had been playing so as to act on our feelings—crushed and depressed, almost despairing. The conversation appeared to have led to no result: the gentlemen in Paris will have to become more pliable. Their emissary and representative was rather a big man, with grey whiskers coming round under his chin, a somewhat Jewish type of countenance, and a hanging under lip.

At dinner, *à propos* of the King having gone to Cluses as a precaution against an attack from outside, the Chief said that many of our generals “much abused the devotion of the troops in order to win victories. . . . The hard-hearted villains in the general staff,” he continued, “may be right when they say that even if the five hundred thousand men whom we now have in France were used up, that would but be our first stake in the game, if we ultimately win. But to take the bull by the horns is poor strategy. . . . The 16th at Metz was all right, for the French had to be held where they were at whatever sacrifice; but the sacrifice of the Guard on the 18th was unnecessary. They should have waited at Saint-Privat till the Saxons had completed their flank movement.”

During dinner we had to admire an illustration of the hospitality and sense of decency of the Baron, whose house the King was honouring with his presence, and whose property, therefore, was spared in every way. Baron Rothschild, the hundredfold millionaire, who, besides, had been till a very recent date Consul-General of Prussia in Paris, insolently refused us, through his steward, the wine which we wanted, although I may remark that this and every other requisition was to be paid for. When cited before the Chief, the man

impudently persisted in his refusal, positively denied that he had any wine in the house, though he afterwards admitted that he had in the cellar a few hundred bottles of "*petit Bordeaux*"—in fact, there were more than seventeen thousand bottles—but declared that he could not let us have any. The Minister, however, explained his point of view to the man in a very forcible manner, insisting that it was a most uncourteous and niggardly way in which his master was returning the honour which the King had shown him by putting up in his house; and, when the burly fellow looked as if he intended to give us a little more insolence, asked him sharply if he knew what a "*Strohbund*" was? Our friend appeared to guess, for he became pale, though he said nothing. It was then explained to him that a "*Strohbund*" is a truss of straw upon which refractory and insolent house-stewards are laid, back uppermost, and he might easily imagine the rest. Next day we had what we wanted, and, as far as I know, afterwards had no cause of complaint. But the Baron received for his wine not only the price that was asked, but something over and above for the good of the house; so that, on the whole, he made a pretty good thing out of us.

Whether things went on in this way after we left, was to me for a long time more doubtful than the answer to the question, whether they should have been allowed to do so. To speak more plainly, I never could see any rational ground why the millionaire Rothschild should be exempted from requisitions, even requisitions corresponding with his vast wealth, when no more needed to be said but that they were required for the King and his retinue. There was a story afterwards in Versailles that on the very day of our departure, half-a-dozen men with requisition orders appeared at Ferrières and carried off a quantity of eatables and drink-

ables, and that even the deer in the preserves by the lake had been eaten up by our soldiers to their great satisfaction. To my deep distress I learned from very authentic sources, that this was not the case. These tales were only pious wishes transformed into myths, as so often happens. The exceptional respect for Rothschild's seat was in every respect maintained till the conclusion of the war. The greater was our annoyance, therefore, at learning that Rothschild had spread in Parisian society a report exaggerating and falsifying the words of our Chief, saying that the Prussians had wished to flog his house-steward at Ferrières, because the pheasants which he set before them had not been truffled.

The morning next but one the Minister came into the "*Chambre de Chasse*" of the mansion, a room fitted up with beautifully carved oak furniture, and ornamented with precious china vases, which we had transformed into our bureau, and inspecting the game-book, which was lying on the table in the middle of the room he showed me the page, dated November 3rd, 1856, which recorded that on that day he himself, with Gallifet and others, had shot here, and that he had killed forty-two head of game, fourteen hares, one rabbit, and twenty-seven pheasants, "Now," he said, "along with Moltke and others, I am after nobler game, the wolf of Grand Pré." At that date he had no presentiment of it, and his fellow sportsmen assuredly and even less.

About eleven o'clock he had a third meeting with Favre, subsequent to which a council was held with the King, at which Moltke and Roon were present. After some letters had been written to Berlin, Reims, and Hagenau, I had two hours on hand to make myself acquainted with our new abode. I used this time in looking over the mansion, so far as it was open to us, and in rambling about through the park, which lay on the south side of the house, and a

flower garden on the north. About 400 paces to the west of the mansion are the stables and farm buildings, and opposite these, on the other side of the carriage drive, a very large fruit and vegetable garden, with rows of fine green-houses and hot-houses. I saw also in the park a Swiss cottage, fitted up to accommodate some servants, and to be used as a laundry.

About the castle itself I will be brief. It is a square building, of two stories, and at each of the four corners a three-storied tower, with a rather flat roof. The style is a mixture of different schools of the Renaissance, which do not produce a very effective whole. The edifice does not look so large as it really is. The south front, with its flight of steps ornamented with stately vases, leading to a terrace, upon which are orange and pomegranate trees in tubs, looks the best. The chief entrance is on the north side, having a vestibule, with busts of Roman emperors, which are very handsome, though it is not easy to see what they have to do in the house of the Cræsus of modern Judaism. From this a somewhat narrow staircase, the walls of which are lined with marble, leads to the chief room of the house, round which runs a gallery, supported by gilded Ionic columns. The walls above these are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and among the pictures of this gorgeously-furnished room there is an equestrian portrait by Velasquez. Amid so many beautiful objects, the eye wanders first to one and then to another, but the whole gives one the impression that the possessor thought less of beauty or comfort than of bringing together the costliest articles.

If, however, the mansion leaves one somewhat cold, the gardens and park deserve the highest praise. This applies not only to the flower-garden in front of the north façade, with its statues and fountains, but in a still higher degree

to the more remote parts of the park, which end in forest, and through which there are straight-lined carriage drives and paths, some of them leading to a large manor-farm. Here there are beautiful foreign trees, both singly and in tasteful groups, and there is a charming variety of wood, meadow, and water, with occasional lovely glimpses through the trees and shrubberies. In front of the mansion lie smooth grass plats, with gravel walks winding through them to a lake, with black and white swans, Turkish ducks, and other bright-coloured water-fowl. Beyond this water, to the right, rises an artistically-planted hill, where winding paths lead through shrubberies, fir woods, and leafy trees, to the summit. On the left of the lake is a small deer-park, and further on, on the same side, a little stream, which runs murmuring at the edge of a clearing through a wood of tall forest trees. On the grass in front of the steps were sheep and poultry, and among them a few pheasants, which were running in great troops on the more distant sward. Of these birds, there are as many as four or five thousand in the park. Our soldiers acted towards all these good things as if they were not made to be enjoyed; but they took, doubtless, another view of them, pre-eminent in which was a healthy hunger. "Tantalus in uniform," said one with a mythological turn of mind, when we saw three of those dainty birds, which are uncommonly good, even without *sauer kraut à la Rothschild*—that is, boiled in champagne—walk past a sentry, so close that they might have been spitted with his bayonet.

Another of us wondered whether one of the Mobiles would have shown the same self-restraint?

On the hill close by the lake we sought and found, directed to it by Abeken's love of art, a statue, with which the master of the mansion has been pleased to decorate this portion of his estate. It seems to be one of his tutelary deities,

Placed on the top of the rising grounds, made of red terracotta, this statue represents a lady with a spear in her hand and a mural crown on her head, about half as large again as life. Probably to guard against any misconception, and to prevent our suspecting that the Prussian consul-general had placed a Borussia in his park, "AUSTRIA," in large letters, is inscribed on the pedestal of this statue. It occurred to me that this was perhaps a memorial of the Baron's gratitude that he had made so much out of Austria's financial difficulties. A visitor full of ill-regulated sentiments, seeing the inscription, and desiring to warn people against misunderstanding, had written on the lady's garment, in pencil: "Heil dir, Germania! Deine Kinder sind einig" ("Hail to thee, Germania! thy children are at one.") A friend of *Kladderadatsch* had written beneath this: "Det war doch früher nich. Ein Berliner Kind" ("That they were not a little while since. A lad of Berlin")—a gloss suggested to him by a second expression of dithyrambic feeling which another enthusiast had scrawled on the shield of the terracotta Mamsell: "Deine Kinder sind auf ewig vereint, Du grosse Göttin Deutschland!" ("Thy children, O great goddess Germany, are now for ever united!")

Upstairs in the Swiss cottage there was a miserable state of confusion; doors broken open, the servants' things all strewn about. On the floor there lay scattered about linen for the wash, women's gowns, papers and books, among them, *Liaisons dangereuses*, charming reading no doubt for washerwomen and maid-servants.

When we returned from our travels of discovery we learned that the house steward, who had at first been so insolent, had come at last to regard us as not altogether unwelcome guests. He had an uncommon dread of the *francs-voleurs*, as the *francs-tireurs* were now often called by people of

property in the country, and this fear had won from him the admission that our presence had a pleasant as well as a vexatious side. He said to one of us that those gentlemen, who rivalled the Mobs and the Chasseurs d'Afrique in plundering and devastating the neighbourhood, had destroyed everything in the country houses at Clayes, and had forced the peasants sword in hand to leave their houses and fly into the woods. They might have taken it into their heads, had we not been at Ferrières, to pay a visit to the château. The possibility had presented itself to his sorrow-stricken mind, that they might have considered it advisable to burn it down. Probably in consequence of these reflections he had bethought himself that the Baron's cellar contained champagne, and that he might cede to us a number of bottles at a good price, without committing a deadly sin. In consequence of this change of mood we began now to feel more at home.

At breakfast we heard that the news had arrived at the general staff that Bazaine, who must have been completely surrounded and shut in in Metz, had asked Prince Frederick Karl by letter whether the news of the defeat at Sedan, and of the proclamation of the Republic, which he had received through exchanged prisoners, was correct, and that the Prince had answered him in the affirmative, both by letter and with the corroboration of Parisian newspapers.

In the evening I was summoned to the Chief, who did not appear at table, and who, it was said, was not very well. A narrow winding stone staircase, which was honoured with the name of the "*Escalier particulier de Monsieur le Baron*," took me up to an elegantly-furnished room, where the Chancellor lay on a sofa in his dressing-gown. I was to telegraph that the day before the French—we had heard the cannonade but had not known what it was—had made a

sortie with three divisions in a southern direction, but had been utterly routed and driven back. We had taken seven guns and more than two thousand prisoners in the affair.

Wednesday, September 21.—When the Chief had recovered from his indisposition, there was again more to be done. These labours, both in their matter and intention, are not meant for publicity, like many other excellent things then done, heard, or experienced. I say this once for all, solely to obviate the suspicion that I take part in this campaign more as a pleasure-loving Phæacian than in the spirit of a true “soldier of the pen.”

The following passage may now be given from my journal :—

“The Imperial emigrants in London have established an organ for the representation of their interests, *La Situation*. The journals established by us in the East of France will communicate its contents to the world, specifying the sources of their information, so that our opinions may not be identified with the views of that party; that is, our journals are not intended to prepare the way for our reseating the Emperor on the throne. Our only object is to perpetuate the differences which exist among the French parties all of which, without exception, are hostile to us, to which end the retention of the Imperial emblems and formulæ for the transaction of business will contribute. Otherwise, Napoleon is perfectly indifferent to us; and the Republic equally so. Chaos in France, for the present, is useful. The future of the French in no way concerns us; it is their own affair to see that it shapes itself favourably for them. For ourselves its importance is only so far as our interest is affected by it, for self-interest must be the guiding-star in politics.”

When the Chief had gone out and his orders had been attended to, we again made an excursion into the park,

where the pheasants seemed to-day also not to have mastered the fact that there are sportsmen and shot guns here with no ill-will towards them. Count Waldersee was a guest at dinner; he comes from Ligny, not far off, where the second division of the great headquarters is lodged.

He tells us that the circle of troops which has been gradually drawing round Paris for some days is now complete, and that the Crown Prince is at Versailles. Officers who have been prisoners in that Babel on the Seine, report that the Mobile Guard is very odious to the regular troops, who reproach them with having behaved in a cowardly manner in the last action, and even with having fired upon one another. They also mentioned that, in three stone-quarries, peasants had been found who had taken refuge there. In a wood, our people had stumbled on Mobile Guards, or *Francs-tireurs*, who were driven out with shells, and who were all killed because they had shot down our officers, with the exception of one, whom the soldiers allowed to run away in order to give the fact of the punishment a wider circulation. This was, apparently, a specimen of the sort of fables which sprout up in a time of excitement, which are always woven of the same worthless stuff—such as we often came across. Lastly, in Sèvres, which lies between Paris and Versailles, the inhabitants were said to have asked a Prussian garrison so as to be protected against the plundering and ill-treatment which they have received from the *Francs-voleurs* and *Moblots*.

At tea we heard something more about the last negotiation of the Chancellor with Jules Favre. The attention of the latter is said to have been drawn to the fact, that the precise conditions of a peace could not be communicated to him until they had been settled in a meeting of the German powers immediately concerned; but that peace would not

be concluded without a cession of territory, as it was a matter of absolute necessity that we should obtain a better frontier against French attacks. There was, however, less discussion in this conference about peace and our requirements in connection with peace, than about the concessions from the French side on which we could grant a truce. When the forfeiture of territory was mentioned, Favre had been very much excited, sighing and raising his eyes to Heaven, and shedding many patriotic tears. The Chief does not expect that he will come again. It is as well, and this was the answer sent to the Crown Prince, who had telegraphed this morning to inquire. I wrote these last words early on the 22nd.

Thursday, September 22, evening.—The French are never tired of denouncing us to the world as tyrants and barbarians, and the English press, especially the *Standard*, notoriously very hostile to us, eagerly lends its help. Almost without intermission that journal pours out upon the breakfast-tables of its readers the bitterest calumnies as to our conduct to the French population and to the prisoners we have taken. It is always asserting that eye-witnesses, or people otherwise well-informed, drawing what they say from the best sources, furnish these lies, or these perversions and exaggerations of the facts. Thus within these last few days the Duke of FitzJames has drawn a horrible picture of our atrocious cruelties in Bazeilles, which he pretends to have depicted only in its true colours; and in the same spirit a M. L., who plays the part of an ill-treated French officer taken prisoner at Sedan, laments, in lugubrious tones, the inhuman conduct of the Prussians. We might leave this to answer itself, but a duke makes an impression even upon those on the other side of the Channel who are more favourably disposed to us, and with calumnies sufficiently auda-

cious something always will stick. Therefore a refutation of these aspersions goes off to-day to the London journals favourably disposed to us. To this effect :

“ In this war, as in every other, a great number of villages have been burned down mostly by artillery fire, German as well as French. In these, women and children who have taken refuge in the cellars, and who have not had time to escape, have perished in the flames. This is true also of Bazeilles, which was taken by discharges of musketry, and retaken several times. The Duke of FitzJames was an eye-witness merely of the ruins of the village, which he saw after the battle, as thousands of others have seen, and deplored them. Everything else in his account is derived from the stories of unfortunate and embittered people. In a country where even the government developes an unexampled and systematic capacity for lying, it is scarcely to be expected that angry peasants, with the ruins of their burnt houses before their eyes, should have any great inclination to speak the truth about their enemies. It has been established by official inquiry that inhabitants of Bazeilles, not in uniform, but in blouses and shirt-sleeves, fired upon wounded and unwounded German troops in the streets, and that whole rooms full of wounded men were murdered in the houses. In like manner it has been proved that women, armed with knives and guns, committed the greatest cruelties against mortally wounded soldiers, and that other women, certainly not in the uniform of the National Guards, took part in the battle along with the male inhabitants, loading their companions' guns, and even themselves firing, and that while thus engaged they were wounded or killed like other combatants. These circumstances were of course not told to the Duke by his informants, but they would have perfectly justified our setting fire to the village,

even if it had been done designedly to drive the enemy from his position. But an intentional setting fire to the village has not been proved. That women and children were driven back into the fire is one of the malignant lies with which the French alarm the population, and goad them to hatred against us. They thereby cause the flight of the people, who usually return to their villages a few days after the advance of the Germans, quite astonished that they have been better treated by the latter than by French troops. Where fear does not suffice to drive the inhabitants to flight, the Government sends hordes of armed men in blouses, supported sometimes by African troops, to drive the peasants from their dwellings with sabre cuts, and to lay waste their homes as a punishment for their want of patriotism."

As for the letter of a "Captive Officer" (Bouillon, September 9), that too contains more lies than truth. With respect to the treatment of the prisoners, Germany can appeal to 150,000 better witnesses than this anonymous and lying officer, whose whole letter is but the expression of the love of revenge, which is the vain and arrogant element in the French character, and which will probably animate them for a long time to come. From this spirit of revenge results the certainty of a new attack to which Germany will be exposed, and this certainty constrains us to aim at nothing less, in concluding peace, than the strengthening of our frontiers. What is said in the letter of this pretended officer—this "Monsieur L."—that there was a want of provisions after the surrender of Sedan is quite true; not merely for the prisoners, but for the conquerors too, who shared what they had with the others. But when they themselves had nothing, they could give nothing. When this M. L. complains that he had to bivouac in the rain and mire, it is

the best proof that he is no officer, and that he has not been engaged in this war. He is some hired scribbler, who has never left his room. His complaint leads us to infer that everything the man tells us of his being taken prisoner is mere invention. Had he been an officer in active service, he would have known that most of his comrades—certainly it holds good of the Germans—have spent at least thirty out of the forty nights since the war began in similar circumstances. When it rained at night, they lay down in the rain; and when the place where they bivouacked was miry, they lay in the mire. Only one who had not been present in this campaign, could be in any doubt about this, or could be surprised at it.

M. L. congratulates himself on preserving his leathern purse. This is the strongest proof that he was not plundered; for there is no soldier who does not carry money in such a purse next to his skin at the present day, just as they did a hundred and fifty years ago. If the German soldiers had meant to have the money of M. L., they knew very well from their own experience where to find it on him. The few Germans who were taken prisoners by the French can tell how quickly the hands of their opponents tore open the uniform of the captives, and, when the leather purse stuck too closely, cut into it with sword or knife, without troubling about the skin. We declare the assertions of the ill-treatment of prisoners taken at Sedan to be shameless and unfounded lies. A great number of the French prisoners—perhaps a fourth of them—were beastly drunk, having plundered as they did in the last hours before the capitulation, all the stores of wine and brandy in the town. That drunken men are more difficult to manage than sober ones, is intelligible enough; but acts of ill-treatment such as are related in that article occurred neither

at Sedan nor anywhere else, from the discipline which prevails among Prussian troops. It is notorious that this discipline excited the admiration of the French officers.

We cannot, alas, speak as favourably of the troops of the enemy in this respect as of their bravery under fire. Often the French officers were unable to restrain their men from murdering the severely wounded as they lay on the ground, and this was true, not merely of the African troops, but happened even when officers of higher rank attempted to defend the wounded Germans against the attacks of their own men. It is well known that the German prisoners who were brought to Metz were led through the streets, were spat upon, beaten, and stoned; and when they were discharged, that the African troops formed a lane and made them run the gauntlet, amid blows from sticks and whips.

We can show these to be facts by official protocols, which are of a very different character from the anonymous letters of M. L. But such things are not to be wondered at when the journals of a city like Paris, which asks to be treated with special consideration, under the hypocritical pretext of civilisation, demand, without raising any protest, that the wounded who cannot be removed should be knocked on the head, and give it as their advice to treat Germans like wolves to manure the fields with. The essential barbarism of the French nation overspread with a thin layer of culture, has been fully developed in this war. French insolence used to say, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Barbare*" (Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar). No one who is able to compare the conduct of the Russians to their enemies in the Crimean war with that of the French in the present will be in any doubt about the description recoiling on the French themselves.

I note once for all—First, it is held in England that the razing of the French fortresses in the East is sufficient for our security, but the obligation to demolish fortifications constitutes a servitude which is always more grating than their cession. Second, they pretend to infer in England that the fact of Strassburg defending itself so long against us, proves the devotion of its inhabitants to France. But the fortress of Strassburg is defended by French troops, not by the German inhabitants. The obstinate defence, therefore, is no display of German fidelity.

Just as we are at the soup one of the Royal servants comes and announces that the Crown Prince proposes to dine and stay the night, and he, the secretary, Fourier, or whoever it was, adds the request that the Bureau and the large room upstairs next to the Chancellor's room should be given up to the five gentlemen in attendance on his Royal Highness. The Chief answers, "The Bureau? certainly not; that won't do. It is needed for business." He then places at their disposal his own dressing-room, and offers to take Blumenthal or Eulenberg into his bedroom. He requires the drawing-room for the reception of the French negotiators, and when princes come to him. The quartermaster retired with a long face. He had expected an unconditioned yes, as a matter of course.

Count Lehdorf was present at dinner, and the conversation was lively. When mention was made of the covering old Fritz in the Linden with black, red, and yellow colours, the Minister disapproved Wurmb having allowed the controversy about colours to be raised. "For myself," says he, "when the North German colours were accepted the question was settled. Otherwise the discussion about colours, is a matter of indifference to me, green and yellow, or the colours of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; only the Prussian troops

will have nothing to do with black, red, and yellow." Reasonable people will not take it amiss in him, when they remember the March days in Berlin and the badge of their opponents in the Mainfeld campaign in 1866.

The Chief afterwards said, that peace was still far off. "If they go to Orleans we shall follow them, even if they go further still, to the sea." He then read out the telegrams which had been received, and among them the lists of the troops in Paris; "they are said to amount to 180,000 men, but there are scarcely 60,000 real soldiers among them. The Mobile Guards and National Guards, with their snuff-boxes, are not worth counting." The conversation then turned for a time on matters of the table, and it was said among other things that Alexander von Humboldt, the ideal man of our democracy, was "an enormous eater, who, at Court, heaped on his plate whole mountains of lobster salad and other indigestible delicacies and then swallowed them down." At the last course we had roast hare, and the Chief remarked, "This French thing is not to be compared with our Pomeranian hare; it has no game flavour. How different is our hare, which gets its fine flavour from the heath and thyme on which it feeds."

About half-past ten he sent to inquire whether any one was still at tea. He was told, "Doctor Busch." He came, drank two cups of tea, with a little cognac, which he rightly considered wholesome when it is good, and ate, contrary to his usual habit, some cold meat. He afterwards took away with him a bottle of cold tea, which he seems to like to drink in the night, for I have often, during the campaign, seen it in the morning on his night-table. He remained till after midnight, and for the first time we were alone. After a time he asked where I was born. I answered, in Dresden. Which town did I like best? Of course my

native town? I replied rather decidedly in the negative, and said that, next to Berlin, Leipzig was the town which suited me best. He answered, smiling, "Really; I should not have thought that; Dresden is such a beautiful city." I then told him the chief reason why, in spite of that, it did not please me. He was silent for a little.

I asked whether I should telegraph that some here think they have heard the firing of cannons and rifles in the streets of Paris. "Yes," he said, "do so." "But not about the conference with Favre?" "Surely," and then he continued, "Haute Maison, near—what do you call it? Montry the first time, then at Ferrières the same evening, the second, then a third interview the next day but one, but with no result, either as regards an armistice or peace. Negotiations with us have also been attempted on the part of some of the other French parties," to which he added some remarks leading me to infer that he was alluding to the Empress Eugénie.

The Chief praised the red wine standing on the table, from the Baron's cellars, and drank a glass of it. He then again complained of the behaviour of Rothschild, and thought the old baron had better manners. I spoke of the crowds of pheasants in the park. Could we not have a shot at them? "H'm," he said; "it is forbidden to shoot in the park; but what can they do if I go out and get some? They can't arrest me, for they would have no one to see after the peace." He afterwards talked of hunting: "I hunt sometimes with the King at Letzlingen, the old forest of our family. Burgstall, too, was taken away from us three hundred years ago, simply on account of the hunting. At that time there was nearly twice as much wood as now. It was then worth nothing but for the hunting; now it is worth millions. . . . The indemnification given us was trifling,

not a fourth part of the value, and almost all of it has vanished like smoke."

Another time, speaking of dexterity in shooting, he said that when he was a young man he was such a good shot that he could hit pieces of paper at a hundred paces, and had shot the heads off the ducks in the pond.

He remarked, on a subject to which he often recurred, "If I am to work well I must be well fed. I can make no proper peace if they don't give me proper food and drink. That is part of my pay."

The conversation turned—I no longer remember how—on the ancient languages. "When I was in the highest form at school, I wrote and spoke Latin very well. Now it has become difficult to me, and I have quite forgotten my Greek. I don't understand why people spend so much labour on them. Perhaps merely because scholars do not like to lessen the value of what they themselves acquired with so much difficulty." I took the liberty of reminding him of the "mental discipline," and remarked that the twenty or thirty meanings of the particle *ἀν* must be quite delightful to those who have them at their fingers' ends. The Chief replied, "Yes, but if it is contended that Greek gives the 'mental discipline,' Russian does so in a still higher degree. People might introduce Russian at once instead of Greek; there would be immediate practical use in that. It has innumerable niceties to make up for the incompleteness of its conjugation, and the eight-and-twenty declensions they used to have were capital for the memory. Now, indeed, they have only three, but then the exceptions are all the more numerous. And how the roots are changed; in many words only a single letter remains."

We spoke of the treatment of the Schleswig-Holstein question in the Diet in the years about 1850. Count

Bismarck-Bohlen, who had joined us, remarked that it must have been good to produce sleep. "Yes," said the Chief, "in Frankfort they slept over negotiations with their eyes open. Generally a sleepy, insipid set, only supportable when I came among them like so much pepper." He then told an amusing story of Count Rechberg, at that time ambassador of the Diet.

I asked about the "famous" cigar story. "Which do you mean?" "When, your Excellency, Rechberg kept on smoking a cigar in your presence, and you took one yourself." "You mean Thun. Well, that was simple enough. I went to him, and he was working and smoking at the same time. He begged me to wait a moment. I did wait; but when it seemed too long, and he offered me no cigar, I took out one, and asked him for a light, which he gave me with a rather astonished look. But there is another story of the same kind. At the sittings of the military commission when Rochow was the Prussian representative at the Diet, Austria alone smoked. Rochow, who was a furious smoker, would certainly have liked to do it, but did not venture. When I succeeded him, I too hankered after a cigar; and as I did not see why I should not have it, I asked the Power in the President's chair to give me a light, which seemed to give him and the other gentlemen both astonishment and displeasure. It was evidently an event for them. That time only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the other gentlemen obviously thought the matter so serious that they reported it to their respective Courts. The question required mature deliberation, and for half a year only the two Great Powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian envoy, asserted the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz, the Saxon, had certainly also a great wish to do so, but had not received authority from his minister. When, how-

ever, he saw Bothmer, the Hannoverian, indulging himself, at the next sitting, he must—for he was intensely Austrian, having sons in the army—have come to some understanding with Rechberg ; for he also took out a cigar from his case and puffed away. Only Würtemberg and Darmstadt were left, and they did not smoke themselves. But the honour and dignity of their states imperatively required it, so that next time we met, Würtemberg produced a cigar—I see it now ; it was a long thin light yellow thing—and smoked at least half of it, as a burnt-offering for the Fatherland.”

Friday, September 23.—This morning the weather is glorious ; and after eleven o'clock exceedingly hot. Before the Chief rose I took a ramble in the park, where, on the left of the stream, I saw a large herd of roe-deer ; and further on a splendid aviary, in the spacious wire-cages of which there were a number of foreign birds, Chinese, Japanese, New Zealand birds, rare pigeons, gold pheasants, and so on, and a quail-house. When I returned I met Keudell in the passage. “War!” he cried. “A letter from Favre, who rejects all our demands.” We shall prepare this, with commentaries on it, for the press, and at the same time hint that the present inhabitant of Wilhelmshöhe is after all not so bad, and that he may be of some use to us yet.

After breakfast I receive a number of English letters from Paris, which have been seized, the contents of which I am to make use of mostly for the newspapers. There is, however, very little of interest for our press. Lamentations on the damage done to the beautiful boulevards, on the attacks of the people upon the generals of the Empire, *e.g.* Vaillant ; the publication of a letter from Jules Favre, and the like.

At dinner, when Tauffkirchen, who is to be stationed at Reims, and Stephan, chief director of the post-office, were guests of the Chief, the latter mentioned that the villages

nearer Paris, and all their mansions and villas were abandoned, and most of them frightfully damaged. At Montmorency, where there was a fine library and a collection of coins and antiquities, the gold and silver coins have been stolen, the copper ones being left behind; and everything else has been scattered about and damaged. The Chief said: "There is nothing wonderful in this. The Government have driven away with the sabres of the Mobile Guard or the Chasseurs d'Afrique, people who would have run off for a day and then returned, and have wrecked their houses as a punishment for their unpatriotic desire to be allowed to stay there. Our soldiers steal no coins and tear no books. This is the work of the Mobiles, among whom are many vagabonds. When people do not give, our soldiers take what is necessary for them to eat and drink, as they have a right to do; and if, in their search for food, they break open a door or a cupboard, nothing is to be said against it. Who told the householders to run away?"

In the evening, by the Minister's directions, we telegraphed that Toul has surrendered under the same conditions as Sedan.

Saturday, September 24.—The Minister was led to speak at dinner, of the show things in the great saloon upstairs which he had just seen, for the first time. Among them, we heard, that there was a throne or table which had casually stuck to the fingers of some French marshal or general in China—or was it in Cochin China?—and which had been afterwards sold to our Baron, a remarkable object which in our visit to the room I had stupidly not observed. The opinions of the Chief on this display of luxury were almost the same as those which I recorded in my journal two days ago: "Everything dear, but little that is beautiful, and still less comfortable." He then went on: "A property like this finished and

complete, could never give me any satisfaction. Not I but others would have made it. There is indeed much that is beautiful, but the satisfaction of creating and transforming is wanting. It is quite different when I have to ask myself, Can I spend five or ten thousand dollars upon this or that improvement? to what it must be when one has not to think about money. To have always enough and more than enough must at last be wearisome." To-day we had pheasants (not truffled), and our wine proved that the enlightenment and improvement of the house-steward's inner man had made considerable progress. Further, the chief purveyor of the mobilised Foreign-office—which honourable post was filled by Count Bismarck-Bohlen—announced that some benevolent Berlin friend had sent the Chief a present of four bottles of curaçao, of which a trial was made. The Chancellor asked: "Do you know ——?" I did not catch the name. "Yes." "Well, telegraph to him: 'Old Nordhäuser quite indispensable at headquarters, two jars immediately.'" Afterwards the subject of conversation at table was, the position of owners of estates; when the Minister spoke of the former and present condition of an estate at Schmoldin, and expressed himself warmly as to the care the landlords ought to show for the people under them.

In the evening it was again thought advisable to make some communication in an article to our good friends the French Ultramontanes, who in war, as formerly in peace, put forth all their strength against the German cause, exciting the people against us, spreading abroad lies about us in the newspapers, and stirring up the peasants to join in the war, as they did at Beaumont and Bazeilles.

Sunday, September 25.—Quite an off day. Nothing of importance to record. The Chief went to church in the morning with the King, and in the afternoon he did not

appear. Perhaps he has some important thing specially on hand. We had letters from Berlin telling us that they had received in good condition the biscuits which we sent from Reims in the despatch bags of the messengers, and that they had no taste of Leverstrom's oiled boots with which they had travelled. One return despatch-bag had been very unlucky. When Bölsing opened it, it gave out a strong smell of port wine, and the contents of the broken bottle had stained with a deep blush red the accompanying papers, as if they would protest against such company in future. The messengers had possibly, when the bottle was packed up, taken it for an innocent red ink.

At dinner there was some talk about the Jews. "They have still really no true home," said the Chief; "but are a sort of universal-European, cosmopolitan nomads. Their fatherland is Zion," (to Abeken) "Jerusalem. Otherwise they belong to the whole world, and hang together throughout the whole world. It is only the Jew child that has a little home feeling. But there are good honest people amongst them. There was one near us in Pomerania, who dealt in skins and such-like articles. But, for once, this did not succeed, and he was bankrupt. Then he came to me and begged me to help him, and not bring forward my claim; he would repay me as soon as he could, bit by bit. For old acquaintance' sake, I agreed, and he really paid me. Even when I was at Frankfort as Envoy, I had remittances from him, and I believe that I lost less than the others. Perhaps there are not many such Jews now. But they have their virtues; respect for their parents, fidelity in marriage, and charitableness."

Monday, September 26.—Early this morning I worked for the press on different lines on the following theme: It is asserted that Paris, with its collections, fine buildings

and monuments, must not be bombarded, that it would be a crime against civilisation. Why not indeed? Paris is a fortress. That there are within it treasures of art, splendid palaces, and other fine things, does not alter its character. A fortress is an apparatus of war, which must be rendered harmless, without reference to what is involved in doing so. If the French wish to keep their monuments, and their collections of books and pictures safe from the risks of war, they should not surround them with fortifications. For the rest, the French themselves did not for a moment hesitate to bombard Rome, which contains monuments of quite another kind, some of which could never be replaced. Then, an article on the desire for war of the French Left before the declaration of war, to be made use of in our newspapers in Elsass.

At dinner, the King's physician, Dr. Lauer, was present. The conversation turned for some time on culinary and gastronomical matters. In the course of this we learnt that cherries are the Chancellor's favourite fruit, and next to them large blue plums, called "*Bauernpflaume*." The four carp, which formed one of the courses at dinner, led the Chief to speak of the carp's place among eatable fish, on which point he expressed himself very fully. Among freshwater fish he gave the first place to *Maränen*, not to be confounded with *Muränen*, and to trout, of which last he had some, very fine, in the streams about Varzin. Of the large trout which are so prominent in banquets at Frankfort-on-the-Main, he thought very little. He preferred sea-fish, and among them all he placed the cod first. "A good smoked flounder is not at all bad, and even the common herring is not to be despised when it is perfectly fresh." Oysters were discussed, and he said, "In my young days, when I lived at Aachen, I conferred a benefit on the in-

habitants such as Ceres did when she revealed the art of agriculture to mankind ; in fact, I taught them how to roast oysters." Lauer begged for the recipe, and he got it. If I understood rightly, the fish was strewn with bread crumbs and Parmesan cheese, and roasted in its shell on a coal fire. I stuck quietly to my own opinion that the oyster and cooking have nothing to do with each other. Fresh and nothing with them, that is the only true recipe. The Chief then spoke as a thorough connoisseur of wild fruits, bilberries, whortle-berries, and moss-berries, and of the numerous tribe of mushrooms, of which he had eaten many in Finland, of kinds not known among us, but excellent. Then he spoke of eating in general, and said jocularly, "In our family we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the state could not exist. I should emigrate." I remembered that Frederick the Great had done great things in the same line.

The conversation then turned on military matters, and the Minister said that the Uhlans were still the best cavalry. The lance gave the man great confidence. It is said that it is troublesome among trees, but that is a mistake. It is very useful in moving aside the branches. He knew this from his own experience, having served first with the rifles and afterwards with the Landwehr Lance Cavalry. The abolition of the lance in all the cavalry of the Landwehr was a mistake. The bent sabre, especially when it is badly ground, is of very little use. The straight cut-and-thrust sword is much more practical.

After dinner there came in a letter from Favre, in which he asked, first, that due notice should be given of the bombardment of Paris, in order that the diplomatic body might have time to get away ; secondly, that correspondence with the outer world should be permitted them by means of letters.

When he came down from the Chief with the letter, Abeken said, that he meant to answer it by way of Brussels. "Then," said Keudell, "the letter will reach its destination late, or, perhaps not at all : it will come back to us." "That does not matter," replied Abeken. . . . The King wishes to see newspapers, and the most important things are to be marked for him. The Chief proposed to him the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and I am to attend to the marking and to send up the numbers to the Minister.

In the evening I am several times called up to the Chief to receive my orders, I learn that "Favre's account of his conversations with the Chancellor shows an anxiety to be truthful, but at the same time is not quite exact, which, under the circumstances, and considering that it is a report of three conversations, is not to be wondered at." In particular the question of an armistice is put in the background, whereas in reality it was the prominent question. There was no talk of Soissons, but of Saargemünd. Favre was prepared for a considerable pecuniary indemnity. The question of a truce hung upon two alternatives ; either the surrender to us of the portion of the fortifications of Paris dominating the city, the Parisians having free intercourse with the outer world : or the surrender of Strassburg and Toul. We claimed the latter because in the hands of the French it threatens our supplies. Upon the cession of territory, on the conclusion of peace, the Chancellor spoke to the effect that he could only explain himself on the question of the frontiers after the principle was accepted. Then, when Favre asked for some indication at least of our demands in this respect, it was remarked to him that we needed Strassburg, "the key to our house," and the Departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, also Metz and a part of the Moselle Department for our security in the

future. The Armistice was to enable the French National Assembly to be consulted.

After dinner great news arrives : Rome is occupied by the Italians, while the Pope and the diplomatists remain in the Vatican.

Tuesday, September 27.—Bölsing showed me, by order of the Chief, his answer to Favre's letter, which he had rewritten and made shorter and firmer. It said with respect to the first point : A notice beforehand is not the usage of war ; and as to the second, a beleaguered fortress does not appear to be an appropriate position for diplomatists. We shall allow open letters, containing nothing objectionable, to pass through. In this view of things we hope to have the concurrence of the diplomatic corps. This body may indeed go to Tours, where we hear that the French Government intends to go. The answer was written in German, a practice which Bernstorff had begun, but which Bismarck has carried out more persistently. In earlier days, so Bölsing says, most of the secretaries in the foreign office belonged to the French colony, of which Roland and Delacroix still survive, and almost every business was transacted, even by the councillors, in French. Even the registers of exports and imports were kept in French. Ambassadors usually sent in their reports in French. Now the language of those "vile Gauls," as Count Bohlen calls the French, is only used exceptionally—for instance, to those Governments and ambassadors whose mother-tongue we cannot read fluently—but the registers for years past have been kept in German.

Abeken is not to be seen to-day in the Bureau, and we hear that he has had an apoplectic attack, and that Lauer has been summoned. It does not, however, seem to be very serious. The Chief is at work unusually early—by eight

o'clock. He has again not been able to sleep. I got from him several commissions which I finished in the course of the forenoon—articles about the hostile conduct of the Luxemburgers; on the Chief's conference with Favre; upon England and America. We now receive an abundance of newspapers, and letters from Germany have been arriving earlier for some days past. B. has left Hagenau, because among the Bureaucrats whom he met there it was too confining and uncomfortable. He had worked for three weeks with great zeal, and with acknowledged talent, and attained what was attainable under very difficult circumstances, and had set everything going. With many others, he feels disturbed by the idea that we may be thinking of the restoration of Napoleon, though he considers it a moral impossibility, and is therefore inclined to suppose that the intimations in the press, in which that restoration is suggested as possible, are only intended to put pressure upon the Provisional Government in Paris.

At dinner Prince Radziwill, and Knobelsdorff of the general staff, were present. We were speaking of the passage in Favre's account of his negotiations with the Chief, where he is said to have wept. "It is true," said the Minister. "He seemed crying, and I endeavoured in a fashion to console him; but when I looked a little closer, I positively believe that he had not shed a tear. He intended, probably, to work upon my feelings with a little theatrical performance, as the Parisian advocates work upon their public. I am almost convinced that at Ferrières, too, he was painted white, especially the second time. That morning in his part of the injured and much-suffering man he looked much greyer than he did before. It is possible, of course, that he feels all this; but he is no politician. He ought to know that bursts of feeling are out of place in poli-

tics." After a little while the Minister went on : " When I dropped a word about Strassburg and Metz, he made a face as if he thought I were joking. I should like to have told him what the great Kürschner once said to me in Berlin. I went to his shop with my wife to ask the price of a fur cloak, and when he mentioned a high price for one that pleased me, I said, ' You are joking ! ' ' No,' he replied ; ' in business, never.' "

Later in the evening the American General Burnside was announced. The Chief answered that he was now at dinner and wished the General would be so kind as to call again— " In an hour or two ? " " Ah ! as far as I am concerned, in half an hour." Then he asked me, " Now, Doctor Busch, who is this man ? " I said, " A very prominent General in the Civil War, and, after Grant and Sherman, leaving the Confederate generals out of account, the most important."

We then spoke of the occupation of Rome and of the Pope in the Vatican ; and the Chief said of the Pope, " Yes ; sovereign he must remain, only we are obliged to ask how. We should be able to do much more for him if the Ultramontanes were not always so active against us. It is my custom to pay people back in their own coin." " I should like to know, too, how our Harry (von Arnim, the North-German Ambassador at the Papal Court) finds himself now ? Probably to-day so, in the evening, so, and in the morning again something quite different, like his reports. He would be too much of an ambassador for a small sovereign, but the Pope is not merely the Prince of the States of the Church ; he is the head of the Catholic Church."

After dinner, as we were having our coffee, Burnside came with an older gentleman, who wore a red flannel shirt and a paper collar. The general is a rather tall, well-made man, with thick bushy eyebrows, and singularly fine white teeth.

With his precisely-trimmed short cropped King William's beard, he might have been taken for an elderly Prussian major in plain clothes. The Chief sat with him on the sofa to the left of the window in the dining-room, and had an animated conversation with him in English over a glass of Kirsch-wasser (cherry cordial), which was replenished after a little. Meantime Prince Radziwill talked with the other gentleman. When the Minister remarked to his visitor that he was rather late in coming to see the campaign, and Burnside had explained why, the Minister told him that in July we had not had, neither the King nor the people, the slightest intention of war, and when we were surprised with the declaration of war, had not a thought of conquests. Our army is excellent for a war of defence, but not easy to use for plans of conquest, for the army is the people, and the people are not desirous of glory. They need, and they wish, peace. That is why the press, which is the voice of the people, now demands a better frontier. For peace' sake we must now, in presence of an ambitious people, greedy of conquest, think of our security for the future, and we can only find it in a better defensive position than we have at present. Burnside appeared to see this, and was emphatic in praising our excellent organisation and the heroism of our troops.

In the evening, after nine o'clock, I had telegraphed, by the Chief's direction, that the Mobile Guards were deserting in great numbers, and that they were shooting a number of them. While we were sitting at tea Krüger brought the news that Strassburg had fallen. Keudell asked how he came to know it. Bronsart had just been with the Chief to announce it, and Krausnick then told us that Podbielski had also arrived with the news. Somewhat later Bronsart himself came into the Bureau to say that a telegram announcing the

capitulation had arrived, and he added that the Chancellor had said that if he had been a younger man he would have had a bottle of champagne on the head of the good news, but he must not, or he would be unable to sleep.

Wednesday, September 28.—The King has forbidden all sporting and shooting in the park. To-day he drove early to a great review of the troops in the cantonments, near Paris. About twelve o'clock I wished to see the Minister, in order to ask him a question. In the ante-room I was told that he was not at home. "Has he ridden out, then?" "No; the gentlemen are shooting a few pheasants. Engel was to go after them." "Have they taken their guns?" "No, but Podbielski sent them on before." The Chief came back about two o'clock, and he and Moltke and Podbielski had been shooting, not in the park, but in the woods to the north and north-east of it, but, as it seemed, with little success. Abeken was now better, and appeared once more in the Bureau, but not yet at dinner.

While the Minister was away, an elderly gentleman in a grey overcoat and grey hat, with snow-white hair, very sharply aquiline nose, grey moustache and chin tuft, was having breakfast. He was, as we afterwards heard, the Reynier so much spoken of by the newspapers after the war, who, about the end of September, half on his own responsibility, and half not, played the part of mediator between the Empress Eugénie and Bazaine. He now wanted an audience of the Chancellor. Burnside also asked to-day, by telegraph, whether he could wait upon him again, and at what hour. It looked as if he also wished to come and mediate as a confidential person. I answered him, by order of the Chief: "The Chancellor will be happy to receive you this evening, at any hour you please."

At dinner, when Count Lehndorff, and Landrath Count

Fürstenstein, in the uniform of a light-blue dragoon, with yellow collar, and a Herr von Katt were our guests—of whom the two latter were to be prefects in the conquered French districts—the Chief told us that the sport in the morning had not been very successful, which he attributed to some fault in the cartridges. He had killed only one pheasant, and had wounded three or four others, but had not got them. He said, that when he had been here before he had done better, at least with the pheasants; with the other game, however, it had not been so. With Dietze, in Magdeburg, he had once, in five or six hours, shot a hundred and sixty hares. After the sport was over, he had been with Moltke, where he had tasted a new kind of drink, a sort of punch made with champagne, hot tea, and sherry, which, if I heard rightly, was an invention of the great general,—the man who thinks battles.

Graver conversation followed. The Chancellor complained first, that Voigts-Rhetz had said nothing in his report about the brilliant charge of the two regiments of dragoon-guards at Mars-la-Tour, which he himself suggested, and which had saved the Tenth Army Corps. "It was a necessity, I must admit, but he should not have passed it over in silence." He then began a longer discourse suggested, as to the image which started him off, by a spot of grease on the tablecloth, and which at last assumed the character of a dialogue between the Minister and Katt. After remarking that the feeling that it is noble to die for honour and the Fatherland, even without recognition, is among us Germans spreading through the nation more and more, Katt went on to say: "The non-commissioned officer has essentially the same view and the same feeling of duty as the lieutenant and the colonel. With us this runs through every stratum of the nation." "The French are a mass easily brought under the

influence of one leader, and are then very powerful. With us, every one has his own opinion ; and with Germans it is a great step gained when any considerable number of them hold the same opinion—if they all did so, they would be omnipotent.” “The feeling of duty in a man who submits to be shot dead, alone, in the dark ” (he meant, no doubt, without thinking of reward and honour for steadfastly sticking without fear and without hope to the post assigned to him), “the French have not. It is due to what is left of belief in our people ; from the fact, that I know that there is Some One who sees me, when the lieutenant does not see me.” “Do you believe, your Excellency, that they really reflect on this ?” asked Fürstenstein. “Reflect—no, it is a feeling, a tone, an instinct, I believe. If they reflect, they lose it. Then they talk themselves out of it.” . . . “How, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God, who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously—each doing his duty and letting every one else do his—I do not understand.” “If I were no longer a Christian I would not remain for an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I should not do so on earthly masters. Of course I should have to live, and I should be in a good enough position.” “Why should I disturb myself and work unceasingly in this world, exposing myself to all sorts of vexations, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty for God’s sake ? If I did not believe in a divine order which has destined this German nation for something good and great, I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would not have undertaken it. Orders and titles have no charm for me.” . . . “I owe the firmness which I have shown for ten years against all possible absurdities only to my decided faith. Take from me this faith and you take from me my Fatherland. If I

were not a good believing Christian, if I had not the supernatural basis of religion, you would not have had such a Chancellor. . . . Get me a successor on the same basis and I give up at once—but I live among heathens. When I say this I don't want to make proselytes, but I am obliged to confess my faith." "But the ancients," said Katt; "surely the Greeks displayed self-denial and devotion, surely they had a love for their country, and did great things with it;" and he was convinced "that many people now do the same thing from patriotic feeling and the consciousness of belonging to a great unity." The Chief replied, "This self-denial and devotion to duty, to the State, and to the King, is only the survival of the faith of our fathers and grandfathers transformed—indistinct and yet active; faith and yet faith no longer." . . . "How willingly I should be off. I delight in country life, in the woods and in nature. . . . Take from me my relation to God, and I am the man who will pack up to-morrow and be off to Varzin to grow my oats." (*Vide* note at end of chapter.)

After dinner the Grand Duke of Weimar was upstairs with the Chancellor, then Reynier, and lastly Burnside, with his companion of the day before.

Thursday, September 29.—Early in the morning I wrote an article upon the folly of some German newspapers, which oppose our claiming Metz and the neighbourhood, because French is the language there, and another against Ducrot's inexcusable escape, while he was being conveyed to Germany. The second article is to be sent also to England.

In the newspapers there is a statement regarding the feeling in Bavaria, which appears to be derived from authentic sources, the substance of which accordingly I note here in its essential points. The accounts given in it are for the most part good, though some might be better.

The German idea has evidently spread and gained in strength through the war, but the specifically Bavarian self-consciousness has also grown. The participation of the army in the victories of the German host at Wörth and Sedan, and the great losses it has sustained, have naturally spread enthusiasm for the war with France through all classes of the people, and filled them with pride in the deeds of their sons. People are convinced that the King hopes for the victory of the German arms, and is thoroughly in sympathy with all the efforts made for securing it. Those immediately about him are equally well disposed. This is not supposed to be the case, however, with all his ministers. The Minister of War is certainly earnestly anxious for the successful issue of the war, and he does all that is possible for it. Confidence, therefore, may be placed in him, and we may assume that in the conditions of peace he will be on the right side.

With regard to the re-arrangement of the future relations of Germany, which may be developed in peace through permanent closer connections originating in the common action begun in the war, no conclusion can be drawn from the tone of the Bavarian press, which is very sanguine on the point.

Many persons of great influence regard the vigorous co-operation of the Bavarians in the German victories less as a means to a greater unity of Germany than as a proof of the power of Bavaria, and a security for its complete independence. The Particularists, not of the Ultramontane party, take almost the same view. They are delighted at our successes, and proud of the share which the Bavarians have had in them. They admire the Prussian conduct of the war, and desire, as we do, the security of Germany against further attacks from the West; but they show no wish for a union of Bavaria with the North German Con-

federation in its present form. In these circles also there is much discussion on the distribution of the conquered French territory. They would like to see Elsass united with Baden, provided that the Baden Palatinate were ceded to Bavaria. Sagacious men see ground to fear that after the peace Baden and probably Württemberg will desire union with the Northern Confederation. The Ultramontanes are still the same as before, though they do not express their thoughts. Happily, they have lost all confidence in Austria, so that they are without support, while, on the other hand, the Bavarians in the field have a very different opinion of the Prussians from what they had before the war. They are full of praise for their comrades of the north, not merely for their military qualities and deeds, but their readiness to help with their own stores, when they happen to be sooner or more amply provided than the Bavarians. More than one has written home that their priests have deceived them about the Prussians; that it is not true that they are all Lutherans—many are Catholics, and they have even seen Catholic chaplains among them. As the officers think in the same way, the army on its return home will be an effective propaganda against Ultramontanism, and indeed against extreme Particularism. We may suppose that the National German party in Bavaria feel themselves stronger than ever, and they would do their utmost for the cause: but they have not the majority in the Second Chamber, and in the Upper House scarcely more than two or three think with them.

At dinner, when Count Borck, the proprietor of a large estate in Pomerania (in military uniform), and Ensign von Arnim-Kröchlendorf, a cuirassier and nephew of the Chief, dined with us, very little passed which was worth relating. They talked of the Grand Duke of Weimar and such like. Then the Minister said that some one had asked him what

they were going to do with the Mobile Guards taken prisoner at Strassburg. "Are they to be sent home?" somebody asked. "God forbid," said I, "they should be sent to Upper Silesia."

Friday, September 30.—Another letter received from B. in B., who continues to employ his talent and influence to express the Chancellor's views in the papers. He was asked in answer to make a stand against the absurdity some German journalists are falling into, who while we are at war, and scarcely out of the very thickest of it, prate so zealously about moderation. These gentlemen are very free with their advice as to how far we Germans may go in our demands, and plead in favour of France, when they would show far more wisdom by pitching our demands high. "By doing this," said the Minister, when he complained of these articles, "we shall get at least what is fair, though not everything we want. They will force me yet to demand the Line of the Meuse."

The great people are having a feast to-day. They keep, it is said, the Queen's birthday. We have again heard shots from the neighbourhood of Paris, and in the evening the Chief allowed me to telegraph the news with the addition that a sortie had taken place, and that the French had been driven with great loss and in wild disorder back into the city.

Saturday, October 1.—I wrote two articles, one for Berlin and the others for Hannover. At breakfast there were the Bern Professor of National Economy, Dr. Jannasch, and a companion. These gentlemen have gone through many difficulties and fatigues in getting here. At dinner, where the Minister was not present, we had Count Waldersee as our guest. He wishes Paris, as a Sodom which corrupts the world, to be thoroughly humbled.

Sunday, October 2.—Count Bill came to visit his father.

Early in the morning I despatched a telegram, and in the evening two articles. Not much else to be noted to-day.

But—at tea Hatzfeld mentioned that he had visited our neighbour at Guernant on the road to Lagny, and that the proprietor, the Marquis Tolosan or d'Olossan, a comfortable, paunchy gentleman, had complained of the people quartered on him. The Prussians, he said, were charming, but the Würtembergers were quite too familiar. No sooner had they entered his house than they had slapped him on the stomach, saying, "A splendid corporation." They made continual demands. He had given them four thousand bottles of Bordeaux and the keys of his cellar, and yet they were always looking about as if more were concealed. He had given them two out of the three carriages in his coach-house, and only wanted to keep quite a little one for himself, which he much needed as it was difficult for him to get about. But they had taken even that carriage out for the whole day, and when he remonstrated they laughed, and said it was always the way in war.

This led some one to remark that a poor man had relatively more to endure than the rich and people of rank. The Chief said, recalling a speech of Sheridan's in Reims, that this did not signify, as there are more poor people than very rich ones; we must keep in view the end of war, which is an advantageous peace. "The more French people who had to suffer, the more would they long for peace, whatever conditions we made." "And as for their treacherous *Francs-tireurs*, who stand about at one moment in their blouses with their hands in their pockets, and next moment, when the soldiers are past, whip out their guns from the ditch and fire at us, it will come to this, that we shall have to shoot every male inhabitant. This really would not be worse than in battle where they kill each other at 2000 paces, when they cannot distinguish each other's faces."

The conversation then turned upon Russia and the communistic partition of land which exists there among the village communities, and upon the families of the smaller nobility, who used to lay out their savings in buying serfs, extorting rent from them in the shape of *obrok*,* and of the incredible riches of many of the old Boyard families. The Chief quoted many examples, and spoke at length of the Jussupows, whose property, although it had been several times half confiscated in punishment for their conspiracies, was yet far greater than that of most German princes, and had borne, without noticing the fact, two serfs who acted as managers, draining three millions from it during their time of service. The palace of the prince in St. Petersburg contains a large theatre, a ball room in the style of the White drawing-room in the palace at Berlin, and magnificent halls in which three or four hundred persons can comfortably dine." Old Jussupow, twenty years ago, kept open house every day. A poor old retired officer had dined for many years in the house daily without their knowing who he was. Once he stayed away a longer time than usual and they inquired after him from the police, when they learned the name and condition of their guest of many years' standing.

Monday, October 3.—Except for my journal, to-day was for me a *dies sine linea*, for the Minister was invisible both before and after dinner. At dinner, at which were Marshal of the Household Perponcher and a Herr von Thadden, who was designated as a member of the administration in Reims, the Chief told several good anecdotes of old Rothschild in Frankfort. On one occasion he had spoken in his presence with a corn merchant about a sale of wheat, when the merchant said to Rothschild that being so rich a man he

* The *obrok* was a rent levied by the proprietor, not on the tenants individual farms but on the whole communities. The institution was common between 1830 and 1863, when the serfs were emancipated.

would never think it necessary to put the highest price on his wheat. "What rich man do you mean?" replied the old gentleman. "Is my wheat worth less because I am a rich man?" "He used to give dinners sometimes which were quite worthy of his great riches. I remember once when the present King was in Frankfort I invited him to dinner. Later in the same day Rothschild also asked his Majesty to dine with him, to which the King replied, that he must settle matters with me, that for his own part he did not care with which of us he dined. The Baron now came and proposed that I should cede his Royal Highness to him and that I should join them at dinner. I refused this, but he had the *naïveté* to suggest that his dinner might be sent to my house, although he could not eat with us, as he only partook of strictly Jewish fare. This proposal also I begged leave to decline—naturally, though his dinner doubtless was better than mine." Old Metternich, who, by the way, was very kind to me, told me that once when he had been visiting Rothschild, the Baron gave him some luncheon to eat on the way back to Johannisberg, with which there were packed six bottles of Johannisberg wine. When they reached Johannisberg (Metternich's estate) these bottles were taken out unopened. The Prince then sent for his wine steward, and inquired how much that wine cost him a bottle. "Twelve gulden," was the answer. "Well, take those bottles, and the next order you get from Baron Rothschild send them back to him, but charge him fifteen gulden, for they will then be older."

Tuesday, October 4.—Again, to-day, the Chief did not call for me. After breakfast, Legations-Rath Bucher and Secretary Wiehr, a cipherer, came to us. The former seems to have been summoned to replace Abeken, who was to have gone home, but has now recovered, and is only ordered to live very carefully. No one could have filled his place

better than B., who is undoubtedly the most learned, intelligent, and laborious of all the higher workers who surround the Chief, and give expression to his thoughts. The gentlemen had travelled by rail to Nanteuil, and had stayed the night in La Ferté, where the ruins caused by the explosion had not been cleared away. They dined with us in the evening. With that the Chancellor came to speak about Moltke, and how he had held out bravely over the sherry punch-bowl, and been pleasanter than ever. Some one remarked that the General looked wonderfully well. "Yes," said the Chief, "and I, too, have not been so well for a long time as now. That is the war—and especially with him. It is his business. I remember when the Spanish was the burning question that he looked at once ten years younger. When I told him the Hohenzollern prince had given the thing up, he became all at once quite old and worn-looking; but when the French made difficulties, Moltke was fresh and young again immediately."

Whilst we were dining, a letter came to the Minister from Bancroft, the ambassador of the United States in Berlin, which he gave me to translate into German for the good of the company, and in which the American thinks himself fortunate to live in an age including men like King Wilhelm and our Count. Before this, when I went into the dining-room, where the Chief and his visitors the two dragoon officers were at first alone, he presented me to these two gentlemen as "Doctor Busch, from Saxony," and then, with his friendliest look, called me, "Büschlein (my little Busch)." Our secretaries have for some time been longing for a uniform. To-day this was spoken of at dessert by Bölsing, and behold, a good word brought a good deed. "Why not?" said the Chief. "Only send me a little statement on the subject, and I will soon arrange it with the King." This evening there was much joy in the tents of Israel.

In the morning we are to start betimes. We have a long journey before us; our next night quarters will be at Versailles.

NOTE.—Compare the discourse of Herr von Bismarck on June 15, 1847, in the United Diet. He said, “I am of opinion that the idea of the Christian state is as old as the *à-devant* Holy Roman Empire, as old as the whole group of European states, that it is the very ground in which these states struck their roots, and that every state which wishes to secure its own permanence, or to justify its existence, must rest on a religious basis. The words, ‘By the grace of God,’ which Christian sovereigns usually put after their names, are, for me, no empty words. I see in them the confession that these princes are to bear the sceptre put into their hands on earth by God, in accordance with His will. I can only recognise as God’s will what is revealed in the Christian Gospels, and I believe myself justified in calling a state Christian when it imposes on itself the mission of realising the teaching of Christianity. We can recognise nothing but Christianity as the religious principle of the state. Take it away, and the state is nothing better than a casual aggregate of rights, a sort of bulwark against a war of everyone against everyone else, a conception familiar to ancient philosophy. Its legislation will not derive a regenerating power from the fountain of eternal truth. It will fashion itself according to the vague and uncertain conception of Humanity as it is found in the minds of the men at the head of affairs. I cannot see how such states can combat the ideas—e.g., of the Communists on the immorality of property, or the high moral value of theft, as an attempt to restore the inborn right of the individual man to make himself something, when he feels conscious of the power to do so. These ideas are considered by those who hold them not merely humane, but as the first flower of Humanity. Let us not, therefore, gentlemen, humiliate the Christianity of the people by showing that we do not think it necessary for their lawgivers—let us not take the conviction away from them that our legislation comes from Christianity as its source—that the state aims at the realisation of Christianity, though it never attains its aim. When I think of a Jew as a representative to me of the consecrated Majesty of the King, whom I am to obey, I must confess that I feel myself deeply humiliated and depressed, and that the delight and the honourable self-respect with which I now fulfil my duties to the state have a heavy burden laid on them.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE JOURNEY TO VERSAILLES—THE HOUSE OF MADAME
JESSÉ—OUR USUAL LIFE THERE.

WE left Ferrières on the *5th of October* about seven o'clock in the morning. At first we drove by country roads, in capital condition, through a great wood and a number of pretty villages, which seemed to be quite deserted by their inhabitants, and occupied only by German soldiers, past parks and castles. Everything looked uncommonly rich and well-to-do—as rich as Brie cheese, in the native county of which I believe we now are. In these villages we found first Würtemberg and farther on Prussian soldiers quartered.

It was after ten when we reached the upper edge of the valley of the Seine, where we got down through a vineyard to the low country on the banks of the river to a new and dreadfully steep road, so steep that everyone had to get out of the carriage, which was only kept, by careful tacking, from upsetting and breaking to pieces. Then we drove through the charming town of Villeneuve Saint-George, the villas in which have been shockingly devastated. In several of them which I visited whilst our horses were resting after their fatigue, the mirrors were broken, the furniture destroyed, and the linen and papers scattered about. When we started again, our road took us over a canal or tributary water out into the open country, and then to a pontoon bridge across the Seine, at the ends of which great black and white flags were waving. The water of the river was

clear and green, so that one could distinctly see the many weeds at the bottom, and its breadth seemed much the same as that of the Elbe at Pirna. On the other side we were met by the Crown Prince and his retinue. He had ridden out to meet the King, who mounted his horse here as he was going to review the troops. The Chancellor accompanied him, and we drove on alone.

Not far from this our way opened into the high road leading up a little farther on to Villeneuve-le-Roi, where some peasants, mostly old people, had remained behind, and where we halted in a farm building in front of manure heaps to eat the cold breakfast we had brought with us. Out of the wall of the house flows a clear stream of water, and a tablet above it says that on such and such a day *Sieur X.* and his wife found this water, and made it accessible to the public by means of a pipe. Just below it is a tablet which states: "The doers of good deeds are forgotten, their good deeds remain." An old man in the blouse common to the country, and the high, grey, night-cap of the French country people, who was shuffling about in wooden shoes, tapped me on the shoulder and asked whether it was not a pretty saying. I then learnt from him that he himself was the male half of the pair of benefactors whom the tablet recommends to the thankful remembrance of a forgetful world. One ought not to hide one's light under a bushel, says the Frenchman, when he puts up a tablet to himself.

We passed a second village where there was a camp of straw barracks. The guards on the roadside had sentry boxes, which were made of two doors taken off their hinges, a white Venetian blind for the back, and a bundle of straw for a roof. Prussian infantry massed in battalions on the road, waited for their royal commander-in-chief, and further

on—encamped in a field near a wood—was a division of cavalry — green, brown, and red Hussars, Uhlans, and Cuirassiers.

For a long time I kept hoping to see Paris come in sight. But on the right hand, where it must lie, the view was bounded by a rather high wooded line of hills, on the sides of which a village or little town could be seen here and there. At last there was a depression in the ridge, a narrow valley, over which a yellowish elevation with sharp edges, perhaps a fort, could be seen, and to the left of it, over an aqueduct or viaduct, amid the columns of smoke rising from factory chimneys, the bluish outlines of a great dome-shaped building. The Panthéon! Hurrah, we are in front of Paris! It can hardly be more than seven miles from here.

Soon afterwards we came to the point on the great paved Imperial road, where it was crossed by the high road into Paris. A Bavarian picket was stationed there; on the left was a wide plain, on the right a continuation of the wooded hills, and half-way up them a white town, Villejuif or Sceaux? Then down again, past two more villages, where the inhabitants have not fled, but await us in considerable numbers. At last we drive through iron gates with gilded spikes into a broad street, through more streets full of life, across a straight avenue of old trees, through a short street with three-storied houses, fine shops, and a café, and up a second avenue and another street which drops down into it. We are at our allotted quarters in Versailles.

On the *6th of October*, the day after our arrival in the old royal city of France, Keudell wagered me that our stay here would probably extend to three weeks—and this seemed to me quite possible, for we had been accustomed to rapid successes during this war. In fact, as the Minister anticipated,

according to a note which will be found in the next chapter, we remained five whole months. As the house where we found shelter was the theatre of most important events, a detailed description of it will probably be welcome.

The house which the Chancellor occupied belonged to a Madame Jessé, the widow of a prosperous cloth manufacturer, who, with her two sons, had fled shortly before our arrival, to Picardy or Sologne, and had left behind, as the protectors of their property, only the gardener and his wife. It stands in the Rue de Provence, which connects the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, near its upper end, with the Boulevard de la Reine, and is numbered 14. The street is one of the quietest in Versailles, and in only a part of it do the houses stand close together. The gaps between the others are gardens, separated from the street by high walls, over which the tops of trees show here and there. Our house, which was to the right hand of a person coming from the avenue, has a tolerably wide open space on both sides. It lies rather back from the street, above which, in front, rises a little terrace with a balcony, ending with the wall enclosing the whole. The entrance is through this wall on the left hand by a gate of open ironwork, in which there is a small door. During the last months of our stay there waved over it a flag of black, white, and red. On the right a noble pine shades the whole building, which is a villa plastered yellow, with five windows in front fitted with white blinds. Above the raised ground floor is a second story, and above that an attic story, with Mansard windows, which, as well as the sloping roof, is covered with slates. The house is approached from the entrance through a court by means of stone steps leading up to the main door, which opens into an entrance hall. On the right of this is the chief staircase; on the left is the door to a little

back staircase, and two large folding-doors. These lead into a middle-sized room, looking on the garden, which was made into our dining-room. A third folding-door opposite the entrance opens into the drawing-room, a fourth to the right of that into the billiard-room, from which we step into a winter-garden, a long room built of glass and iron, with all kinds of plants and trees and a little fountain, whilst on the opposite wall is a door which leads to a small room containing the library of the late M. Jessé. Under the main staircase, a passage leads to the kitchen, which lies below the terrace.

In the drawing-room is a cottage piano, a sofa, easy chairs, and two mirrors. In front of one of them is a little table, on which stood an old-fashioned timepiece, surmounted by a demon-like bronze figure, with great wings, and biting its thumbs, perhaps a model of the family spirit of Madame Jessé, who afterwards showed herself to be anything but an amiable person. He watched with a sardonic grin the negotiations which led to the treaties with the South German States, to the proclamation of the German Emperor and Empire, and later to the surrender of Paris and the settlement of the conditions of peace—treaties, all of which were signed in this drawing-room, which is therefore a world-famous place. On the little table in front of the other mirror lay, on the day after our entrance, a small map of France, upon which the movements of the French army were marked by pins with different coloured heads. “Probably it belongs to Madame,” said the Chief, as I was contemplating it; “but you see it is not marked after Wörth.”

The billiard-room was fitted up as the Bureau for the Councillors, the despatch secretaries, and the cipherers. A part of the winter garden, when the severe frost began in January, was occupied by a detachment which furnished

sentries for the entrance, and which, at first, consisted of infantry of the line, and afterwards of Green Rifles. The library was appropriated by orderlies and chancery messengers, and now and then a corpulent leather despatch-bag, which sometimes was so obliging as to carry things not official, like our winter clothes—and, for some days, by a heap of French letters which had formed the freight of a balloon captured by our soldiers.

On ascending the main flight of stairs another fore-hall was reached which had a square opening above, and over that a flat window in the roof which admitted a kind of twilight. Two doors led from it into the apartments of the Minister, two little rooms communicating, neither more than ten paces long and seven broad. One, the windows of which occupied the right side of the main front and looked out on the garden, served both as his study and sleeping-room, and was rather barely furnished. To the right by the wall, opposite the window, stood the bed, and farther on in a sort of alcove the washhand-stand. On the other side was a mahogany commode, with brass handles to pull out the drawers by, on which, during the last months, stood the boxes of cigars sent to the Minister by his friends in Bremen. The window-curtains were of flowered woollen stuff on a dark ground. On the fourth wall was the fireplace. A sofa, which was latterly sometimes drawn up to the fire, a table in the middle of the room, at which the Minister worked with his back to the window, and on which there was no lack of maps of the country, and a few chairs completed the extremely simple furniture.

The other room, which was furnished somewhat better but by no means luxuriously, was, as well as the drawing-room on the ground floor, to serve for the reception

of strangers. It was, if I remember rightly, the room of the elder son of the proprietress, and, during the negotiations for the capitulation of Paris, it was devoted to Jules Favre, for his meditations and his correspondence.

It had only one window looking out on that side of the house where the pine-tree stood, with curtains of green woollen stuff. There was a figured grey carpet. The furniture consisted of a writing-table, on which were two globes and a tellurium; a large commode with marble top, a sofa covered with chintz, with black and grey birds of paradise sitting on branches, on a red ground, a large and a small arm-chair covered with green, two cane-chairs, and a round table in the middle, on which stood writing-materials, and lastly, a small mirror over the mantel-piece. All the furniture was of mahogany. Before the sofa lay a small green rug with red arabesque patterns. On the chimney-piece there stood an old-fashioned clock with warlike emblems, two obelisks with burning shells, chainshot, trophies, and a warrior in Roman costume drawing his sword. Over the clock were two little vases with gold stripes. The walls were hung with various pictures: an oil-painting, in an oval gold frame, of a pretty young woman in a dark dress, another of a gentleman dressed in the fashion of twenty years ago, a steel engraving after Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*, photographs of an old lady and gentleman, a landscape; lastly, a lithograph, the inscription on which told us that Gustav Jessé took his first communion in June 1860, in such and such a church. Gustav was the eldest son of the family; the lady in black, probably his mother in her better days: the other portrait appeared to be Gustav's father, and the two old people were probably his grandfather and grandmother.

In the room, the door of which opens on the left of that

leading to the Chancellor's, Count Bismarck-Bohlen lived, also with a look-out to the park and garden. Opposite to him was Abeken, with a view into the street. Near the back stairs Secretary Bölsing had a little room, whilst I was lodged on the second floor, above Bohlen's room.

I had a good bed, two chairs, one for myself and another for any visitor that might turn up, a washhand-stand, a large commode, and a table at which I could work quite comfortably, although it had been made by no carpenter, but had been improvised by our ever-helpful and skilful Theiss. It consisted merely of two trestles on which was laid a torn-off window-shutter. For my artistic nature M. Jessé, sen., a devoted sketcher and painter, according to the account of the gardener's wife, had provided some of his artistic work, a Discobolus, and two landscapes in chalk, which hung right and left over the chimney-piece, and showed the hand of a not unskilful amateur. My love of nature found abundant satisfaction for its wants in the park—at first brilliant in its autumn colouring, and then shining in the snow and silvery rime of winter. As protection against the goblin of the house, nightmare, and other spectres, a consecrated twig of boxwood was fastened on the wall behind my bed. To warm the room there was a marble fireplace, the heating power of which, when it became cold—we had sometimes twenty-two degrees below freezing-point—left much to be desired.

The park behind the house is not large, but very pretty, with winding paths running under old trees covered with ivy and evergreens, and in the background between thick bushes and shrubberies. From the wall on the right, to which it is brought by a pipe, a spring of water bubbles out among stones covered with moss and overgrown with ferns and broad-leaved plants. It forms a rivulet and a little

pond for the ducks. On the left, by the wall, rows of espalier fruit-trees ran out from a coach-house, over which the gardener's people live, and in front of them beds of flowers and vegetables, partly open, partly covered with glass.

In the bright autumn nights, we used, in our walks in the park, to see the tall form and the white cap of the Chancellor issue from the shadow of the bushes into the moonlight, and walk slowly up and down. What was the unsleeping man thinking of? What ideas were revolving in the head of the solitary wanderer? What plans germinated or ripened in the still midnight hours? Another friend of the park inspired us with less reverential feelings, that ever-young disciple of the Muses, Abeken, as we heard him reciting in the evening, with no melodious voice, strophes from the Greek tragedians, or the *Wanderer's Nachtlied*. It looked almost comical when the old man's feelings made him search in the morning under the dry leaves for violets to send to his wife, the "Frau Geheime-Legations Räthinn" in Berlin. But it was not pretty in me to laugh inwardly at him, for I must confess that, instigated by him, I afterwards sent some myself to my own "Frau Doctorinn," to give her pleasure.

Of course not all of the mobilised Foreign Office were quartered in the house of Madame Jessé. Lothar Bucher occupied a handsome abode in the Avenue de Paris, Keudell and the cipherers were lodged in houses rather farther up the Rue de Provence than ours, and Count Hatzfeld was not far from opposite them. More than once it was proposed to move the Chancellor's quarters, and to give him a more roomy and better-furnished house. But the matter dropped, perhaps because he himself did not feel much need of a change, perhaps also because he liked the

quiet which reigned in the comparatively lonely Rue de Provence.

In the daytime this calm and repose was, however, not so idyllic as many newspaper correspondents then represented it. I do not mean on account of the drumming and fife of the battalions marching out and in, which we heard every day, even as far off as we were, nor of the disturbance occasioned by the sorties, two of which were made by the Parisians in our direction ; nor even of the fury of the hottest days of the bombardment, to which we became as much accustomed as the miller to the sound of his clattering mill-wheels. I refer especially to the many visits of every conceivable kind, in these eventful months ; and among which some were unwelcome ones. For many hours of the day our house was like a dove-cot,—so many acquaintances and strangers went in and out. From Paris there were at first only non-official people who came to hear or to bring news ; afterwards, as official negotiators, Favre and Thiers occasionally, with a more or less numerous retinue. From the Hôtel des Réservoirs came princes, the Crown Prince several times, and the King himself once. The Church too was represented among the visitors by persons of great dignity, Archbishops and other prelates. Berlin sent deputations from the Reichstag, single leaders of parties, bankers and high officials. From Bavaria and the other South German States came Ministers to assist in the settlement of the treaties. American generals, members of the foreign diplomatic bodies in Paris, amongst them a gentleman in black—an envoy of the Imperialists, all wished to speak to the busy statesman in his little room upstairs. That the curiosity of English reporters should try to intrude itself on him was a matter of course. Then field messengers with despatch bags full, or waiting to be filled, Chancery

messengers with telegrams, orderlies with news from the general staff; and besides all these, work in abundance equally difficult and important. Weighing, inquiring, and acting were necessary when obstacles, vexatious annoyances and troubles occurred. Expectations were deceived which seemed to be well grounded. Now and then we were not supported or our views were not met half-way. There were the foolish opinions of the German newspapers, which grumbled in spite of our unheard-of successes, and the agitation of the Ultramontanes. In short, it was very difficult to understand how the Chancellor amid all this, with all these claims on his powers of work and patience, and all these disturbances and vexations about serious matters and about trifles, preserved his health—he was only once seriously unwell in Versailles for three or four days—and the freshness of spirits, which he often displayed even late at night in talk both grave and gay.

Of recreation the Minister allowed himself very little. A ride between three and four o'clock, an hour at dinner, half an hour afterwards for coffee in the drawing-room, and sometimes later, about ten o'clock a little rest for tea and a talk, sometimes long and sometimes short, with those who happened to be there; a few hours' sleep after the day began to dawn. With these exceptions the whole day was given to study or production in his own room, or to conferences and negotiations, unless when a French sortie or some rather important military business took him out to the side of the King, or to some point of observation where he could be alone.

The Chancellor had guests at dinner nearly every day, and in this way we came to know by sight almost all the persons whose names were famous or became celebrated in the course of the war, and often heard their conversation.

Favre dined with us repeatedly, first with hesitation, "because his countrymen were starving inside," then listening to sound advice, and doing justice as heartily as the rest of us to the many good things which the kitchen and the cellar provided. Thiers, with his acute and clever face, dined with us once. On another occasion the Crown Prince did us the honour of dining with us, when the fellow-workers of the Chief, with whom he had not been hitherto acquainted, were presented to him. Prince Albrecht also once dined with us as a guest. Of the other guests of the Minister, I mention here the President of the Chancellery, Delbrück, who remained several times for weeks in Versailles; the Duke of Ratibor, Prince Putbus, von Benningssen, Simson, Bamberger, von Friedenthal, and von Blankenburg, then the Bavarian ministers, Count Bray, and von Lütz, the Würtembergers, von Wächter and Mitnacht, von Roggenbach, Prince Radziwill; and, lastly, Odo Russell, the English ambassador to the German Court. The conversation when the Chief was present was always animated and varied; often very instructive as to his mode of viewing men and things, or to certain episodes and passages in his past life. Home furnished some of the material good things, as presents and offerings, which arrived in the shape of solids or fluids sometimes in such excess that the store-rooms could scarcely contain them. A present of the best wine of the Palatinate, if I remember right, Deidesheimer Kirchenstück and Forster Hofstück, which Jordan, or perhaps it was Buhl, supplied to us, and gigantic trout pasty, sent by Frederick Schultze, the landlord of the Leipzig garden in Berlin, whose patriotic benevolence at the same time provided us plentifully with excellent beer, were among the noblest of these presents. Among the most touching, I reckon a dish of mushrooms which some soldiers had found

in a hollow or cellar in the town, and reserved for the Chancellor. Even more precious and poetical was a bunch of roses, which other soldiers had gathered for him under the enemy's fire.

We were waited on mainly by our Chancery servants. What had to be left to women was done by a hired charwoman and the gardener's wife; the latter of whom was always a flaming French patriot. She hated the *Prussiens* with her whole heart, and considered that Paris could not be taken, even after Favre had already signed the Capitulation. Bazaine, Favre, Thiers, were three traitors; of the ex-Emperor she spoke only as of a "*cochon*," who if he ever put his foot in France again would be sent to the scaffold. When she said so, the black eyes of the little thin hectic woman, blazed so fearfully and so cruelly that one might well have feared for him.

Madame Jessé showed herself only on the last days before our return home, and made, as I have remarked, not a very pleasing impression. She spread abroad all manner of stories about our pillaging, which were repeated with pleasure by the French press, and indeed even by those journals which generally in other respects exercised some discretion and showed some sense of decency in what they stated. Among other things, we were said to have packed up her plate and table linen and carried them off. Count Bismarck, too, had wanted to extort from her a valuable clock. The first assertion is a simple impertinence, as the house contained no silver plate, or if it did, it must have been deposited in a walled-up corner of the cellar which, at the express order of the Chief, was never opened. The history of the clock was rather different from what Madame represented it to be. The clock was the one in the drawing-room with the little bronze demon. Madame Jessé offered this

piece of furniture, of no great value in itself, to the Chancellor, at an exorbitant price, under the idea that he would value it as a memento of important transactions. I believe she asked 5000 francs (£200) for it. She did not get them, as the offer of a woman, who showed no gratitude in her greed for our exceedingly considerate usage of her house, was rejected. "I remember," the Minister said afterwards, in Berlin, "that I made the remark at the time, that the Kobold-like figure on the clock, with its grimaces, might perhaps be valuable to herself as a family portrait, and that I would not deprive her of it."

CHAPTER IX.

AUTUMN DAYS IN VERSAILLES.

ON the day of our arrival at Versailles, a thick white fog, which filled the air till close on ten o'clock, warned us that autumn was about to show us its rough side, although the trees were still quite green in the avenues and gardens, as well as on the wooded heights round Paris.

With respect to the noise which the German press, and that not merely of the Democratic and Fortschritt parties, the latter of which always judges even political and military matters from the point of view of private rights, made over Jacoby's imprisonment, the following exposition of the character of the measure, written in the sense of the Chief, was sent off to-day.

"We still constantly hear it said that law has been violated by the imprisonment of Jacoby. The measure may have been inopportune. Less importance should, perhaps, have been attributed to his Demonstration; but it was not a violation of law, for we are living in a state of war, when civil law necessarily gives place to military necessity. The interning of Jacoby is a measure which belongs to the conduct of a war; it has nothing to do with the police or penal action. It is by no means a question of judicial punishment, for Jacoby is simply a prisoner of war, like the spies captured in Germany, with whom, of course, in other respects, we have no intention of comparing him. He is, in other words, one of those powers which render difficult the attainment of the objects of war, and which, therefore, must be disabled.

"A glance at the numerous cases where the powers of the State, entrusted with the conduct of war, are compelled to invade the rights of persons and of property as recognised by the constitution, will make this clear. For the purposes of a successful defence, private property may be destroyed, houses may be burned down, trees may be felled, private houses may be entered, street traffic stopped, and every other measure of constraint adopted, without any claim to future compensation being admitted. With the same object, ships and carriages, for example, may be confiscated or destroyed without the consent of the owner, and this holds as good of home as of abroad. To the same category, of the rights of a country in a state of war, belongs also the removal of persons who render moral or material assistance to the enemy, or even excite the suspicion that they are doing so.

"So far as they apply to the immediate theatre of war, these principles are undisputed, but the idea on which they are founded is not affected by locality. The State must exercise the rights and duties assigned to it by the objects of war, without respect to the question whether the hindrances of which we have spoken actually occur in the place where war is being carried on. The State is bound to make even occurrences at home impossible which impede the attainment of peace. We are now carrying on a war to extort conditions which shall prevent the enemy from attacking us in future; the enemy is struggling to resist these conditions, and is essentially encouraged and strengthened by the views of Germans who denounce these conditions as unnecessary and unjust. The manifesto of the Brunswick artisans, and the resolution of the Königsbergers, have been turned to the best advantage by the newspapers of France, and have evidently confirmed the

Republicans who are now at the helm in Paris, in the opinion that they are rightly apprehending the state of things when they reject our conditions, for these French Republicans measure the influence of their German sympathisers upon the policy of German governments by their own circumstances and experiences. The influence which these demonstrations have had in Brunswick and Königsberg is probably very little, but the influence of these movements upon Paris is another question. It is such that further revelations of this kind must be made impossible, and, in short, that the authors of them must be removed."

Before dinner I paid a visit to the Palace. The town front of this very handsome building is too much broken in detail; towards the park it is much more simple. The greater part of it is now turned into a hospital. We looked into the galleries filled with pictures, the lower rows of which are boarded over; the beds, full of the sick and wounded, being placed close in front of them. The statues of gods and the groups of nymphs by the great basin, between the park and the Palace, are wonderfully beautiful. The second basin in front of the broad staircase below, which may be about a mile long, and the one which stretches away beyond, are similarly ornamented. More to my taste are some of the marble columns on the walks leading from the second basin to the third. The park is very large, and not so stiffly and architecturally laid out as I had imagined from descriptions. But the trees and bushes cut into cones and pyramids near the staircase are exceedingly artificial and unpleasing.

At dinner Count Bismarck-Bohlen did not appear, and different reasons were given for his absence. In the morning Keudell said to me that our stay in Versailles might last three weeks; that Metz must soon capitulate, as they had

only horseflesh there, and no salt with it. In Paris greater confidence prevailed, although many animals were dying, the cattle being chiefly fed on compressed hay, a statement which Burnside, who meantime had been in Paris, confirmed in the Bureau. The views of the Minister are not now so sanguine.

The question of the uniform for the secretaries again came up, and the Chief thought, in connection with this, that the war might last perhaps till Christmas, possibly till Easter, and that part of the army might even have to remain in France for years. They ought to have stormed Paris on the 18th September. He then said to his servant, "Look here, Engel; send to Berlin for my fur coat—or better, for both of them; the rough fur, and the light thin one." The conversation then turned to the life led by their Highnesses of the different headquarters in the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and to the question whether the expenses of their maintenance should be paid by the King, by themselves, or by the town.

In the *Daily Telegraph*, "An Englishman at the headquarters at Meaux" relates that the Chief said, at the close of his conversation with Mallet, "What I and the King most fear is the influence of a French Republic upon Germany. We know well what influence Republicanism in America has had upon Germany; and if the French fight us with a Republican propaganda, they will do us more damage by that than by their arms." The Minister has written on the margin of this quotation, "Absurd lie."

Friday, October 7.—This morning, soon after daybreak, I heard several shots from heavy artillery, which appeared not much more than a couple of miles from here. Later in the day I was enabled to announce to Berlin that our losses in the last action had not been, as the French falsely

asserted, much greater, but far less than those of the French. The French were said to have had about 400, and we 500 killed and wounded. In fact they left, in front of the 12th Division alone, 450, and upon the whole field, about 800 men ; whilst we had only eighty-five killed.

The Greek ambassador in Paris has come out to us, Hatzfeld told us at breakfast, with a "family" of twenty-four or twenty-five persons, on his way to the Delegation of the Government of National Defence in Tours. The Ambassador's boy told the Count he was not at all pleased with Paris, and when asked why not, answered, because he got so little meat to eat there.

The following ideas were developed into articles for the press : " We are not carrying on the war in order to occupy France for ever, but to achieve a peace on our own conditions. It is a first necessity, therefore, that we should treat with a Government which represents the will of France, by whose concessions and declarations she can bind herself and satisfy us. The present is not such a Government. It must be confirmed by a National Assembly or replaced by another. General elections are necessary for this, and we are quite ready to permit these in the parts of the country occupied by us, so far as strategical considerations allow. The present authorities in Paris, however, appear to have no inclination for it. They thus damage, in their own interests, the interests of their country, which has in consequence to bear the miseries of war for a longer period."

In the afternoon I again walked in the park at the Palace, taking on this occasion not the way by the Avenue de Saint-Cloud and the Place d'Armes, but by the Boulevard de la Reine, towards the basin of Neptune, over which this god, with his wife and all manner of grotesque water deities,

is enthroned. At some distance from this spot, in a very lonely place, we met the Chancellor and Hatzfeld on horseback—no escort to be seen. What are they here for?

At dinner Hatzfeld complained that the Greeks, who wanted to get away, tormented him with lamentations. From what he afterwards said, it was evident that they and other visitors from Paris had excited suspicions as to their intentions. After this the talk turned upon the exhausted condition of the town of Versailles, which had been put to great expense during the last two weeks. The new mayor of the town, Monsieur Rameau, had asked and obtained an audience with the Chief, about which the Chief went on to speak. "I told him that they should raise a loan. 'Yes,' he replied, 'that would be very well; but then he must ask to be allowed to travel to Tours, because for such a measure he needed the authority of his Government. This, however, I could not promise him. He might not get the permission he was going there to ask—probably they thought in Tours that it was the duty of the people in Versailles to starve, so that we might starve with them. But they do not consider that we are the stronger, and will take what we want. They have not the least notion what war is.'" The assembly of a Constituent French Assembly in Versailles was afterwards discussed, and its possibility was doubted—there was no hall here large enough for the purpose, the Palace being occupied with the wounded. The Assembly of 1789 first met as a whole in a church, and then in different places, according to its Three Estates. Ultimately, the gentlemen had all met together in a ball-room—which, however, no longer exists.*

The Minister then spoke of the Palace, with its park,

* A mistake (see below); but this place would not hold any very great number of people.

praising the beautiful Orangery on the terrace with the two great flights of steps. He said, however, "What are these trees in tubs to the orange-groves of Italy?"

Some one now brought up the subject of Toleration, and the Chancellor expressed himself as he had done before in Saint-Avoid. He declared himself very decidedly for toleration in matters of faith; but, he continued, the "*illuminati*" "are not tolerant; they persecute those who believe, not, indeed, with the scaffold, for that is not possible; but with contempt and insolence in the press. And among the people, so far as they belong to the unbelieving party, Toleration has made but little way. I should not like to see how delighted they would be here to have Pastor Knak hanged."

It was mentioned that the old Protestantism itself taught nothing of Toleration, and Bucher pointed out that, according to Buckle, the Huguenots were zealous reactionaries, and that this was true of the Reformers of those days generally. "Not exactly reactionaries," replied the Chief, "but little tyrants. Every pastor was a little Pope." He cited Calvin's persecution of Servetus, and added, "even Luther was the same." I ventured to remind them of his treatment of Carlstadt, and of the disciples of Münzer, as well as what the Würtemberg theologians after him had done, and of Chancellor Krell. Bucher said that the Scottish Presbyterians, at the end of last century, condemned anyone who only lent Thomas Paine's book on the "Rights of Man" to banishment for twenty-one years. I again referred to the Puritans of the New England States, with their strong intolerance to those who differed from them in opinion, and to their tyrannical liquor law. "And the 'keeping holy the Sabbath day,'" said the Chief, "that is a perfectly horrible tyranny. I remember, when I first went to England, and landed in Hull, that I began to whistle in the street. An

Englishman, whom I had got acquainted with on board, told me that I must not whistle. 'Pray, sir, do not whistle.' 'Why not; is whistling forbidden here?' 'No,' said he, 'it is not forbidden; but it is the Sabbath.' This so disgusted me that I at once took my ticket by another steamer going to Edinburgh, as I did not choose not to be able to whistle when I had a mind to. Before I started I had made acquaintance with something exceedingly good—toasted cheese, —Welsh rabbit, for we had gone into an inn." When Bucher remarked that Sunday in England is in general not so bad, and that for himself he had always delighted in its quiet, after the noise and bustle of the week-days in London, where the theatre is not over till the early morning: "I, too," Bismarck went on to say, "am not at all against the observance of the Sunday; on the contrary, I do all I can, as a landed proprietor, to promote it, only I will not have people constrained. Each man must know best how to prepare himself for a future life. On Sunday no work should be done; not so much because it is against the commandment of God, as on man's account, who needs some repose. This, of course, does not apply to the service of the state, especially not to the diplomatic service, for despatches and telegrams arrive on Sunday, which must be attended to. Nor is anything to be said against our peasants bringing in their hay or corn on a Sunday in the harvest after long rain, when fine weather begins on a Saturday. I could not find in my heart to forbid this to my tenants in the contract, although I should not do it myself, being able to bear the possible damage of a rainy Monday. It is thought by our proprietors rather improper, to let their people work on a Sunday even in such cases of necessity."

I mentioned that pious folk in America allow no cooking on the Sunday, and that in New York I was once asked to

dinner and got only cold meat. "Yes," replied the Chief, "in Frankfurt, where I was still freer, we always dined more simply on Sunday, and I have never used my carriage, for the sake of my servants." I allowed myself one remark more, that in Leipzig during the Sunday all business, with the exception of the bakers and many cigar shops, were closed. "Yes, and so it should be; but I would have no one constrained. I could, perhaps, manage in the country to buy nothing from the baker; but, then, everything must be particularly good, otherwise I do not know if I could get on. But care should be taken that noisy work, as in blacksmiths' shops, &c. &c., should not be carried on too near the churches on Sunday."

In the evening I was summoned to him. "There! Some one writes to me that there is in the *Nord-Deutsche Zeitung* a terrible article against the Catholics. Is it yours?" "I do not know which it may be, your Excellency, I have lately several times directed attention to the activity of the Ultramontanes." He sought and found the cutting, read about half of it aloud, saying, "H'm, this is all quite true and right; yes, quite good, but the best parts are just those passages marked by Savigny. He is beside himself that we have not helped the Pope."

Saturday, October 8.—In the morning, before the Minister rose, I walked to the Palace of the Bourbons, over the centre of which the black and white Prussian colours were waving, and close beside them the flag with the red cross. I find that the French heroes in marble in the court in front of it, when they are more closely inspected, are mostly very moderate performances. Among them are Bayard and Duguesclin, Turenne, Colbert, Sully, and Tourville. The naval heroes attitudinise like second-rate actors, and one fears that they may fall from their pedestals and come to

grief on the pavement. The bronze Louis XIV. is much finer, but I prefer the Great Elector in Berlin by Schlüter. The morning is dull and cold, and autumn begins to be more apparent. The leaves on the tree-tops in the avenue are growing red and yellow, and we shall soon be able to bear a fire.

I was sent for, several times to-day by the Chief, and four articles were again despatched to Germany. At breakfast I said that the sentimental, and occasionally lachrymose tone in Favre's account of Haute Maison and Ferrières was mere acting. "Oh, no!" replied Keudell, "it is nature, and he really felt it. This is the ministry of *honnêtes gens* (respectable people), which, with the French, always implies a slight flavour of soft-heartedness." The Chancellor dined to-day with the King, and the conversation at dinner was consequently of little interest to me.

Sunday, October 9.—Bad weather, cold, and rainy. The leaves fall fast. A sharp north-west wind sweeps over the plateau. In spite of this I take a walk through the town, which must be gradually explored, by the Rue Saint-Pierre to the prefecture in the Avenue de Paris, where King William lives, and then down another street to the monument erected to the teacher of the deaf and dumb, Abbé l'Epée. On the way back I meet Keudell, whom I ask whether he has heard nothing as yet of the commencement of the bombardment of Babylon. He thought that next week, probably on the 18th, our heavy artillery would make itself heard. In the course of the forenoon I was three times with the Chief; and had his commands executed by the afternoon. At breakfast Delbrück was again present, and the Minister seemed to be highly delighted with his appearing. We drink, among other excellent things, very old corn-brandy, on which the President of the Chancery pronounced

an intelligent panegyric, for in the science of what tastes well, he has evidently made successful studies. It was said that a squadron of Flensburg Hussars, the same regiment which had dismounted at Vonc and carried by storm a position defended by infantry, had had the misfortune to be surprised at Rambouillet by Franks-tireurs and cut to pieces. They are said to have lost sixty horses.

We were to-day thirteen persons at dinner, amongst whom was Dr. Lauer. Late yesterday evening an officer arrived with a despatch, whereupon I went to fetch the Chief, who had gone to walk in the garden. To-day we learnt that it was a letter from Paris, in which the foreign diplomats who remained there claimed the right of carrying on a correspondence through our lines. The Chancellor, from what he said on the matter, appears to refuse to recognise the right. He has lately given consolatory assurances to the mayor of Versailles, and the contribution of 400,000 francs imposed on the town is to be remitted.

Monday, October 10.—This morning, between seven and eight o'clock, about a dozen shots were heard, and Willisch thought he also heard at the same time musketry fire. I was summoned this morning twice to the Chief. Somewhat later he went to the Crown Prince, with whom he remained to breakfast. At table they spoke particularly of the conversation of the King with Napoleon in the Maison Bellevue, near Sedan, of which Russell has given a circumstantial account in the *Times*, although no one was present at it but the King and the Emperor, and even the Chancellor knew only so much of it that the King had assured him that not a word of politics had been spoken. Then some one, I do not know why or how, turned the conversation on dangerous and sensational travelling adventures, and the Minister told us of several rash exploits of his under this head.

"I remember," said he, "I was once at Pont du Gard, in South France, with some people, among whom were the Orloffs. There is there an old Roman aqueduct, which is carried across a valley by several tiers of arches. Princess Orloff, a lively lady, proposed that we should walk along the top of it. There was a very narrow footway by the side of the conduit, only about a foot and a half broad, then the deep-cut conduit, and on the other side again a wall with stone slabs at the top." "It looked rather serious, but I could not be outdone in courage by a lady. So we both made the venture. Orloff, however, went with the others in the valley below. For some time we walked on the slabs, and then we got on very well along a narrow ledge, from which we looked down more than a hundred feet; then we came to a place where the slabs had fallen, and we had to walk on the bare narrow wall itself. Further on were slabs again, but soon only the dangerous wall with its small stones. Then I plucked up courage, stepped quickly up to the lady, seized her with one arm, and jumped with her down into the conduit, some four or five feet down. But our friends below, who suddenly lost sight of us, were thrown into the greatest anxiety, till we came out again at the end."

Another time he had made a tour with some companions in Switzerland—if I mistake not, it was an excursion to the Rosenlauri glacier. A narrow ridge had to be passed. A lady and one of her two guides were already on it. Next to them came a Frenchman, then Bismarck and the other guide. "In the middle of the ledge the Frenchman called out, '*Je ne peux plus,*' and would not go a step farther. I was close behind him, and asked the guide, 'What are we to do now?' 'Climb over his back, and when you are over we will slip our alpenstocks under his arms and carry him across.' 'Very fine,' said I. 'but I shall not climb over his

back ; for the man is ill, and in his desperation he will lay hold of me, and we shall both go to the bottom.' 'Well, then, turn round.' 'That was difficult enough, but I managed it, and then the guide carried out his manœuvre of the alpenstocks, with the help of the other guide.'

I told the story of my dangerous passage across the *mauvais pas* on the Kaki Scala, between Megara and Corinth. He had done something still more hazardous, I forget where, but it was somewhere in the mountains. They came to a narrow ledge, running along the front of a precipice, so that the rock formed a wall on one side, and on the other you looked down into the deep gulf below. "I and my wife had to cross this by a path scarcely an ell broad. At one place the ground had partly fallen away, and partly was unsafe. I said, 'I will go on before, and try whether the bushes on the wall at the side will hold firm. When I am well over, do you come after me.' I was trying them just at the most anxious point, when she came along the wall behind and threw her arms around me. I was dreadfully startled, but happily the shrubs did not give way, and we got to firm ground. Nothing annoys me more than when people startle me."

In the evening the Chief had me called to his room to give me something to do with regard to Garibaldi, who, we learnt by telegraph, had arrived at Tours and had offered his services to the French Republic. Then the Chancellor continued: "But tell me now why you have lately been so clumsy, I mean, in what you have been writing. I do not mean merely about text of the telegram, but what you said lately about the Ultramontanes was very strong in its expressions." I took leave to reply that I could also be civil, and that I thought I was rather good at fine malice. "Well then," said he, "be fine, but without

malice. Write diplomatically ; even in declaring war people are quite polite."

At half-past nine o'clock Burnside and his companions came again and staid till half-past ten with the Chancellor, who then gave me another commission. Later still we saw him walking up and down the garden in the bright moonlight till the ghostly hour of midnight, whilst from the direction of Paris there came the thunder of guns, and once, too, a heavy report as of an explosion.

Tuesday, October 11.—In the morning it was said that the explosion of the foregoing night was caused by the blowing up (on our side?) of two bridges.

Not merely in England, but at home, private persons feel a vocation to busy themselves with advice about procuring peace. This morning there came to the Bureau a complaining letter from Norder-Ditmarsch, in which a Herr R. requested the Minister "most humbly, and with the deepest respect," to put an advertisement into the *Times* to persuade the French from "any further insurrection," for which purpose he enclosed thirty thalers, ten silver groschen (£4 11s.). At ten o'clock I was again permitted to telegraph news of a victory. The day before, von der Tann had fought with French regulars, and taken three guns. He had made, when the news was despatched, about a thousand prisoners, and was following hard upon the enemy in the direction of Orleans.

In the afternoon, when the Chancellor had ridden out, I paid a flying visit to the great picture-galleries on the side of the Palace, where the church is, and beheld, immortalised by pencil and chisel, the "Famous deeds of France" (*Toutes les gloires*), to which, according to the inscription over the entrance-hall, this wing of the building is dedicated. On the ground-floor are mostly pictures of scenes in the ancient

history of France, amongst them some very good things, some ordinary pictures of the time of Napoleon I. and Louis XIV., battle-pieces, sieges, and such-like. Upstairs are the gigantic canvases on which Horace Vernet has depicted the "*gloires*" of his countrymen in Algeria, as well as more modern pictures from the wars in the Crimea and in Italy, with marble busts of the generals who commanded there. The days of Wörth, Metz, and Sedan will probably not make their appearance here. We will look at these again more at our leisure, but even in our hasty visit to-day, we observe that there is a system in these galleries, and that on the whole they are more like the hatching oven of an ambitious Chauvinist, swollen with insolence, than a museum for the triumphs and delights of art.

According to the talk at table, there has been an intention for some time of assembling a congress of German Princes at Versailles. It is hoped that the King of Bavaria may come ; and Delbrück thinks that some of the historical rooms of the Palace should be appropriated and furnished as a suitable residence for his Majesty. He was told, however, that, unhappily, this could not be done, as the greater part of the Palace was now turned into a hospital full of typhus. The Chief dined to-day with the Crown Prince, and did not come home till ten o'clock, when he had an interview with Burnside.

Wednesday, October 12.—A damp disagreeable day. In the morning, two letters from an English general of hussars were translated and extracts made from them for the King. In these we were advised to employ the bridge at Sèvres to dam up the Seine, and in this way to flood Paris. Then I prepared an abridgment of a report of a German Companion of St. John, very gratefully recognising the kind

treatment of our wounded soldiers in Bouillon by the people of Belgium. Lastly, I wrote a paper on the hostile position which the Ultramontanes had taken up towards us in this war. When I read it over to the Chief, he said, "Still you do not write politely enough for me; and yet you told me you were a master of fine malice. Here there is more malice than fineness. You must reverse this. You must write like a politician; and in politics it is not one's object to affront people."

In the evening a gentleman came to beg admittance to the Chancellor. He was a Spanish diplomatist who had come out of Paris, and, like other gentlemen, could not get back again. He remained a long time with him. Some of us think his coming rather suspicious. While we were at tea, Burnside came in. He is going from here to Brussels, to settle his wife there, who is now at Geneva. We hear from him that Sheridan also is travelling in Switzerland and Italy. There is indeed nothing more for the Americans to do here. The general wished to visit the Chief this evening once more. I represented to him, and persuaded him, that though the Chancellor, in his predilection for Americans, would receive him if he were announced, one ought to remember the little time he has at his command. He needs five or six hours more than the twenty-four for his daily business, so that he is forced to sit up late into the night and to curtail as much as possible conversations even with Crowned Heads.

Thursday, October 13.—A very clear, but windy morning which stripped the last leaves from the trees. I read and used an account from Rome which draws the conclusion, from the result of the voting, that there is no Papal party in Rome. We may say, the writer remarks, that the whole political organisation of the Papal Constitution has crumbled to dust, like a corpse which is kept for a thousand years from

the open air, and then suddenly comes in contact with it, when nothing is left, neither a memory nor an empty space. The voting which is necessary according to the constitutional principles of Italy is valuable in so far as it shows the feelings of the nation, for which feelings few or no sacrifices have been made, except by the emigrants. So far as these feelings express opposition to the Temporal government of the Popes, no reaction is to be feared. With respect, however, to the wish of the Romans to be and to remain subjects of the King of Italy, its duration will depend upon the way in which his government is carried on.

If we may judge from a letter dated from St. Louis, September 13, of the tone of the Germans in the United States, a satisfactory and increasing national feeling, a consequence of the war and its results, far outweighs Republicanism with them. "A German living here for twenty years, who was formerly her deadly enemy, and whose ideal he now is, greets the Chancellor enthusiastically, not blinded by the Republican form into which the French character has just been moulded. Forward, Bismarck! Hurrah for Germany! Hurrah for Wilhelm I., Emperor of Germany!" It seems that our Democrats must go abroad before they can feel as they ought to do.

French people, too, come to our Chancellor with good advice and prayers, in order to move him in the direction of peace. Only these petitions are not of the right sort, and their offers do not agree with our wants. "*Un Liégeois*" implores the Chief, "*au nom de l'humanité, au nom des veuves et des petits enfants de France et d'Allemagne, victimes de cette affreuse guerre*" (in the name of humanity and of the widows and children in France and Germany who are victims of this frightful war), to call Jules Favre back, and to crown his own fame by concluding a peace on the ground of a

compensation for the costs of the war, and the levelling of the fortresses. "*Eh! que ne peut-on les renverser toutes et anéantir tous les canons!*" &c. (Ah! that one could destroy every one of them and break up all the cannon!)

At breakfast a lieutenant of hussars, von Uslar, was introduced to us by Hatzfeld. He came from the outposts, and told us that where he was, every time that a single rider or the head of one of our men was seen by them, half-a-dozen of the iron sugar-loaves from the Paris forts were hurled at him, but almost always without doing any damage. They appeared, at any rate, not to be suffering from want of ammunition.

Rain about one o'clock. After this I was in the Petit Trianon. Hundreds of thrushes were sitting on the tops of the trees, on the right of the great avenue leading to it. We visited the sitting-room of Marie Antoinette. Different pictures represent her as a child, in a group with her sisters, and as a queen. There is a portrait of her husband, some old rococo furniture which she used, and her sleeping-room, with its bed and other articles which the conscientious French guide submitted to our inspection, with friendly explanations.

In the evening I was sent for to the Minister five times, so that I was fully occupied.

Friday, October 14.—Busy up till noon for the post. Later I telegraphed to London and Brussels in reference to Ducrot's false assertions in *La Liberté*. It was announced in the same way that General Boyer, Bazaine's first adjutant, had arrived from Metz at Versailles as a negotiator. The Chief appears, however, to wish to undertake nothing serious with him to-day. He said in the Bureau, "What is to-day?" "The 14th, your Excellency." "Well, that was Hochkirch and Jena (both on 14th October). A bad day for settling any business." No doubt he reflected it was Friday, too.

During dinner, the Chief, after thinking for a moment, smiled and said, "I have a charming idea ready for the time when peace is concluded. It is this, to establish an International tribunal, to try those who instigated this war—news-paper writers, deputies, senators, ministers." Abeken added,

Thiers, too, indirectly, and indeed especially for his Chauvinistic 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.'" "The Emperor, too, who is not so innocent as he pretends to be," added the Minister. "I thought of an equal number of judges, from each of the great Powers, England, America, Russia, &c. &c., and that we should be the accusers." "The English and the Russians would, of course, not enter into this proposal; and then we might form the Court from the nations who have most suffered from the war; from French and German representatives." He said, further, "I have read the article of the *Indépendance*, which is said to be Gramont's. He blames us for not letting Napoleon go after Sedan, and he is not pleased that we marched upon Paris instead of merely occupying Elsass and Lothringen as material guarantees. I thought at first that the article was by Beust or some other good friend in Austria, but I am quite persuaded that the author is a Frenchman." He gave his reasons for this opinion, and then went on: "He would be right if his assumption were correct, that we really did not wish for Elsass but only for a money indemnity. It will be much better if, besides Elsass, we have Paris also as a guarantee. When a specific object is wanted, the guarantee cannot be too great."

Mention was made of Boyer, who has excited much notice in Versailles in his French general's uniform, which has not been seen here for a long time, and which was saluted by the masses with loud cries of, "*Vive la France!*" It is said that he has expressed himself to

this effect: "That the army in Metz adheres to the Emperor and will have nothing to do with the Republic of the Paris advocates." This is what the Chancellor himself said, and he added: "The General is one of those men who suddenly grow thin when anything excites them; he can turn red too." He then said: "Let us remember that Gambetta meanwhile urges war *à outrance*; that the Parisian press almost daily recommends some new infamous action;* that recently, various horrible deeds of these bands of Franks-tireurs have been brought to light; and let us not forget the proverb, 'When the hunter's horn is heard in the wood it will soon be heard outside it.' The idea of letting those treacherous Franks-tireurs off!

* The following was not the worst of them, in the *Petit Journal* of the 14th September. Thomas Grimm, after complaining that the Prussians knew how to plunder methodically, and wreck by rule; that they had, everywhere, at Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Reims, Châlons, and Troyes, left a desert behind them; that they murdered husbands and shot down fathers to be able to dishonour their wives and daughters, concluded his peroration with the following tirade: "Rise workmen! peasants! citizens! Let the Franks-tireurs be armed and organised, and understand what they have to do. Let them gather in crowds, or in little groups, to weary out and exhaust the enemy. Let them imitate those who track out wild animals, lying in wait for them at the edge of the wood, in the ditches, behind the hedges; let the narrowest footpath and the darkest corner serve for their meeting-place. All means are good, for it is a holy war. The rifle, the knife, the scythe, and the club, are permitted weapons against the enemy who falls into our hands. Let us place wolf-traps for them; let us tumble them down wells, throw them to the bottom of cisterns, burn them in the woods, drown them in the rivers, burn the huts they are sleeping in over their heads. Let us have everything which can kill, in whatever way it can do it. Be on the watch! Make ready to fly at them!"

The *Combat*, the organ of Citizen Félix Pyat, wishes to collect subscriptions for a presentation rifle to be given to the man who removes the King of Prussia out of the way by assassination.

There is criminal negligence in not taking them out and shooting them, and it is treason to the country. Our people are all ready to fire at them in the field, but not to shoot them down in cold blood afterwards. . . . All villages where treachery is practised should be at once burned down, and all the male inhabitants hanged."

Count Bismarck-Bohlen thereupon told us, that the village of Hably, where the Schleswig Hussars had been attacked eight days ago by *Francs-tireurs*, acting in concert with the inhabitants, and had come back with only eleven horses, had been utterly burned down, and the Chief, as was reasonable, praised this energy. At the end some one said that quite recently, in the twilight, two shots had been fired quite close to our house, and that one of the men on guard had been sent out to ascertain the cause. "It was a sentry, perhaps," said the Chief; "perhaps some suspicious fellow had been seen. I remember," he said, "that the night before last, when I was taking a turn in the garden, late, I found a ladder and at once felt an irresistible impulse to mount the wall. Suppose, now, a sentry had been standing there?"

"I had some conversation with the sentinel at the door. He had served in the campaign of 1866, and was thoroughly up in it. I asked him whether he thought that we should get into Paris. He said, yes, we could if it were not for the great fort on the left of Saint-Cloud. I told him that it would not help them much if hunger should appear in the city."

In the evening, the body-guard with the long beard, told me in the anteroom below, "We have got that Spaniard, Doctor." "Ah," said I; "what Spaniard do you mean?" "The man who was with his Excellency yesterday or the day before, and his servant too. He is a spy; he has been seized, and a plan of the position of our troops found on

him." I heard afterwards that the man's name was Angelo de Miranda.

About ten o'clock, Moltke and another high officer, the War Minister, I think, came to the Chief to confer with him, probably on the mission of Boyer.

Saturday, October 15.—In the morning I wrote an article on the destruction of the Palace of Saint-Cloud, which was set on fire by the French without any rational cause, whilst our soldiers busied themselves in saving the works of art and other valuables. Then a second on Jacoby's imprisonment, in much the same sense as the former article on that subject, but with this addition, that in carrying out these general principles, no judgment ought to be passed on the timeliness of the action in taking this particular case.

About half-past two o'clock, Boyer had another audience of the Chief. Outside, in front of the open ironwork gates, a number of people waited for him, and when he came out, about four o'clock, they took off their caps and hats and cried "*Vive la France!*" which the Minister, when this was mentioned at dinner, "could not blame them for." I had meantime made a tour through the park round the Palace, where I saw on one of the marble vases the following poetical effusion by an angry Gaul on the unity of feeling among the Germans:—

"Badois, Saxons, Bavaois,
Dupes d'un Bismarck plein d'astuce,
Vous le faits bucher tous trois
Pour le Roi de Prusse.

"J'ai grand besoin, mes chers amis,
De nourrir Empereur d'Allemagne,
Que vos manes en graissant la campagne
Mais que mes vœus sont accomplis."*

* I copied this exactly, errors included.

The same sort of thing was to be found on a marble seat close by, for the custom of scribbling on walls, benches, pedestals, with pencils or chalk, seems to have found many friends here. On more than ten walls in the town I have read during the last few days, "*A bas les Prussiens*" (Down with the Prussians) and worse.

At four o'clock, a slight and well-dressed negro called on the Minister. On his card was "General Price, Envoy of the Republic of Hayti." The Chief regretted that he could not receive him, on account of pressing business (Moltke and Roon were again upstairs with him); would he be good enough to write what he wanted? About five o'clock the Crown Prince came to join the conference of the Chancellor with the generals. There seems to be considerable difference of opinion between the people here and at Metz.

On other sides, too, there were difficulties in the way of carrying out what the Chancellor had in view as a politician. As he said at table, "It is very annoying that every plan I have must be first talked over with five or six persons, who understand very little about the matter, and yet whose objections I must listen to and meet politely. Thus I have lately had to give up three whole days to settle a matter which under other circumstances I could have finished in three minutes. It is just as if I were to give my advice about the placing of a battery here or there, and as if the embarrassed officer had to give an explanation to me who know nothing of his business." "—— has an excellent head, and I am convinced that whatever he might have undertaken he would have become something exceedingly respectable in it. But having occupied himself for years, only with one and the same thing, he has now feeling and interest for that alone." He did not allow a single

word to escape him about the negotiations with Boyer, or what was likely to result from them. Hatzfeld and Keudell too, knew nothing about them, and only guessed.

Sunday, October 16.—In the morning another letter was received from B. in L. He disapproved of our proceedings against Jacoby, and thought that Bismarck could do what he liked if he was only sound in German politics, that is if, at this moment, the Unity of the German Confederate State at least should be secured and completed. He went on to say, "We, in Germany, are so firmly persuaded that the solution of this difficulty lies in the hands of the Chancellor, that every opposition is laid at his door by public opinion. It is said that if Count Bismarck did not secretly encourage this opposition it would not venture to be active, at such a momentous time." He ended with asking whether he should come here. In compliance with B.'s wish, I laid the chief parts of the letter before the Minister, who said that the coming of B. would be very agreeable to him, as his local knowledge would be exceedingly useful in Paris when we were once in. "He might also, after his return, give information and explanations in his own circles, which it is not easy to give by writing. It is comical that they should think that I do not wish the unity of Germany. It is for very different reasons that the cause does not advance. . . . It will be for the same reasons, that, if we ever do attain that position, they will have to regret the omission of some things here and there."

This morning, in the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, I met Borck just arriving, in the uniform of a major. He told me that Soissons had fallen, and that the bombardment of Paris was to begin on the 28th. Almost the whole of the park of artillery has arrived, and in three days they hoped (that is, he did) to destroy it. The stout gentleman thinks that

we shall be back in Berlin, at the latest, by the 1st of December. He said, too, that a congress of princes in Versailles was under serious consideration, and that they were getting the Trianon ready for the King of Bavaria.

We learn that discord reigns in Paris. The Reds, under Blanqui and Flourens, do not like to see the Blue Republicans at the helm—they attack them violently in their papers, and on the 9th the mob had uttered cries of “*Vive la Commune!*” in front of the *Hôtel de Ville*. We hear that Seebach, who was once, I think, Saxon ambassador in Paris, and who is acquainted with Leflô and Trochu, intends to offer the Chancellor his assistance towards procuring an understanding with the Parisians.

While we were taking our coffee Keudell played some soft music to the Minister on the piano. In answer to my enquiry whether the Chief was musical, he said, “Certainly, although he does not play himself. You must have remarked that he sings softly when I play. It is good for his nerves, which are much affected to-day.”

In the evening the Nuncio Chigi came with a companion also in clerical costume. He had a long conversation with the Chancellor, and will go on to-morrow to Tours. Of ambassadors, there are now in Paris, they say, only the Belgian, the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Swiss, one from the United States, and some from South America. The Spaniard lately arrested here is, to give him his full title, Angelo de Vallejo-Miranda, and he was arrested, not for the reason given by the man on guard, but because, in Versailles, he only gave his first name, and represented himself as a Spanish secretary of legation, whereas he belongs to the Spanish Debt Commission. His companion, who passed as his servant, was one Oswald, a joint editor of the *Gaulois*, which is very hostile to us. By all these

lies and misrepresentations the gentlemen had managed to get themselves suspected of being spies. He is said to be a friend of Prim, which is very compatible with what Stieber said of him yesterday in the Bureau.*

After eleven o'clock two important telegrams arrived. Bourbaki, who had gone from Metz to London, does not return to Metz, but places himself at the disposal of the Government of National Defence; and next Wednesday, Bray and Franckh, with the approval of King Louis of Bavaria, will start for Versailles.

Monday, October 17.—Two articles written in the forenoon. Before dinner an excursion to the Grand Trianon, where there is a beautiful marble group in the great reception room. Italy is represented as thanking France for the assistance given her against the Austrians. The Milanese presented it to Eugénie. Delbrück and Lauer dined with us. The Chief again expressed himself very energetically in favour of the inexorable punishment of villages which had been guilty of treachery. They must be made responsible if a traitorous attack takes place in them. Otherwise what will become of our poor soldiers?

The discussion now turned on things culinary, when it appeared that the Chancellor liked good mutton, and preferred the part of beef called in Berlin the "brisket." He did not care much for fillet or for roast beef.

In the evening, we were warned to pack up our trunks, and in case there should be an alarm in the night the carriages were to be drawn up in the Prefecture, in front of the King's quarters. A sortie has been expected since yesterday.

* The fellow was afterwards taken to Mainz. Here he gave his word of honour not to escape, in order that it might not be necessary to resort to imprisonment. But after a few days he nevertheless ran away.

Tuesday, October 18.—The night is over and nothing has happened. A splendid autumn morning. I sent off a contradiction of the French reports that our troops have bombarded Orleans. This is the birthday of the Crown Prince, and the Chief and the Councillors go, about 12 o'clock, to congratulate him. They have sent us a number of the *Kraj*, in which it is asserted that the Minister not long ago had a conversation with a nobleman of Galicia, in which he advised the Poles to abandon the Austrians. I learned, on inquiry, that this is untrue; that for a long time he has not spoken with any Gallician and certainly with no Pole. I contradict the story in the press.

The Chief breakfasted with us for once, and remarked (we will not leave even such little traits unnoticed) "that he was very fond of hard-boiled eggs; that now he could only manage three, but the time was when he could make away with eleven." Bohlen boasts of having once eaten fifteen plover's eggs. "I am ashamed to say what I have done in that line," replied his cousin, who, in conclusion, recommended Delbrück to provide himself with hard-boiled eggs for his journey, as he is soon going back to Germany, which Delbrück declined to do, as he cannot endure them hard-boiled. The Chief then read us some of the specially edifying private letters to the Emperor Napoleon, which the Provisional Government has published, with commentaries on them which throw side lights on the characters of several personages in Berlin.

Afterwards he mentioned the notice in *Kraj*, and in connection with this, spoke of the Poles generally. He dwelt for some time on the victories of the great Elector in the East, and on his alliance with Charles X. of Sweden, which had promised him great advantages. It was only to be regretted that his relations with Holland prevented him

from following up these advantages, and turning them to proper account. Otherwise he had good prospects of extending his power in West Poland. When Delbrück said, "Then Prussia would not have remained a German state," the Chief replied, "I don't think it would have been so bad as that; but after all no great harm might have been done. It would have become in the North what Austria is in the South. What Hungary is to Austria, Poland might have been to us," a remark with which he connected the statement he had made once before, that he had advised the Crown Prince to teach his son the Polish language; but that this, to his regret, had not been done.

Wednesday, October 19.—Dull weather in the morning; afterwards it cleared up. I wrote to the editor of the *Nouvelliste de Versailles*, a little journal which has been established by the German correspondents of the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who have been driven from Paris, and is connected with Brauchitsch. It should also be brought into relation with us, and receive information, &c. In the forenoon and afternoon I was several times with the Chief. He appears to be in excellent humour. He showed me a French telegram, according to which the heroes in Lutetia have performed the most tremendous exploits against us. If such swaggering had any object!

At dinner, where Count Waldersee was present, the Chief remarked: "It would be a very good thing, in those districts where they have fired from the bushes upon our trains, loosened the sleepers, and placed stones on the rails, to carry off the inhabitants of a good many square miles, transport them to Germany, and settle them there, where they could be well looked after." When Bucher related, that on his journey here an officer had taken out his revolver, in order to play with it in a demonstrative manner

before a bridge from which the French ruffians were used to spit down, the Chief replied : " Why play ? He should have waited till they spat and then fired at once." . . . In the evening comes L. with a somewhat confused Herr H., who had been joint editor of the *Nouvelliste* as far as No. 4, and says he gave it up at that point because it wished to treat the Parisians with too much consideration. He declares that he will gladly accept our offers. In the morning he is going to publish a letter to this effect :

"The chiefs of the National Defence in Paris will not summon the electors. Why not ? Jules Favre and his colleagues owe their position to that kind of patriotic frenzy which possessed a part of the population of Paris after the fatal day of Sedan. They are subject to the general law for political authorities, set forth, in the well-known words of the Latin historian : ' A government rests on the principle from which it issues.' From the very beginning the Parisian government has found it necessary, in respect to the conditions of peace, to betake itself to the region of the impossible. To-day, when they have sown destruction all around them, and used every means to work Paris and its defenders into excitement, and have, in the most frightful way, armed the Revolution, both in the city and outside, it is less possible than ever for them to escape from the circle of perplexities in which they have shut themselves up. Feeling in the provinces, on the contrary, and especially in the flat country, has not been able to soar to this heroic standpoint. They are experiencing the bitterest evils of the war ; they begin to doubt the success of a prolonged resistance ; they fear the advance of social disintegration ; they look for deeds, and listen no longer to fine phrases. Many provincial papers have already had the courage to utter the cry for peace. It is not probable, then, that the majority of the

French voters will agree with M. Gambetta, that they 'ought to bury themselves beneath the ruins of their fatherland ;' or that they have any fancy for what he says in his proclamation : '*Mourons plutôt que de subir la mort du démembrement !*' (Let us die rather than submit to the death of dismemberment.) This is the reason why the Paris government will not and cannot hold the elections. These people who have spent their lives in appealing to the Rights of the people and the Sovereignty of the people, are now condemned to exercise and maintain a Dictatorship of the Public Welfare without any commission from their country, and they will bring about her ruin."

Thursday, October 20.—Both morning and afternoon I was very diligent, and worked at different articles and telegrams. At table the conversation again turned on the imprisonment of Jacoby by the military authorities, and the Chief said, as before, that he had strong doubts whether the measure had been well timed. One of the gentlemen expressed his delight that "the lazy babbler was shut up." But the Chancellor answered, quite in keeping with his usual feeling, "I do not rejoice at it in the very least. A party man may do so because his zeal for vengeance is satisfied. The politician may not, for in politics he knows no such feelings. He asks only whether it is useful that political adversaries should be ill-used."

In the evening L. was again here. The *Nouvelliste* will to-morrow contain a letter which a Parisian has sent to some one in Versailles, in which he thus speaks of the condition of things in Babylon :

"The Clubs already assume to govern in the name of the Commune of Paris, and red hand-bills are posted up in its name, summoning the National Guard to the election of the Parisian Municipality. If this election takes place,

we shall see an armed demonstration with the view of instituting the Commune in Paris—that is, the Reign of Terror. The Commune already reigns and governs in Belleville, the headquarters of the party of terror; and its members are resolved to depose the mayor of the 19th arrondissement from his office, and to supply his place by one of their own friends. This Club has decreed the imprisonment of M. Godillot, a manufacturer of military equipments, and the confiscation of his goods, and ordered the closing of his establishment, on the charge of high treason.” The letter further says: “While the journals maintain that a formidable attack of the Prussian masses is to be expected within the next few days, the friends of General Trochu assert that he is positively assured that the enemy have renounced the idea of attempting to storm Paris, and that in Versailles they have adopted the plan of reducing the city by hunger. The Prussian army, divided into dense masses, occupies strong positions at different points round Paris. Their very numerous cavalry serve both to connect these positions with each other, and to prevent any supplies or assistance being brought in from the provinces. The population of Paris, increased by the poor and needy population of the *Banlieue*, will soon suffer hunger, and before eight days are over, will prepare for the Government insurmountable difficulties, by which the enemy will profit.” “The bolder the party of Terror becomes, the weaker does the Government show itself, and it will not be long before it is thrown overboard and swallowed up by those savage brutes, unless it soon takes energetic decisions. The leaders of the party of terror are resolved to remove Generals Trochu and Leflô, Admiral Fourichon, and Jules Favre, Thiers, Jules Simon, and Kératry, who are all suspected of being Royalists. If General Trochu does not soon

interfere vigorously, the Reign of Terror will take his place in Paris."

The German Liberal press is unable as yet to satisfy itself about the imprisonment of Jacoby ; but the Chief thinks that much depends on their clearly understanding the view he takes of the case, and on their adopting his view. The *Weser Zeitung* of October 16, which has arrived to-day, contains the following article :

"The Chancellor justifies the imprisonment of Dr. Jacoby and of Herbig, the merchant, though at the same time he declares that it is illegal. The instruction which the Chancellor has sent us on this occasion, through von Horn, the magistrate at Königsberg, has an exceedingly practical interest for all Germans on this side the Maine ; for it is obvious from it that the fate of Dr. Jacoby may be that of any one who, according to the opinion of a military tribunal, utters any expression which may possibly strengthen the French, either mediately or immediately, in continuing their resistance, without his being able to appeal to the law for protection. Apart from this, this instruction possesses, in the views which it sets forth, the interest of complete novelty.

"In the first place the Chancellor declares that the opinion, hitherto probably shared by all, that the measure had been adopted by the Governor-General on the authority of the law on the State of Siege as a war measure, is erroneous. According to this law the measure, he admits, would be unjustifiable—which indeed is evident. On the other hand, he considers it not inapplicable as a measure of actual warfare. The question is not one of a penal measure, but of an effectual displacement of all those powers, the activity of which might render difficult the attainment of the objects of the war.

"In this definition we can find no other meaning than

this, that the same rights belong to military authorities at home as to military persons in an enemy's country. We at least do not see what wider scope could be given to them than the 'displacement of all those powers, the activity of which might render difficult the attainment of the objects of the war.' The decision what powers are to be displaced, and by what measures, is left, in an enemy's country, and especially on the theatre of actual hostilities, absolutely to the military authorities. Their powers are perfectly unlimited. If the military authorities have the same prerogatives at home, the words *inter arma silent leges* receive a fearful meaning never before dreamt of. It cannot logically be denied that the military governor in Hannover would be as able as his colleague in Nancy to condemn men to be hanged or shot without trial. The Chancellor, although he does not draw this extreme inference, appears expressly to point in that direction. He enumerates a series of exceedingly unpleasant operations in which a Government is justified in the theatre of war: such as burning down houses, confiscating private property, and rendering merely suspected persons incapable of doing mischief, &c. &c., and he adds, that 'the just idea which lies at the basis of these exceptional rights is independent of locality, independent of the distance from the place where the more manifest actions of war take place.' That is plain enough.

"We must say, then, if Count Bismarck's theory be the right one, that we do not see the object of any special law on the state of war, or why we proclaim the application of this law in the Baltic provinces, in Hannover, and the Hanse towns. If the military authorities have, as a matter of course, a power during war above the law, independent of locality, an authority for all measures which appear to them serviceable for carrying it on, there is evidently no

sense in proclaiming a law to place this power under certain limitations. We cannot, therefore, persuade ourselves that, any such supreme and all-absorbing power is given by the State law of North Germany or Prussia, to the military authorities by the outbreak of war.

“According to our view two cases are to be distinguished, according as we are dealing with the theatre of actual hostilities or with territories beyond it. In the first case, common law is extinct, and the martial law, *pur et simple*, as the Chancellor explains very forcibly, comes into operation. In the other case, the military authorities either maintain their usual powers, or where a state of war is proclaimed, invest themselves with those exceptional rights which the law on the state of war gives them in that event. It is the latter position in which East Prussia now stands. If the interning of Dr. Jacoby is not admissible according to the law upon the state of war, it is not admissible at all, and the statement that the manifestations of Dr. Jacoby inspired the French with fresh courage, even if it were better founded than, from the daily and tolerably extensive study we have made of the French journals, it appears to us to be, does not alter the question. For if it were actually the case, there is no want of legal ways of preventing such manifestations. The law upon the state of war and of siege expressly prescribes that freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and the right of meeting may be suspended, and under what formalities. But in Königsberg none of these rights had been legally suspended, as they certainly should have been, before proceeding against an individual, all whose guilt consisted in the exercise of the Constitutional right of expressing his opinions in public. We do not of course mean to say that it would have been wise to do so. The French would have had just as many wrong

ideas put into their heads by such a measure, more perhaps than by the interning of Dr. Jacoby ; certainly far more than they ever could have had by the speeches and resolutions of the Königsberg apostle of the future.

“ In general we are not inclined to take cases of the kind now under discussion too seriously. We do not believe, that we are practically so much without law as we should be, according to the theory of the Chancellor, or that the danger of being marched off under martial law is greater in North Germany, than that of being eaten by a crocodile. We are not idolaters of the letter of the law ; we can easily imagine cases where we should heartily vote, not only indemnity but even thanks for the somewhat illegal interning of a profitless disturber of this sacred war. We have a very lively respect, notwithstanding, for the sections of the Act, and we are profoundly distressed to see them ignored, without a manifestly overpowering necessity. This feeling is moreover strengthened by the consideration that Dr. Jacoby has been imprisoned for the expression of an opinion which at the time that he expressed it, no one knew to be opposed to the Government's Programme of Peace. An official declaration, that we meant to keep Elsass and Lothringen did not then exist. The question was an open one, and it is no secret that even very Conservative people in Berlin were then vehemently opposed to the Annexation of those ‘ dangerous elements.’ In short, we must insist, that wrong was done to Dr. Jacoby, and although we do not fear any terrible consequences, we regret this episode in a very glorious history, all the more deeply the more glorious the history is.”

The answer to this was to the following effect :

“ The *Weser Zeitung* of the 16th instant contains a leading article, on the instruction which the Chancellor has

addressed through President von Horn to the Magistrate of Königsberg in the affair of Jacoby. Permit me to say a few words in reference to that criticism. The *Weser Zeitung*, in this article, touches upon two different things. The statement of the Chancellor in the communication to von Horn is a *purely theoretical* one upon the possibility, that when war has broken out the military authorities may, in the interest of military operations, permit themselves to do things which in peace would, under all circumstances, be inadmissible. Almost the same thing is said there, as the *Weser Zeitung* must mean when it remarks: 'We can easily imagine cases where we should heartily vote, not only indemnity, but thanks for the somewhat illegal interning of a profitless disturber of this sacred war.' This is exactly the Chancellor's view of the law, and if this be considered absolutely inadmissible, it would be quite impossible to fight a battle on home soil in an invasion of North German territory, even if we succeeded in finding an extensive and utterly uninhabited heath as a battlefield; for even then the proprietor would be able to prove the violation of his rights.

"Either the military authority is bound by the forms of the law or the Constitution in spite of the breaking out of war, or it is entitled in a reasonable way, adapted to the end of the exclusive prosecution of the war, to devote itself to its military task. To this question one must in theory either say Yes or No. If we say No, it must be remembered, by how many officials of the law, every body of troops fighting in its own country must be accompanied, and what legal formalities it would have to go through, with respect to individual houses and men, before it would be constitutionally entitled to begin any military operation. If we say Yes, we must admit, that it is impossible to codify suffi-

ciently directions to the discretionary power, which must rest with a commander in time of war, in such a way, that the general or soldier shall be able to cite the article of the constitution or the local law, justifying every military act which he does in his own country.

“To deduce, *theoretically*, anything different from the preceding, on which of course there may be differences of opinion, cannot have been the aim of the Chancellor. According to the present Constitution, it is not competent for the Prussian Ministry of State to judge whether a military commander has done well in any particular case in using his power to the extent which he has done. The General Governorships instituted before the outbreak of the war were not established at the recommendation or under the authority of the Minister, but for military reasons and in the plenitude of military authority, as in all other military offices, without consulting him. The Chancellor and the other Ministers of State are not the superiors of the Military Governors, who, though they would not obey a ministerial order, would obey any military command which came to them without the Minister's counter signature.

“It is, therefore, a thoroughly unpractical proceeding, when those who consider themselves injured in their rights by the action of the Military power in its conduct of the war, appeal to Ministerial action for redress. They should rather look to the military superiors of those of whom they complain. We may, therefore, suppose that the Chancellor has not felt himself bound to express his opinion officially about the appropriateness of the time chosen in a particular case, Jacoby's for example. He has only spoken upon the theoretical question whether, during war and in the interests of war, the imprisonment of persons, whose proceedings were prejudicial in the judgment of the military authorities

to the conduct of the war and useful to the enemy, could be temporarily permitted.

“In this general view, politicians and soldiers will hardly say No, although there are many nice and difficult points involved, as in the whole subject of military law. But the concrete question—Whether this right of war ought to have been used by the Government in the case of Jacoby? lies as much beyond ministerial competence, as the question, whether it be necessary or expedient to set fire to a village in a battle in one’s own country, or to intern, a couple of hundred miles from the field, a private individual, who is suspected of favouring the enemy, though there is no legal evidence to convict him. In what way a military commander may be made responsible for an erroneous, precipitate, or unjust solution of this question is foreign to the present inquiry, in which we have only endeavoured to show, that the constitutional authority of Ministers does not give them any immediate right to interfere in such cases.”

Friday, October 21.—This morning, about eight o’clock, firing was heard from the heavy artillery, more vigorous and long-continued than usual; but we did not allow ourselves to be disturbed by it. Different articles were prepared; among them, one on the departure of the Nuncio and the other Diplomats from Paris. At breakfast Keudell would have it that the French had battered down the porcelain manufacture close by, in Sèvres. Hatzfeld told us that his mother-in-law, an American lady who remained behind in Paris, had sent him good accounts of the ponies, of which he had often spoken to us. They were exceedingly fat. We wondered whether they would be eaten. He said, for heaven’s sake, let them do it; but he reserves the right to get back the price of the animals when the terms of peace are settled with the French Government.

Meanwhile the artillery fire outside continued, and between one and two it seemed as if an action were going on in the woods to the North of the city. The firing became still more vehement ; the cannon shots followed each other, bang after bang, and mitrailleuses were also to be heard. It seemed as if a regular battle had developed itself, and was drawing nearer us. The Chief got into his saddle and rode away. The rest of us set off in the direction where the battle appeared to rage. On the left, above the wood through which the road leads to Jardy and Vaucresson, we saw the well-known white clouds rise and burst from the shells. Orderlies galloped up the street. A battalion marched off to the scene of action. The fighting lasted till past four o'clock. Then we heard only a few single shots from the great fort on Mont Valérien, and at last this too was silent. We now learned that the French had not been so near us as they seemed : their sortie had been directed against our positions at La Celle Saint-Cloud, and Bougival,—villages, the first of which was at least four miles from Versailles, and the second seven. During the afternoon there was, of course, great excitement among the French in the town, and the groups which formed themselves before the houses expected every moment, as the noise came nearer and nearer, to see our troops in full flight before the Red-breeches. Later in the afternoon, however, they made long faces and shrugged their shoulders.

At dinner the Chief said that he would celebrate his parliamentary jubilee either to-day or one day soon. About this time five-and-twenty years ago he had become a member of the provincial diet of Pomerania. "I remember," he continued, "it was frightfully tedious there. I had, as my first subject, to treat of the excessive consumption of tallow in the poorhouse. Only to think of

the number of stupid speeches I have heard there, and afterwards in the National Diet, and,"—after a pause, smiling,—"have myself made."

We spoke of the magnificence of the Prefecture here, and that it cost two million francs. "None of our public offices in Berlin are to be compared with it," remarked the Chancellor, "not even the War Office, which, however, is rather imposing. The office of the Ministry of Commerce may also pass; but we of the Foreign Office—seldom has a Minister been so poorly housed. Where we sleep, the room was originally about twice as big as this, and out of it they have made three; one tolerable-sized one for myself, a little one for my wife, and one where my sons have slept hitherto. When I receive people, I must do like the small country gentry, borrow chairs, and turn everything about, even my study." Some one joked about the Chinese carpet in the great hall at Berlin. "Ah! you may laugh," said the Chief; "when the State can make no further use of it, I shall buy it for Schönhausen. It is an old friend of mine; we have gone through a good deal together, and it is really beautiful in its way."

Between half-past seven and half-past eight, the mayor of the town was again with the Minister. Afterwards, an article upon the uncourteous behaviour of our host at Ferrières was sent off to Germany. It was to the following effect:—

"In a letter dated Paris, Place de la Madeleine, 70, some one writes to the Countess Moustier among other untruths the following: 'The Prussians demanded pheasants from us. Rothschild tells me that they had had some at his château, but that they wanted to beat the steward because they were not truffled.' To every one who saw the royal housekeeping at Ferrières, the impression of its unusual simplicity and of the careful regard for everything belonging to Rothschild

so predominated, that comparisons, on the treatment of the property of this millionaire, who was protected by the good fortune of the King living in his house, and the inevitable hardships a poorer man has to bear, forced themselves upon him. Considering that the presence of the King constituted a protection, his Majesty did not even permit the game in the park, including the pheasants, to be shot so long as he was there. Baron Rothschild, formerly Prussian consul-general, who resigned that office in an uncourteous way, when he still hoped for the victory of France, had not even so much politeness as once to inquire through his servants, during the whole stay of the King in Ferrières, about the wants of his royal guest. None of the Germans who lived at Ferrières can say that they enjoyed the hospitality of the possessor even to the extent of a piece of bread, and yet the preceding proprietor of this seat notoriously left behind him, according to the computation of the stamp office, 1700 millions of francs. Should Baron Rothschild really have uttered the lying complaint against any one quoted in the above letter, we can only hope that troops may yet be quartered upon him, who will make him feel the difference between the modest claims of the Court and the rights of troops in quarters in war time, so far as this is possible for the heir of 1700 millions."

Saturday, October 22.—Different telegrams and articles sent off: upon the sortie of yesterday, upon Kératry's mission to Madrid, &c.

The attack of the Parisians, undertaken with some twenty battalions of the line and Mobile guards, protected by the fire of Mont Valérien, was directed chiefly against the village of Bougival on the Seine. It was occupied by our outposts, who retired upon their supports, and the French made themselves masters of the place, but were soon afterwards

attacked and driven out again by one of the divisions of the fifth German army corps. In this action, a considerable number of prisoners and two pieces of artillery fell into the hands of our people. The prisoners, some hundreds in number, passed through the town to-day, which led to disturbances, so that the Yellow Dragoons were forced, it is said, to charge the crowd and strike them with the flat of their swords.

The Chief said, yesterday evening, that we ought not to allow groups to be formed in the streets during a battle; that the inhabitants should be required in such cases to remain in their houses, and that the patrols must be ordered to fire at once on those who offered any opposition, which has now been done. To-day the commandant of Versailles, von Voigts-Rhetz, proclaimed, that after the alarm signal all inhabitants of the town are to go home without delay, and that the troops have been ordered to use their arms against those who disobey.

Kératry, the prefect of the Paris police, has appeared in Madrid to submit to General Prim two proposals, of which the first is an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Spain, in virtue of which Spain would send an army of 50,000 men to help France. The object of this league would be the common defence of the interests of the nations of the Latin race against the supremacy of the Teutonic. When Prim declined this strange proposal (strange; for it would have been an act of self-renunciation, and a mistaking of its own clear interest, without a parallel, if Spain had supported France, when only three months ago France sought to impose her will on Spain in the most presumptuous manner) the French negotiator demanded that Spain should at least permit the export of arms to France. To this also Prim would not listen.

Before dinner, accompanied by Bucher, drove through the forest of Fausses Reposes to the little town Ville d'Avray, pleasantly situated between Sèvres and Saint-Cloud, to visit the Villa Stern, whence a good view of Paris is to be had. The sentry posted there, however, did not admit us; but we found, on the other side of the valley, close to a park, a thatched summer-house, which answered our purpose. Across the suburbs of Paris we saw with the naked eye a great part of the city itself lying in the yellowish evening light, with the straight white line of the *enceinte*, the dome of the Invalides, with its golden ring, the low towers of Notre Dame, the cupola of the Panthéon, and, quite on the right, Val de Grâce. While we were watching the scene, a train passed over the viaduct near the ramparts.

On starting for our drive to Ville d'Avray, I saw Bennigsen coming down the Rue de Provence, and when we returned we found that he had left his card on the Chief. The latter dined to-day at four o'clock with the King, and then made his appearance at our table for half an hour. It was mentioned that Metz would probably surrender in the course of the next week. Famine had appeared in the city, which suffered also from a want of salt. "Deserters eat it by spoonfuls, in order to restore the necessary quantity to their blood," said the Chief. Prince Friedrich Karl desires a capitulation, if I understand rightly, on the conditions of Sedan and Toul, but the Chancellor, from political motives, is disposed to a milder treatment of the garrison, and the King appears to hesitate between the two.

The Chief said yesterday to the Mayor of Versailles, "No Elections, no Peace; but the gentlemen in Paris will not hear of them. The American generals who went into Paris to suggest this told me that nothing was to be done

with them. Trochu had only said they were not yet so far reduced as to be obliged to negotiate, while the others would not hear of any elections, or of the country being appealed to." "I then said to the Mayor, finally, No other course will be left to us but to come to terms with Napoleon, and to force him upon them again. This he thought we should not do ; a greater insult could not be offered them. I replied that it might become the interest of the conqueror to leave the conquered to a power which could only support itself by the army, for in that case they would not be able to think of foreign wars. I advised him, in conclusion, not to give way to the mistaken idea that Napoleon has no roots in the country. He has the army on his side. Boyer treated with me in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, and it is still a question how far the present Government has really struck root. In the flat country districts there were few who did not feel that they ought to think of peace. The Mayor then gave me his own ideas of a peace ; the razing of their fortresses and of ours, disarmament on both sides, in proportion to the population, and so forth. These people have not yet, as I told him from the beginning, any sufficient notion of what the war is."

The *Nouvelliste*, as it is now the only newspaper food of the people of Versailles, and naturally does not ask too much of them, is not despised here. L. reports that the number of the copies sold varies ; that of some numbers no copies remain ; of others from thirty to fifty, and of the number before the last a hundred and fifty are left in his hands. His weekly account, however, hitherto shows no loss.

In the evening I wrote an article, to show that the election of a body representative of the will of France is the first

condition which the Chancellor proposes to the different parties who have treated with him on the subject of peace. He has made the same demand of the emissaries of the Republicans, the Imperialists, and of a third party. He will facilitate in every possible way such an appeal to the people. The form of Government is absolutely indifferent to us ; only we must have a real Government to deal with, recognised by the nation.

Sunday, October 23.—The following thoughts will appear in a French dress in the *Nouvelliste* of to-day : “ Things are constantly met with in the present day in France which are flagrantly opposed to sound sense and moral feeling. People who were formerly Papal Zouaves, not merely those who by their nationality are French become at once soldiers of a republic which is governed by Voltairians. Garibaldi makes his appearance in Tours, and offers, as he himself expresses it, what is left of him to the service of France. He has, probably, not forgotten that this same France, twenty years ago, crushed the Roman Republic by force of arms, and he must have a still fresher recollection of the strange events of Mentana. He must distinctly remember that Nice, his own birthplace, was torn by this same France from Italy, and that the State of Siege alone keeps it at this moment from withdrawing itself from the rule of France.”

About one o'clock the Ministers of Würtemberg, Mitnacht and Suckow, paid their visit to the Chancellor.

I had seen soldiers brought from the hospital to the churchyard several times these afternoons—three the day before yesterday ; two yesterday. To-day a long procession came from the Palace across the Place d'Armes into the Rue Hoche. There were five biers. On the first, under a black pall, an officer of the 47th Regiment ; and on the others,

covered with white sheets, common soldiers. A band of music, in front, played a chorale; then followed the muffled drums. There was a minister with the procession. As the coffins passed by the French took off their hats and caps—a touching custom!

At dinner Delbrück directed attention to the fact, that the Prussian officials here felt the necessity, very soon after their institution, of devoting themselves seriously to the duties committed to their care, to discover what was best for the inhabitants placed under their charge, and to secure the preservation of order in the districts assigned to them, except where our interests are directly concerned. Thus, for instance, Brauchitsch is exceedingly put out at the quite shameless thieving of wood carried on in the forests here, and wishes to take vigorous measures against these malpractices, in the interest of the French Ministry of Woods and Forests. We learned that Freydorff, Jolly, and a third, whose name escaped me, were soon to be expected from Baden, and this led to our speaking of Usedom.

Delbrück mentioned that, in the preliminary negotiations upon a new organisation of Germany, Bavaria had raised a claim to a kind of joint representation of the Bund in foreign countries, of such a character that, if the Prussian, or rather the German, ambassador were absent, the Bavarian might transact business. The Chief said, "No; anything else but that; for unless we are to have two Ministers of Foreign Affairs for Germany, everything must depend, not on the ambassador, but on the instructions he receives." On this matter he dwelt at greater length, and explained it by examples.

Monday, October 24.—In a telegram from England intended for Wilhelmshöhe, there occurred this passage: "Much time will be lost, I am afraid." "Is lost," the Chief

wrote on the margin with his pencil. I sent a notice to be forwarded to the English newspapers upon the murder, in Rochefort, of Captain Zielke, of the German ship *Flora*.

Strange news arrived from Marseilles. The Reds appear to have got the upper hand. Esquiros, the resident prefect of the Mouths of the Rhone, belongs to the theatrical section of the French Republicans. He has suppressed the *Gazette du Midi*, because the clubs of his party asserted that the paper favoured the candidature of the Comte de Chambord, whose proclamation it had printed. He has, moreover, expelled the Jesuits. A decree of Gambetta hereupon dismissed the prefect, and annulled the measures against the newspaper and against the Jesuits; but Esquiros, supported by the working men, has paid no attention to these orders of the Government in Tours. He keeps his post, the *Gazette du Midi* remains suppressed, and the Jesuits are still expelled. Nor was more regard paid to the decree of Gambetta which dissolved the Citizens' guard, recruited from the ranks of the Red Republicans and which is distinct from the National Guard of Marseilles. The Chief said, "Well, civil war seems already to have begun there, and possibly there may soon be a Republic of the South." I worked up these accounts for some articles written in the spirit of this comment.

About four o'clock, a M. Gautier, who came from Chislehurst, called on the Chancellor. . . . We have to-day Count Waldersee at dinner; the Chief dines with the King. In the evening, between seven and eight, a great fire must, we think, have broken out in Paris; the whole northern heaven was overspread with a red glare, and in fact I see, above the woods to the north of the city, the reflection of an enormous burning. However, gradually it was evident that we were deceived. The red light grew into shapes, pillar-

like beams shot out from it, and at last we became aware that it was the Northern Lights, which streamed magnificently above the horizon. This is a sure sign that we shall soon have winter and dry cold weather.

Sunday, October 25.—Good news received and sent out. Yesterday the fortress of Schlettstadt capitulated, and the day before, General Wittich with the 22nd division occupied Chartres. Among the fragments of the French Army of the Loire, according to a letter from Tours, great want of discipline prevails. Drunken soldiers are said often to refuse obedience to their officers, whom they accuse of incapacity and treachery. The surrender of Metz will take place to-morrow or the day after, and portions of the German armies detained there will be able in eight days to support the troops fighting in the district of the Loire. This morning the Chief said, in reference to the article in the *Pays*, which placed the war indemnity at one and a half Millions, “Nonsense, I will require much more from them.”

During dinner to-day, the conversation turned, I cannot now say how, upon William Tell, and the Minister confessed that even as a boy he could never endure him, first, because he had shot at his son; next, because he had killed Gessler in an assassin-like manner. “It would have been far nobler and more natural,” he added, “if, instead of shooting at the boy, whom the best of marksmen might have hit instead of the apple, he had at once shot the Landvogt himself.” “This would have been just anger at a cruel demand. Tell’s hiding himself and lying in wait for Gessler does not please me. It is not becoming in a hero, not even in Francs-tireurs.”

Two copies of the *Nouvelliste* are stuck up at different street corners, and although people, when they stand to

read it in groups, criticise it when the Germans are passing, with "*Mensonge*"—"Impossible," yet they read it. To-day some one had written on the copy near the prefecture, "*Blague*," but Stieber's people or other watchers had seized the fellow in the act. He was an artisan, and it is said that he is to be deported to Germany.

We heard this morning at breakfast that a pendant to the tragedy at Bazeilles is said to have occurred in Bougival in the recent sortie. When our advance guards left the village, several of its inhabitants imagined that the German troops at the place were meditating a retreat, whereupon they considered it their patriotic duty to fire with air guns on a detachment of soldiers, protecting the colours of the 46th Regiment. Punishment at once followed this treacherous conduct. Our people dashed into the houses from which the shots had been discharged and seized nineteen peasants who were brought before a court-martial next day. Yesterday, it was said, those who were guilty were shot. The commune had to pay an extraordinary contribution of 50,000 francs (£2,000). The houses from which the shots were fired were burned down, and all the inhabitants were forced to leave the village.

Wednesday, October 26.—In the morning, I translated Granville's despatch for the King, and afterwards extracted a portion of it for the press, accompanying it with the remark that we had already twice offered a truce under favourable conditions through Favre, and on October 9 through Burnside, but that they had refused it, simply because we offered it. I then telegraphed to London that Thiers had received a free pass to our headquarters, and the permission to go thence to Paris. Further, that the Comte de Chambord had had a meeting at Coppet with the Comte de Paris.

In the afternoon, when the Chief had ridden out, I went, accompanied by Bl., an Englishman, who writes for the *Inverness Courier*, and an American war correspondent of a paper in Chicago, to a farm near the Château Beauregard, in order to visit H., who had recovered from the wound which he had received at Wörth, and rejoined his regiment, the forty-sixth. We met there a number of officers, nice bright fellows, with whom we quickly became intimate and had much pleasant talk. Bl. meantime drove to Bougival with First-Lieutenant von H.; and as they were later in returning than they had promised, I was too late for dinner at home, which the Chief does not approve of. He only asked, however, at table: "Where can little Busch be?" (*Wo das Büschchen sei?*) And when he returned later from the King he again asked if I was there, and expressed apprehension that the sentries might fire on me.

In the evening I wrote an article to the following effect: "It is said that the Diplomacy of Vienna has recently taken steps to induce the Germans to grant an Armistice to the French. We can hardly believe this rumour. An armistice at present would only strengthen the French in their resistance, and perhaps make the attainment of the conditions of peace we recognise as necessary more difficult. Are we to believe that Austria, in taking the step, has the end in view? The following reflections may help us to answer. If the fruits of our victory disturb them in Vienna, if they do not allow us to secure the safe frontier on the West, which is the object of our aspirations, there cannot fail to be a new war against France, or rather a continuation of the present war, after an interruption. It is easy to see where the French would seek and probably find their allies; but it is equally clear that in that case Germany would not wait till France had again helped herself out of the chaos

in which an interruption of this war would leave her. Germany must and would anticipate this future ally of France, and seek to make her incapable of doing harm, and, while she remained isolated, would make her pay the penalty incurred by her interference with our attainment of the objects we have in view."

Tuesday, October 27.—The capitulation of Metz will probably be signed in the course of to-day. The whole army there, including the officers of all grades, will be sent prisoners to Germany, whither we shall then have transported—with the exception of about 60,000 men—the entire army of Imperial France. In the morning I telegraphed that it was observed by our troops before Paris, that an artillery fire had been opened from Montmartre upon the suburb of La Villette. Musketry fire, lasting for hours, had also been heard in the streets; perhaps a rising of the Radicals. I then wrote a second article upon the interference of Beust in our affairs with France.

In the evening, Hatzfeld told us that he had been to-day at the outposts, where a number of American families had arrived from Paris, determined to turn their back upon the besieged city, in which things had become uncomfortable. There were a dozen carriages of them with white flags, taking the road to Villejuif; the members, too, of the Portuguese embassy have now left Paris on their way to Tours.

Friday, October 28.—In the course of the afternoon Moltke telegraphed to the Chief, That the capitulation of Metz had been signed to-day at 12.45. The French army thus captured numbers all in all 173,000 men, of whom 16,000 are sick and wounded. Von Bennigsen, von Friedenthal, and von Blankenburg, the last a friend of the Chief's youth, dined with us. From the French officers who had become

our prisoners at Metz, and their deportation to Germany, the conversation turned upon General Ducrot and his shameful flight from Pont-à-Mousson. "Yes," said the Minister, "he has written me a long letter in which he explains, that the reproaches which we make against him for his treacherous escape, were unfounded ; but in spite of this I adhere to my former opinion." He then related that a negotiator from Gambetta had been with him recently, who asked him at the end of the conversation, whether he would recognise the Republic. "Without doubt or hesitation," I replied ; "not merely a Republic, but if you like a Gambetta Dynasty, only that dynasty must give us a secure and advantageous peace"—"and, in fact, any dynasty, whether of Bleichröder or of Rothschild," he added, whereupon these two gentlemen became for a short time the subject of conversation with his guests.

In the evening comes L., as usual, to get information for himself. I heard from him that Legationsrath Samwer, once premier of Duke Frederick VIII., has followed his late and present master hither, and has been staying here for some time. He provides correspondents of newspapers with news. The *Nouvelliste* is to depart this life. A journal of more imposing form will take its place, to be called the *Moniteur Officiel de la Seine-et-Oise*, and will appear at the expense of the Government.

Saturday, October 29.—In the transformation of the *Nouvelliste* to the *Moniteur Officiel*, certain preliminaries do not appear to have been well arranged, or there is some intrigue on hand. This morning, whilst I was at work, a M. Theodor N., *collaborateur du Moniteur Officiel de la Seine-et-Oise*, sent in his card to me. Following his card came a young man, who said he had been sent to me by the Prefect, and wished to get from me notes for leading articles. I

remarked to him that L. was sufficient for this object ; that he would remain with the journal in his old capacity, and that I could only communicate with him at the request of the Chancellor. He asked whether he should tell the Prefect that he might converse on this matter with Count Bismarck. "The Prefect must be perfectly aware that I can say nothing to such a request."

At breakfast St. Blanquart said he knew that Thiers would come to us to-morrow, and Bölsing afterwards asserted that preliminaries of peace were in the very air. We shall take the liberty to doubt it till the Chief intimates the good news. We hear also that Moltke has been made a "Count," and that the King has made the Crown Prince and his nephew, the conqueror of Metz, field-marsals.

At dinner the Chief asked, when we were about to attack the soup, whether this were not pease sausage soup, and when he was told it was he praised it as quite excellent, an opinion in which Delbrück agreed. Then the talk was of the great success at Metz. "This just doubles the number of our prisoners," said the Minister. "No, it does more ; we have now in Germany the army which Napoleon had in the field at the date of Weissenburg, Wörth, and Saarbrücken, with the exception only of those who have been killed. Those whom the French now have, have been brought since from Algiers and Rome, or are new levies. To these may be added Vinoy, who escaped before Sedan with a few thousand men. Their generals are almost all prisoners."

He then said that Napoleon had asked for Marshals Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Canrobert, who were in Metz, to be sent to Wilhelmshöhe. "If this is a whist party," said he, "I have nothing to say, and will recommend it to the King." Then he said that so many strange things happen, which nobody before could have dreamt of, that we may

consider the most wonderful things as possible. "It might be possible, for instance, that we should hold the German Imperial Diet at Versailles, whilst Napoleon assembled the Corps Législatif and the Senate at Cassel to consult about peace. Napoleon has the conviction, against which not much is to be said, that the old national representation still subsists *de jure*, and that he may summon it to meet where he will, of course only in France. About Cassel there might be some dispute." He then remarked that he had summoned hither Friedenthal, Bennigsen and Blankenburg, the representatives of parties with whom one is bound to consult, in order to hear their opinion about the meeting of our Parliament in Versailles. "The '*Fortschritt*' (Progress) party I must disregard, for they want only what is not possible; they are like the Russians, who eat cherries in winter and will have oysters in summer. When a Russian comes into a shop, he asks, '*Kak nje bud*,' which means, 'What is there, out of season?'"

After the first course Prince Albrecht, the father, with his adjutant was introduced and sat down at the right hand of the Chief, in the first place to drink a glass of Magdeburg beer with us (a present to the Chief, and exceedingly good), and then champagne. The old gentleman had pressed on even as far as Orleans with his cavalry, like a genuine Prussian Prince, ever bold and true to duty. The battle at Châteaudun had been, he said, a "fearful" one. He praised the Duke of Meiningen warmly, whom no dangers or sacrifices daunted. "May I ask," said the Prince, "how the Countess is?" "Oh, she is quite well, now that her son is better, only she suffers still from her bitter hatred of the Gauls, all and sundry of whom she would like to see shot and stabbed, even the little children, who are not responsible for having such horrible parents." He

then spoke of the state of Count Herbert, whose wound on the shoulder had at first gone on very well, but had then become much worse, so that the physician thought that the ball had been poisoned.

In the evening we talked in the Bureau of sending a number of copies of No. 13 of the *Nouvelliste*, ordered by Abeken, into Paris, "in order that they might have the news of the capitulation of Metz in black and white."

CHAPTER X.

THIERS AND THE FIRST NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE.

ON *October* 30, as I took a walk in the early morning through the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, I met Bennigsen, who was to return home that day with Blankenburg. In reply to my question how far our people there had got with the unity of Germany, he said they had got well on, and that in Bavaria the only point on which there was any difficulty was the separate position of the military people. The feeling of the majority of the public was all that could be wished.

When I got back, perhaps a little after ten, Engel told me that Thiers had been there a little before, but had at once gone away again. We were told afterwards that he came from Tours, and wished only a safe-conduct to enable him to pass through our lines, as he wanted to get into Paris. During breakfast Hatzfeld told us that he had breakfasted with him at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and had afterwards brought him round in the carriage, which was to take him as far as the French outposts under the escort of Lieutenant von Winterfeldt, and that he was "the same clever and amusing man as ever, although as soft as a baby." He had first discovered him among us in the house, and told him that the Chief was just getting up, after which he took him below into the *salon*, and reported his arrival to the Minister, who got ready at once, and came downstairs very soon after. They talked together only a couple of minutes, of course alone. The Chief then summoned Hatzfeld, and gave him directions to make ready what was necessary to

enable Thiers to pay his visit to Paris. He told him afterwards that Thiers had at once said, after they had saluted each other, that he had not come to talk to him. "I think that quite natural," said Hatzfeld; "for though Thiers would like greatly to conclude peace with us, it would then, of course, be M. Thiers' peace, and though he is frightfully anxious to get the credit of it, he does not know what the people in Paris would say."

In the meantime the Chief went with his cousin to the review of nine thousand Landwehr Guards, which the King held this morning. While we were still at breakfast, he came in and brought with him a little round gentleman with smooth-shaven face and black-striped waistcoat, who, as we heard afterwards, was the Saxon Minister von Friesen.

He dined with us; and as Delbrück was present, we had the honour to dine with three Ministers. The Chief spoke first of the Landwehr, who had arrived to-day, and said they were broad-shouldered fellows, and must have made "an impression on the Versaillese. "The front of a company," he added, "is at least five feet broader than a French company, especially in the Pomeranian Landwehr." Turning then to Hatzfeld, he said, "I suppose no mention of Metz was made between Thiers and you?" "No, he said nothing, though no doubt he knew about it." "Certainly he knew, but I did not mention it either." Hatzfeld then said that Thiers had been very charming, but that he had lost none of his old vanity and self-satisfiedness. He had told him, for instance, how he had met a countryman a few days ago, whom he asked whether he wished for peace. "Yes, indeed, badly." Whether he knew who he was?—"No." Well, he was Monsieur Thiers; did he not know about him? The man said "No" to that, too. Then a neighbour came up, and the old countryman asked him who

might M. Thiers be? and was told that he must be 'one of them from the Chamber.' Hatzfeld added that "Thiers was obviously vexed that they knew no more than that about him."

His Excellency Friesen, gave us a good illustration of the reckless haste with which some of the Versailles people took to flight and of the honesty of the German soldiers. He told us that he had found, to-day, in his quarters, where, at least, three or four sets of soldiers had been quartered previously, a commode unlocked, in which he discovered, besides all sorts of women's finery, caps, linen, and ribbons, first one and then another "rouleau" of 50 napoleons each. He wanted to hand over these 2000 francs to the porter, who said however that he would rather that he, Friesen, should take them himself. The money was then sent, I believe, to the office established for the safe-keeping of such treasure-trove.

The Chief went out of the room for an instant and came back with the case in his hand containing the gold pen presented to him by a jeweller at Pforzheim to sign the treaty of peace with. He admired it greatly, especially the feathers. This work of art was about six inches long and set on both sides with small brilliants. After it had gone round the table and been sufficiently admired as it deserved, the Chancellor opened the drawing-room door, saying to Delbrück and Friesen, "I am at your service now, gentlemen." "Well," said Friesen, looking at Delbrück; "I have been discussing the matter with his Excellency in the mean time," and they went into the *salon*. The rest of us spoke of Thiers again, and Hatzfeld said that he would come back in a day or two, and that he had not wished to pass through the gate on the road from Charenton into Paris. "He thinks the fellows there might hang him," said Bohlen; "

should like them to do it." "What for?" we asked ourselves without answering him.

In the afternoon the weather, which had been unsettled, cleared up and there was blue sky to be seen more than once. On one of the wooded heights above La Celle Saint-Cloud there is a good view towards Mont Valérien, the "Baldrian" or "Ballerjan" of our soldiers. When the Minister rode out, Bucher and I settled to drive there. On the road beyond Petit Chesnay we came at different points on *abattis* and loopholes cut through the park walls. On the right of the long stretching stone enclosure wall of the Beauregard estate, a small battery had been established in a high-lying field. Where the road rises a little way further on, there was an alarm post with a park of artillery. An officer here pointed us out our road after the point, at which we pass the outposts beyond La Celle, where we could see the fort, but we missed the right road on the other side of the park of the Palace under the village, getting into the first houses of Bougival on the left, and finding ourselves again, half an hour after, at the artillery park. A second attempt to get to the place met no better success, as we lost our way that time to the right. We drove through the village of La Celle; got into a thicket with cross-roads through it, and unfortunately took the wrong turning. Nobody at the outposts where we now found ourselves could advise us, so we drove on at a venture, past a second alarm-post, and down into a little wooded valley which opens out after passing Malmaison. The fort was nowhere to be seen. The wood was all round us; everything was quiet, and the sun was beginning to set. At length, on the road in the bottom of the valley, which was broken up here and there with barricades, we met three officers, who requested us to go back, as a shell might reach us from the gunboats in the Seine, on

which account it was not allowed for any one to show him self here in any kind of conveyance. They pointed out the way to Vaucresson, which we reached by a road dreadfully cut to pieces, and from which we got home by Glatigny, through a fine beech wood. We had never set eyes on the fort, but we had seen part of the battle-field of October 21.

At dinner-time the Chief again discussed fully the possibility of the German Reichstag sitting in Versailles, and the French Corps Législatif at the same time in Cassel. Delbrück remarked that the Hall of the Estates there was scarcely large enough for so numerous an assembly. "Well," said the Chancellor, "the Senate might sit somewhere else then—at Marburg, or Fritzlar, or some such place."

Monday, October 31.—I wrote several articles in the morning, one of them in approval of the idea of establishing an International Court to sit upon the crimes of those who had urged on the war against us; and a hue-and-cry after M. Hermieux, a French commander of battalion, who, like Ducrot, has broken his word of honour by making his escape from a hospital, and is now being pursued by warrant of caption. About twelve o'clock Gauthier appeared again, and had a long talk with the Chief. At breakfast we learned that on the day before the village of Le Bourget, on the east of Paris, which fell into the hands of the French on the 28th, had been recovered by storm. It must have been a severe struggle. We made over a thousand "red-breeches" prisoners, but we lost some three hundred men killed and wounded, thirty of whom were officers. Count Waldersee's brother is said to have fallen. We then spoke of Thiers; and Hatzfeld and Delbrück wagered with Keudell and Bismarck-Bohlen that he would be back in Versailles before twelve o'clock to-morrow night. Both the others believed that the French authorities would not let him out.

Hatzfeld won his wager. He was able to report at tea that the old gentleman had arrived, and that he himself had spoken with him. He had told him that he had been discussing matters with the gentlemen of the Provisional Government, from ten last night till three this morning ; that he had got up at six, and spent his time till two this afternoon in paying all sorts of visits, after which he had driven back here. He wanted a conference with the Chancellor of the Confederation to-morrow morning. "He was beginning to mention," said Hatzfeld, "that there had been disturbances in Paris yesterday, but an incautiously emphatic 'indeed?' which escaped me, made him break off."

A few days after we heard about these disturbances. On the 30th the authorities in Paris had declared the report of the surrender of Metz to be false, but had admitted it to be true the day after. They had further announced that the neutral powers had proposed an armistice, and the public naturally connected the arrival of Thiers with this statement. All these things had made bad blood in the city, and when the news of our recapture of Le Bourget came in, and the government organs laboured to show that this position, which had cost the Parisians so dear, was not vital for our defence---there was more of it. The Radical leaders took advantage of this feeling. About midday on the 31st, an armed crowd collected in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and about two o'clock the rioters forced an entrance into the building, when they demanded the resignation of the Government and the proclamation of the Commune. The Government were saved by battalions of National Guards, who remained true to them ; but it was only after a struggle of ten or twelve hours' duration.

Let us return to the 31st October and Versailles. I was instructed that night to get the order to Vögel von Falken-

stein, which appeared in the *Staats Anzeiger* on the 27th, reproduced by our other journals. I was also to commence a collection of newspaper statements of the ill-treatment of the German prisoners by the French. Finally, I began a second article on the interference of Beust in our struggle with France, which, however, was not used, as the circumstances changed before it was ready for publication. But I give the article as indicating the position of affairs at the time. It said :

“ In a struggle between two powers, when the one has been proved manifestly the weaker, and is at the very point of succumbing, it certainly rather argues consideration for the weaker party than an equal friendliness for both, and it must be regarded as a distinct interference in favour of it when a Third power, which has hitherto remained neutral, urges an armistice. An armistice is, of course, for the advantage of the power which is on the point of being defeated, and for the disadvantage of that which has got the upper hand. If the third power goes farther, and tries to induce other neutrals to support its proposals and give weight to its advice by their adhesion, it is stepping more and more completely out of its neutral attitude. Its partisan advice becomes partisan interference ; its action becomes conspiracy ; its conduct is something very like a threat and a violence.

“ Austro-Hungary is manifestly in this position, if, as the officious newspapers in Vienna report, it has been the mover in the attempts of the neutrals at the mediation of an armistice between France, which is at the point of succumbing, and victorious Germany. The attitude of Count Beust becomes even more dangerously significant when we know that it was instigated by M. Chaudordy, Favre's deputy at Tours, and that it originated in a previous understanding between the Cabinet of Vienna and the Delegation of the Provisional Government. This action of Austro-Hungarian

diplomacy reveals itself in its true light still more clearly as a hostile interference in our settlement with France, when we know the language in which its representative in Berlin supported the representations of England. The British Foreign Office took pains to preserve a thoroughly objective attitude friendly to Germany. Italy did the same. Russia has hitherto abstained from any kind of intervention. All the three powers worked together earnestly at Tours to obtain an indulgent but unprejudiced consideration of the facts. But the despatch which M. von Wimpffen read over in Berlin—we know nothing about the advice given by Austro-Hungary at Tours—is expressed in a way which is not at all friendly. It accentuates the fact that in Vienna they still believe in general European interests. It fears that History will condemn the neutrals, if, in face of the impending catastrophe at Paris, they offer no remonstrance. It permits itself what is manifestly a bitter and invidious taunt when it says that Humanity requires that the conditions of peace should be made easier to the vanquished, but that Germany wishes to allow no measure of the rights of the conquered except the power of the conqueror. A tone of irony runs through the whole despatch which contrasts very unfavourably with that of the English document.

“It is as clear therefore that there is hostility in the attitude of Count Beust as that there is none in that of Lord Granville. Has the Chancellor of the Empire at Vienna maturely considered the possible consequences of this new game of chess? Is it likely, after the fall of Metz, that we shall tolerate a successful attempt by the Vienna people to prevent Germany from completely securing the peace we need for the future protection of our frontier towards the West? If we did we should certainly keep a note of such an interference and obstruction. The good impression which the neutrality of

Austro-Hungary, so far, has made on public opinion in Germany would be wiped out. The friendly advances we were ready to make to the Dual Empire on the Danube will be interrupted, in all probability, for a long time. In the other event, and assuming that the interference of Count Beust really deprives us of some part of what we are entitled to demand from France—if we are actually compelled to remit a portion both of the old and the new debts, which at present we mean to make her pay—does the Imperial Chancellor fancy that it would not some time occur to us to force our unfriendly neighbour in the South-East to make it up on the first opportunity? Does he think us stupid enough to put off our reckoning with a neighbour who is always manifesting himself as our enemy, till, in recompense for the vital service that is now to be done, his French *protégé* has so far recovered strength as to be a valuable ally to him against Germany?"

Tuesday, November 1.—In the early morning twilight there was tolerably active firing again from the heavy guns. About eleven, Deputy Bamberger paid me his visit. He had taken two whole days in travelling from Nanteuil to Versailles. At breakfast we talked of the battle of Le Bourget, and somebody said that the French had behaved treacherously, making as if they wanted to surrender, and when our officers came up unsuspectingly, shooting them down. Somebody spoke of over 1200 prisoners we had taken, and it was mentioned that some of them were *Francs-tireurs*; the Chief said "Prisoners! That they should ever take *Francs-tireurs* prisoners! They ought to have shot them down by files."

At dinner, besides Delbrück, there was a Count Oriola in a red Companion of St. John uniform, with a great black beard and strongly-marked oriental features. This afternoon he had been with Bucher at the aqueduct of Marly, when

they had an admirable view in the evening light of the fort which we recently attacked unsuccessfully, and of a section of Paris. The princely personages of the Hôtel des Réservoirs, the Dukes of Weimar, Coburg and so on, had also been there. Some one mentioned Friesen's treasure-trove, and the order of the War Minister or of the commandant of the town that all articles of value found in houses abandoned by their inhabitants were to be publicly advertised, and after a certain time, if not claimed by their owners, to be confiscated for the benefit of the military chest. The Minister thought this quite right, "For," he added, "properly, such houses would be burned down, but that would be an injury to the rational people who have stayed at home, so that unfortunately it does not suit." He told us that Count Bray intended to pay him his intended visit this evening. After a while he mentioned that Thiers had been with him about midday for more than three hours to negotiate an armistice, but that they could not agree on the conditions. During the conversation Thiers had begun once to speak of the amount of provisions still left in Paris. He had interrupted him there, saying, "'Pardon me, but we know better about that than you do. You have been only a day in the city. They have provisions till the end of January.' What a look of astonishment! I had only been feeling his pulse, but his amazement betrayed that there was not so much."

At dessert he spoke of the amount he had eaten. "To-day a beefsteak and a half, and two slices of pheasant. It is a good deal, but not too much, as it is my only meal. I breakfast, certainly; but only on a cup of tea without milk, and a couple of eggs; after that nothing till the evening. If I eat too much then, I am like the boa constrictor, but I can't sleep." "Even as a child, and always since then, I have

gone late to bed, seldom before midnight. Then I usually fall over quickly, but I waken up soon after to discover that it is hardly more than one or half-past, and all sorts of things come into my brain, especially if any injustice has been done me. I have to turn them all over. I then write letters and despatches, naturally without getting up, in my head. Formerly, shortly after I was first made Minister, I used to get up and write them down. When I read them over in the morning, they were worthless, mere platitudes, trivial confused stuff, as you might find in the *Vossische*. I don't want to do this, and would much rather sleep. But thinking and speculating keep going on in my brain. When the first grey dawn begins to shine on my bed, I fall over again, and sleep straight on till ten o'clock and sometimes later."

During the night the French artillery were again very active; they made a great disturbance, their discharges following hard upon each other, especially about the spirits' hour of midnight. These nocturnal disturbers of the peace were probably Mont Valérien and the gunboats on the Seine.

Wednesday, November 2.—Engel tells me that the Chief got up during the furious cannonade last night, which, however, is nothing unusual with him. In the morning, before nine, I take a run out through Montreuil on the Sèvres road as far as the railway viaduct with the five arches which crosses it at Viroflay. While I was out, the Minister, who was still in bed, had wanted me. When I got home, about ten, Bronsart, an officer of the general staff, was with him to take him back to the King. After he returned he told me to telegraph to Berlin and London that Thiers had spent three hours with him yesterday, that what was discussed in the course of the conversation had been considered at a military council

at which his Majesty had been present, this morning, and that Thiers was to come back to him this afternoon.

About two o'clock I saw him below in the entrance hall. He is below the middle height, with grey hair and no beard, an intelligent face which suggests sometimes a merchant and sometimes a professor. As he was likely to remain a good while, and there was nothing for me to do, I repeated my morning's excursion, and passed through the villages of Montreuil, Viroflay and Chaville, the two last forming one continuous street about three miles long. I came immediately after Chaville to Sèvres. I wanted to go through the great battery or fortification on the right, and across the town, but the sentry at a place where the roads divided would not let me. No officer even, he says, is allowed farther without special permit from the general. I chatted a bit with the soldiers before the canteen. They had been under fire at Wörth and Sedan. In one of these battles one of them had his cartridge-pouch exploded by an enemy's shot, and the contents splattered over his face. Another told me how they had recently surprised French soldiers in houses, and that he had given no quarter. I hope they were *Francs-tireurs*. In the villages along the road there were numerous public-houses. Most of the inhabitants have stayed at home ; they appear, almost all of them, to be poor people. Very little was to be seen of the wreck which is said to have overtaken the French sugar places in Sèvres, and the ruined porcelain manufactory must be a mere fable. The soldiers say, that not more than ten shells can have fallen there, and they only seem to have knocked a couple of stones out of the wall and smashed a few doors and windows.

When I returned, about half-past four, to the Rue de Provence, I learned that Thiers stayed with the Chief till a

few minutes before my return, and that he looked tolerably contented when he went away. The Chief went out for a turn by himself in the garden. From four o'clock onwards there was more heavy firing.

To-day's dinner was graced by a great trout pasty, the love-gift of a Berlin restaurant-keeper, who sent the Chancellor of the Confederation a cask of Vienna March beer along with it, and—his own photograph! During dinner the Minister talked about his visitor, and said, "He is an able and likeable man, witty and ingenious, but with hardly a trace of diplomatic quality—too sentimental for business. Beyond question he is a superior kind of man to Favre; but he is not fit to make a bargain about an armistice—hardly fit, indeed, to buy or sell a horse. He is too easily put out of countenance; he betrays his feelings; he lets himself be pumped. I got all sorts of things out of him; for instance, that they have only three or four weeks' provisions left inside." The Berlin pasty reminded him of the quantities of trout in the Varzin waters; and he told us how, some time before, he had caught in a pond, supplied only by a few little springs, a five-pound trout, so long (showing us with his hands): and all the gamekeepers of the neighbourhood said that they could not explain how it got there in a natural way.

In connection with the attitude we shall have to assume about the elections which must be held in France, I take occasion, in the newspapers, to remind people of the following precedent, which may decide the matter for us, and to which we may ask the attention of those people who consider the exclusion of Elsass-Lothringen from the voting something unprecedented. An American tells us that in the last war between the United States and Mexico an armistice was concluded, with the view of allowing the Mexicans to

elect a new Government, which might make peace with the United States ; and it was stipulated that those provinces which the States wanted given up to them should not take part in the election. This is the only precedent absolutely on all fours with ours, but it certainly appears to be so.

Thursday, November 3.—Fine clear weather in the morning. From seven o'clock onwards, the iron lions on Mont Valérien again growl furiously down into the surrounding wooded valleys. I make extracts for the King from the *Morning Post* of the 28th and 29th. There are two articles on the Empress Eugénie, which must have been inspired by Persigny or Prince Napoleon. The assertion they make, that in our negotiations with her commissioners, only Strassburg and a narrow strip of land in the district of the Saar, with perhaps a quarter of a million inhabitants, were claimed by us, rests, the Chief tells me, on a misunderstanding. I am told to telegraph that, after the Council of yesterday, the Chancellor offered M. Thiers an armistice for twenty-five days on the basis of the military *status quo*.

Thiers came back about twelve and stayed with the Chief till half-past two. The French demands are exorbitant. We learn at breakfast that besides twenty-eight days' armistice, to allow of the elections, of their verification, and of the settlement by the National Assembly, the Provisional Government asks nothing less than the right to re-provision Paris and all the other fortresses at present in their possession and besieged by us, and it requires freedom of election in the eastern Departments to which we lay claim as our future possessions. Re-provisioning and military *status quo* differ a good deal from each other, according to ordinary reasoning.

When Thiers was fairly closeted with the Chancellor, I took a walk with Willissh and Wiehr to the aqueduct at

Marly, on the platform of which Delbrück and Abeken soon after turned up also. In the foreground below us lay the houses of Louveciennes, scattered amid their clumps of trees; further on, among woods and parks, the villages of La Celle and Bougival, and the light blue riband of the Seine, with a long line of white hamlets on its banks. Beyond it, on the left, rose Fort Mont Valérien, on a height with very few trees about it, its windows glowing in the afternoon sun; and still further westward the eye made out the western quarters of Paris, with the dome of the Invalides. To the left the Seine flowed away round its islands, past the buttresses of the bridges that had been blown up. On the same side, perhaps three miles away from our position, we saw the town and castle of Saint-Germain, and behind us appeared the Château of Versailles—which seems higher here than when one is close to it—and a number of villages and estates. Through the telescopes of the soldiers, who observe here and telegraph their observations to Versailles, we could clearly make out a crowd of people, apparently gathering potatoes in the fields below the fort, and we could see a division of French soldiers, with glittering bayonets, marching past a white house not far from the walls.

About four o'clock we were again in Versailles, where we heard that Thiers had this time gone away with a less cheerful look on his face. Somebody mentioned that Bölsing, who had been for some time ill and out of spirits, had asked the Chief for leave to return to Berlin, and that Wollmann was to succeed him. When I was summoned to the Chief, I was told to telegraph to London that in future they need not telegraph him proclamations like Gambetta's of the first of this month, as it was not his interest to be informed of it any sooner than necessary.

At dinner we talked of the Berlin elections, and Delbrück

thought they would turn out better than usual, and that Jacoby, at all events, would not be re-elected. Count Bismarck-Bohlen said he took a different view, and expected little improvement. The Chancellor said, "The Berlin people must always be in opposition, and have their independent opinion. They have their virtues—numerous and highly respectable ones. They think things over; but they would feel themselves very common persons if they could not know everything better than the Government." That, however, he went on to say, was a failing not peculiar to them. All large towns had something of it, and many were much worse than Berlin. They were certainly less practical than the country districts, which had more to do with life, and more direct contact with nature, and which in this way had a more correct judgment of what was really possible, better corresponding to the facts as they developed themselves.

"When so many people live close together," he said, "individualities naturally fade out and melt into each other. All sorts of opinions grow out of the air, from hearsays, and talk behind people's backs; opinions with little or no foundation in fact, but which get spread abroad through newspapers, popular gatherings, and talk in beer-shops, and get themselves established and are ineradicable. There is a second, false nature, an overgrowth on the first, a sort of faith or superstition of crowds. People talk themselves into believing the thing that is not; consider it a duty and obligation to adhere to their belief, and excite themselves about prejudices and absurdities." "It is the same in all big towns. In London, for instance, the Cockneys are a quite different race from the rest of Englishmen. It is the same in Copenhagen; in New York, and, above all, in Paris. With their political superstitions they are a very peculiar people in France; narrow and limited in their views, which

seem to them to come from some sacred source, but which when looked at closely are mere shifty phrases." How admirably this characterises what our popular democrats and fashionable poets delight to call the "Soul of the People."

The Minister told us little about Thiers, except that shortly after the commencement of their conversation to-day he had suddenly asked him the question whether he was yet provided with the necessary full powers for carrying on the negotiations. "He looked quite amazed at me, and I told him that our outposts had reported to us, that after he set out there had been a Revolution in Paris, and that a new Government had been summoned into power. He was manifestly startled, and I inferred that he considered a victory of the Reds possible, and that Favre and Trochu had no very secure footing."

L., who now regularly gets narratives and hints for the *Moniteur*, was told to reproduce there a judgment of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, on the capitulation of Metz, but said he would rather not, as Bazaine was a "traitor." On my talking to him he declared himself ready to do it, but he must resign the editorship, as he "could not give the lie to his own convictions." Really?

Thiers was again with the Chief from nine till after ten.

Friday, November 4.—In the morning the weather was wonderfully fine and clear. At the request of the Minister I answered the mis-statements of an article which appeared in the *Daily News* about his conversation with Napoleon at Donchery. He had spent three-quarters of an hour at the very least inside the weaver's house, in the room above, and was only a very short time outside talking with the Emperor in the open air, as he told the King in his official report. In his conversation with Napoleon he never struck the fore-

finger of his left hand into the palm of his right hand, as that was not a trick of his. He did not speak German with the Emperor, "though I have at other times, but not then. I talked German," he said, "with the people of the house, as the husband knew a little of it, and the wife knew it pretty well."

Thiers is again in conference with the Minister from eleven o'clock. Yesterday he sent his companion, a M. Cochery, into Paris, to learn whether the Government of September 4 was still in existence; and the answer given, as we learned at breakfast, was Yes. After Blanqui with his Reds had got possession of the Hôtel de Ville, and kept some of the members of the ministry prisoners there for several hours, Picard relieved the gentlemen—Abeken says with 106 battalions, probably with the 106th battalion—and the Government was re-established.

I was wakened up early with the news that a balloon, coming from the north, was passing over the town. As the wind was favourable, a second followed in the afternoon. The first was white, the second was painted the colours of the French Tricolor. Bamberger was with us at dinner. The Chief said, "I notice that the papers are blaming me for putting off the Bombardment; I am said to wish nothing serious to be done before Paris, and I won't allow firing into the town. Rubbish! They will some day complain of me as to blame for our losses during the investment, which have certainly not been small. We have lost here in little skirmishes more soldiers probably than we should have done had we stormed the place. That is what I wanted, and what I want now." We talked then of what officers of the general staff had previously said, that in thirty-six hours or so they could silence the two or three forts which would be the first objects of attack. Afterwards we spoke again

about summoning the Reichstag here, and the Chief remarked that perhaps the Customs Parliament would follow it. Among other things of interest mentioned in the course of dinner, Bohlen told us that an official in Versailles—I think he said an attorney-general—had been surprised in a correspondence by letter with Paris. How he managed it is not known; possibly through some secret outlet of the sewers, which are said to run under the Seine as far as here and then across the river to the bank on this side.

L. tells us in the evening that Bamberg, who was Prussian Consul in Paris up to the beginning of the war has been appointed to take over the editorship of the *Moniteur*, and he describes the gentleman to me. About nine o'clock we are told in the Bureau that Thiers is outside again in the ante-room. I see him once more before he goes in to the Chief in the drawing-room, where he stays till after eleven. It is supposed that he will return to Paris to-morrow morning. During the interview a telegram comes which says that Beust gives in, and that he has said something like this, that if Russia hesitates about the demands which Prussia is to make on France, Austria will do the same, but not otherwise. It is sent in at once to the Chief in the drawing-room.

At tea, Bismarck-Bohlen entertained us with an anecdote from the outposts. A few days ago a man came to one of the commanding officers here, and went with him into a house, from which he emerged immediately after in the dress of a Frenchman, making his way through the hedges, and at last running clean away. The sentries fired on him, but he managed to get safe to the bridge of Sèvres, off which he jumped into the river, and by swimming and wading got to the other side, where he was heartily welcomed by the French as a brave friend of his country. "He is said to

be one of our best spies," said the narrator of this anecdote in conclusion.*

Saturday, November 5.—In the morning, broken weather and a low-toned grey sky, but in a few hours afterwards it cleared up. We hear that the officers of the Papal Zouaves in Rome, who have now nothing more to do, are coming back to France through Switzerland, to fight under Charette against the Germans—against the enemy of the Ultramontane camp, but not for the Republic—a fact which I shall make known through their newspapers.

About One o'clock there was a short conference between the Chancellor and Delbrück and the other German Ministers, in which we were told at dinner that our Chief gave the gentlemen an account of his negotiations with Thiers, and also spoke of the arrival of the German sovereigns who are not yet represented here. At four in the afternoon Keudell left for Berlin. All day long firing was going on, but it was not so violent as during the last few days.

At dinner we had none of their Excellencies at first but Delbrück. Afterwards the Chancellor came in; he had previously dined with the King. He asked Engel to pour him out a glass of corn-brandy, and then told us of an amusing saying: Not long ago—if I am not mistaken it was in Ferrières—a general, talking of drinks, had laid down the principle, "Red wine for children, champagne for men, Schnaps for generals." He then complained, as he has often done, that certain eminent personages worry him with all sorts of questions, and make all kinds of claims.

* This anecdote has a suspicious resemblance to another which was given afterwards by the French papers in which, however, not the French but our people are represented to have been deceived. The hero of the anecdote in that account was called Bonnet, and was a forester.

Just then a telegraphic despatch was handed to him which declared that Favre and the other ministers in Paris had got on their high horse again and proclaimed that there could be no question at present of any territorial compensation, that the only duty of Frenchmen was the defence of their country. The Chief said, "Well, that gets us rid of any more negotiations with Thiers." "Yes," said Delbrück; "with such obstinate imbecility there will naturally be no farther talk about that." After a little the Minister said to Abeken, that Prince Adalbert meant to write to the Emperor (of Russia?) and proposed to address him as "my cousin," which was not right. Taglioni asked whether the Emperor had first called him so. "Even then he ought not to address him so," said the Chief. "He should call him, perhaps, 'my uncle.'" Many German princes, even those who are not related to him, address the Emperor as "my uncle." Finally he ordered an inquiry to be despatched by telegram to Berlin about the usual form of address.

Somebody mentioned that excellent wine had been discovered in the Château Beauregard, and that it had been confiscated for the troops. Bucher remarked that this charming estate of the Emperor's had been laid out for Miss Howard. Somebody else said, Yes, but it now belongs to a Duchess or Countess Bauffremont. "That reminds me of Thiers," said the Minister. "He probably means still to write something in history. He protracted our negotiation, perpetually dragging in all sorts of extraneous matter. He told me what he had done or advised on such-and-such an occasion, asked me the real situation of so-and-so, and wanted to know what would have been my course in such-and-such circumstances. He reminded me, for instance, of a conversation I had had with the Duc de Bauffremont in

the year 1867. I had then said that the Emperor had not understood his game in 1866, that he might have got some advantage for himself, though not in German territory," &c. "That was substantially correct. I remember it; it was in the gardens of the Tuileries, and a military band was playing at the moment." In 1866 Napoleon had not the courage to take what in his position he would have been entitled to do. He might have—at that time he should have—laid hold of what was the subject matter of the Benedetti proposal, and held it provisionally as a material guarantee for what might happen. We could not then have prevented him, and it was not likely that England would have attacked him—at all events he could have awaited the issue. When we had conquered, he should have set himself back to back with us, and encouraged us to proceed to excesses. But" (turning to Delbrück) bending a little forward, and then pulling himself straight again, as his habit is on such occasions, "he is, as he continues to be, a Tiefenbacher (a respectable Philistine—*Schiller's Wallenstein*.)"

He then discussed —, who belonged, he said, to a very old family, with large estates, in Burgundy, a *roué*, a first-rate *cancan* dancer, at home in the dancing saloons of the Parisian *grisettes* and *cocottes*, an intelligent, dissolute fellow. After he had run through his own property, he had married a rich wife, and begun to waste her money too, till a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* put a stop to it.

We hear that Keudell wants to be a deputy—if I understand rightly he means to come forward as a candidate in the district of Nieder Barnim. After a conversation with Trochu and Ducrot on the bridge of Sèvres, Thiers came back and had a conference with the Chief, lasting from half-past eight till after half-past nine. At tea it was said that Ducrot and Favre considered our conditions of armistice inadmis-

sible, but that the opinion of their colleagues was to be taken, and that Thiers would bring back the final answer of the Ministry to-morrow morning.

I interrupt the narrative of my diary to insert here a few matters which may throw light on what was said above about Napoleon and Belgium in 1866.

That France at that time wanted to acquire Belgium, although in a way requiring less resolution than that indicated above, is well known. An unanswerable proof of the fact was the draft of a treaty on the subject which Benedetti handed to the Chancellor of the Confederation, which was published by the Foreign Office shortly before the outbreak of the war. In his book *Ma Mission en Prusse* Benedetti attempted to disavow it. He says there, p. 197 :

“It will be remembered that on August 5, 1866, I laid before M. de Bismarck the draft of a treaty with reference to the Maine and the left bank of the upper Rhine, and I need not say that M. Rouher refers to this communication in the second paragraph of his letter on the 6th. But it also proves, and this is what it is important to establish against the assertions of M. de Bismarck, that nobody in Paris dreamt of making Belgium pay for the concessions which were indispensable to France, and to use the very words of the Prussian ambassador, ‘were due to her.’”

Count Benedetti was ignorant when he wrote this that during the war certain secret papers had fallen into the hands of the German troops, which contradicted him. But the Foreign Office did not hesitate to use this defensive weapon against him. On October 20, 1871, it answered his disavowal pretty much as follows :

“He (Benedetti) attempts here, and in the following statements, to mix up two distinct phases of the protracted

negotiations which the Prussian Minister President conducted with him during several years. He confounds the demand for a cession of German territory including Mainz, which he addressed to the Minister President on the 5th and 7th of August, 1866, with the later demand for Belgium, and attempts to make the papers found in the Tuileries, and already published, relate solely to the former, though that incident was really closed by the letter he gives on page 181 of his book, addressed by the Emperor to the Marquis de la Valette. But the difference in his understanding of the two phases is clearly established by his own report, now in the hands of the Foreign Office. He wrote a report on the Maine episode, on August 5, 1866, the first part of which runs thus :—

“ ‘M. LE MINISTRE,—

“ ‘On my arrival I found your telegraphic dispatch awaiting me, in which you communicate the text of the secret agreement, which you instruct me to present for the acceptance of the Prussian Government. Your Excellency may rest assured that I shall spare no effort to secure that all of these instructions are favourably received, however vehement may be the resistance which I am sure to meet. Convinced that the Emperor’s government is acting with moderation in confining itself, in view of the future aggrandisements demanded by Prussia, to the stipulations for its own security mentioned in your draft, I should be most unwilling to admit any modifications in it, even to the extent of reporting them to you for your consideration. My opinion is that in this negotiation firmness is the best, I might almost add, the only argument, which I can properly use. I shall show my settled resolution to reject every inadmissible proposal, and I shall do my best to point out that if Prussia

denies us the pledges, which the extension of her territories forces us to demand of her, she will be chargeable with refusing to recognise what justice and prudent foresight require—a task which appears to me easy. Meanwhile, I must also be prudent, and considering the kind of man the Minister President is, I think it best not to be present the first moment when he discovers for certain that we demand the bank of the Rhine up to and including Mainz. With this view, I have this morning sent him a copy of your draft, and written a private letter to accompany it, of which I enclose a copy. I shall try to see him to-morrow morning, and I shall inform you of the disposition in which I find him.’”

This letter was followed by a conversation to which Benedetti briefly refers in his letter, but in such a way as to avoid as far as possible coming forward himself as the narrator ; otherwise he could not have helped giving some indication of the fact that he himself approved of the demand made by his Minister, and cordially supported it. He replied to the Minister President's observation that this demand meant War and that he would do well to go off at once to Paris to prevent the War, that he would go to Paris, but that it was impossible for him on his own personal conviction, to recommend the Emperor not to persist in his demand, as he himself believed that the Dynasty would be in danger if public opinion in France were not satisfied by some such concession on the part of Germany. The last expression of the views of the Minister President, which Benedetti took with him on his road back to Paris, was something in this fashion.

“Point out to his Majesty the Emperor that in certain circumstances such a war might have to be fought with Revolutionary weapons, and that in presence of Revolutionary

dangers, the German Dynasties are confident that they would prove themselves more solidly established than that of the Emperor Napoleon."

These communications were followed by a letter of withdrawal from the Emperor on the 12th, with which the curtain dropped on the demand for concessions of German territory. Four days afterwards the second act of the drama opens, involving Belgium. In a letter dated August 16th, brought to Count Benedetti from Paris by a certain M. Chauvy, which contained "le résumé le plus succinct et le plus précis possible" ("the briefest and clearest possible summary") of his instructions, it is said :

" 1. The negotiation must be of a friendly nature.

" 2. It must be essentially confidential (and the persons are expressly named to whom the knowledge of it is to be confined).

" 3. According to your prospects of success, your demands will pass through three successive stages. You must, in the First place, point out the essential connection between the questions of the boundaries of 1814 and the annexation of Belgium; you must require the cession of Landau, Saar-Louis, and Saarbrücken, and of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, in a public treaty, and demand that Prussia shall make a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, one article of which shall authorise us ultimately to incorporate Belgium. Secondly, if it appears to you impossible to secure these bases, you must give up Saar-Louis and Saarbrücken, and even Landau, that wretched old barracks (*vieille bicoque*) which German sentiment is attempting to set up against us, and confine your public treaty to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, and your private treaty to the incorporation of Belgium with France. Thirdly, if the complete and immediate incorporation of Belgium with France raises too

serious difficulties, you must accept an article in which, in order to soothe away the opposition of England, you are to consent to make Antwerp a free town. But you must in no event allow the transference of Antwerp to Holland, or that of Maestricht to Prussia. Should M. de Bismarck ask what advantages such an arrangement offers him, your answer will be simple; he acquires for himself an important ally, he secures all his recent acquisitions, he consents only to the taking away of what does not belong to him—in return for the advantages which he wishes, he is not asked to make any important sacrifice. To sum up: an ostensible treaty which concedes at least Luxemburg to us; a secret agreement for an offensive and defensive alliance, permitting us to incorporate Belgium, in which it must be recognised as essential that Prussia shall expressly promise to stand by us, even to the extent of armed support—these are the bases of the treaty which you are never to lose out of sight.”

Benedetti replied to this instruction from Paris on August 23 in a letter which is all in his own handwriting, in which he submitted the sketch of the Treaty which he was charged to negotiate. This sketch is also in his own writing. It is now in the possession of the Foreign Office in Berlin, with the autograph side-notes of the emendations made in Paris. After these alterations it agrees entirely with the copy which Benedetti laid before the Minister-President, and which he published in the summer of 1870.

Benedetti's letter of August 23 begins as follows:

“I have received your letter, and I conform myself to the best of my abilities to the views it expresses. I send you my draft in this inclosure. I need not tell you why Landau and Saarbrücken are not mentioned in it, for I am convinced that if we ventured to include them we should encounter

insuperable difficulties, so that I have confined myself to Luxemburg and Belgium."

In another passage he says :

"As a matter of course it is a first draft that I am sending you, and we shall modify it if necessary."

The letter goes on in another place :

"You will notice that instead of drafting two agreements I have only sent you one. When I came to write it out I was compelled to recognise that it would have been difficult to express stipulations which could be published about Luxemburg. I might perhaps make the proposal to give Article IV., the one referring to Belgium, the form and character of an article in a Secret Appendix, by putting it at the end. Do you not think, however, that Article V. ought to be as little known as the contracting parties to it?"

A draft of the answer to this letter of Count Benedetti's lies in the Foreign Office, also written on official paper. It is obvious from it that Benedetti's draft was approved in Paris, but that it was thought necessary to take a little longer time to turn the matter over. It discusses the case of the King of the Netherlands requiring some compensation for Luxemburg from the territory of Prussia. The pecuniary sacrifices which the treaty may require are weighed. The view is put forward that the right of occupying the Federal fortresses according to the former Federal Constitution was extinguished, and that their maintenance in Southern Germany was no longer reconcileable with the independence of the states there. They give up Landau and Saar-Louis, but they point out that it would be "an act of courtesy" if Prussia were, by razing the works in these two fortresses, to take away their aggressive character. It is pointed out at the same time that people in Paris regard the Unification of Germany as an inevitable eventuality which must

come to pass pretty soon. Article IV. must not, however, be made absolutely dependent on Article III. It was obvious that the extension of the Supremacy of Prussia beyond the Maine would be to France a natural, almost a compelling reason for making herself mistress of Belgium. But other opportunities might arise—the exclusive right to judge of them must be claimed for her—perfectly clear and accurate expressions in the draft would preserve for France a liberty in this respect which might be very valuable.

It is repeatedly stated, clearly and precisely, that the acquisition of Luxemburg is the immediate, and that of Belgium the ultimate object of the agreement to be made with Prussia, but that this and the Offensive and Defensive alliance are both to be kept secret. The paper goes on to say :

“This combination puts everything right ; it relieves the strain of public feeling in France by giving it an immediate satisfaction, and by directing the public mind to Belgium, as this action naturally does. It preserves the necessary secrecy, both in respect to the project of alliance and the proposed annexations. Should they be of opinion that even the giving up of Luxemburg ought to remain a secret till the moment when we lay our hands on Belgium, you must combat this view by observations in detail. To put off the exchange of territory for a longer or shorter period of indefiniteness might involve a momentous acceleration of the Belgian question.”

At the end of the letter Benedetti is empowered, if he thinks it necessary, to go to Karlsbad for some time. Count Benedetti answered this letter on August 29th. It is at this time that he first expresses his doubt whether they could reckon on Prussia's sincerity in the transaction. He remarks

that Count Bismarck had signified to him some doubt whether the Emperor Napoleon might not make use of such negotiations to produce ill-feeling against Germany in England. He remarks upon that, "What sort of reliance can we have on our side on people accessible to such calculations?" He mentions General Manteuffel's mission to St. Petersburg, and is afraid that "Prussia may have been looking out elsewhere for strengthening alliances, which may enable her not to face the necessity of reckoning with France. Prussia requires—as M. de Bismarck asserts that the King once said—an alliance with one of the great Powers. If they show themselves disinclined to France, it is because they have another already quite or very nearly ready." In order to wait for light on the subject, Benedetti thinks the moment opportune for him to go off for a fortnight to Karlsbad, where he will hold himself in readiness to return to Berlin on the receipt of any telegram whatever from Count Bismarck. During his absence, however, the Minister President also left Berlin, and did not return till December.

The secret negotiations accordingly remained in abeyance for several months. They were re-opened later, on various occasions, always by Benedetti. In his book he says (p. 185), that it is a mistake for M. de Bismarck to displace the negotiations about Belgium in the year 1866, and to put them in 1867; but the fact is merely this, that the French ambassador reopened the negotiations interrupted in the previous year, and the representatives of Prussia took part in them only with the view to put off an attack from France, confining them, however, to Belgium alone after the failure of his attempt on Luxemburg. The attitude of France at the time of the dispute about the Belgian railways, taken along with what has been said, makes it seem not incredible that even at that time she had not given up the hope of

procuring the consent of North Germany to her favourite project.

* * * * *

We return to 1870, and to extracts from the chronicle of our life in Versailles :

Sunday, November 6.—We learn in the morning that one of the air-balloons which recently escaped, after crossing the town, has fallen into the hands of our hussars at Chartres. The soldiers had hit it, so that it came down. The two aeronauts who were sitting in the car were made prisoners, and the letters and papers, which were confiscated, are to be sent on here for our perusal.

I am informed that Bucher was summoned here by the Chief especially to work out the German question ; but he has very little to do, as Delbrück has taken a great deal of this branch of the business to himself.

About three o'clock Thiers comes back, and I seize the opportunity to take a run to see the officers of the 46th regiment, now quartered in Grand Chesnay. The gentlemen were very merry, full of all sorts of tricks and jests, though the alarm signal might at any moment summon them to battle. When I came back I learned that Thiers had spent only half an hour in negotiation with the Chancellor, and had gone away, not to return, with a downcast look.

At dinner we had Count Lehndorff and a hussar officer, called, if I heard rightly, Count Schröter. The Chief told us that Johanna (his wife) had written him, and read out a passage of her letter in which she said something like this : "I am afraid that there may be no Bibles in France, so I shall send thee the Psalm-book by the first opportunity, so that thou mayest read the prophecy in it against the French, 'I say unto thee that the wicked shall

be rooted out.'” Also Count Herbert, who is well again, has written a despairing letter to his papa, because he has been appointed to a depot squadron. He complains,” says the Minister, “that he has now had nothing out of the whole war except that he rode with the army for a fortnight, and then spent three months on his back. I wanted to see whether anything could be done, and to-day I met the War Minister. But he advised me, with tears in his eyes, to do nothing ; he had himself interfered with the natural course of things, and had lost his son in consequence.” He then suddenly asked Abeken, “What was it you were reciting with so much earnestness in the garden, Privy Councillor ? I could not make out what language it was in.” “Oh, that was German, your Excellency—Goethe. It was the *Wanderer's Sturm Lied*, my favourite poem,” and then he repeated a passage to us with his best feeling and emphasis.

The conversation then turned on the recent fight at Le Bourget, and the Chief said it was quite wrong for General von Budritzki to join the ranks of the soldiers in the storming party and to carry the flag. “The general's place,” he said, “is not among the troops ; it is behind, where he can see things properly and direct them through his adjutants. This performance was nothing better than an imitation of Schwerin's statue on the Wilhelms Platz—a Decoration performance.” Finally, some one spoke of the danger that France might fall to pieces. In the south, for instance, the “Ligue de Midi,” the head of which was Esquiros, seems to have contemplated cutting itself loose from the country which is governed from Paris. People there are in favour of the plan of a forced loan from the wealthy classes ; and it is said that Mieroslawski is to be called to Marseilles to organise the battalions

of Reds there, who have the ball at their feet, into an army.

In the evening we read the Comte de Chambord's proclamation to the French. He will consecrate himself, like the rest, "to the Welfare of France;" and he says that, "Governing does not mean flattering the passions of the people, but resting upon their virtues." Instead of serving up these commonplace phrases, he would have done better to tell them how to put an end to the present condition of affairs. Unless the political and social confusion which has diffused itself, in consequence of September 4th, over more than Paris, soon terminate, it will be difficult to re-establish order in accordance with the wish of Germany and of all Europe. If the present state of affairs lasts much longer, whatever government comes after the Republic will take over a country afflicted with anarchy that will not allow it to reckon on the virtues of the people. It will have to rest on its passions instead.

Monday, November 7.—The Chief orders me this morning to telegraph to London: "During five days of negotiation with Thiers, he has been offered an armistice on the basis of the military *status quo* for any length of time up to twenty-eight days, so as to hold the elections, which were to be allowed even in the occupied portions of France. Ultimately, he was offered permission and facilities for holding the elections even without an armistice. But after further consultation with the Parisian authorities, held in the outpost lines, he was not empowered to accept either. He insisted above all things that Paris should be re-provisioned, but he was unable to offer any military equivalent. This demand could not be granted by the Germans for military reasons, and yesterday M. Thiers had orders from Paris to break off the negotiations."

From other sources we learned the following additional particulars of the course of these events, and the present situation. The order reached Thiers in a short dry letter from Favre, which sent him back to Tours, whither he went to-day. He was very much depressed at the foolish stiff-neckedness of the Minister in Paris with which he himself could not sympathise, and which seemed not to animate several of the members of the Provisional Government. Favre and Picard, especially the latter, are eager for peace, but are too weak compared with the others to carry their object. Gambetta and Trochu want no elections, as in all probability these would make an end of their domination. This domination is itself, however, on a very weak footing. It may be overthrown in Paris any day, and the provinces are also unsteady in their support. In the South, Marseilles, Toulouse, and a number of Departments no longer recognise the Government of National Defence, which is not Radical enough for them, that is to say, that it is not Communist. There and everywhere else, among all who belong to the propertied classes, the prospects of the Imperialist party are steadily improving.

I wrote articles substantially saying that we were prepared for whatever might happen ; but that the ambition of MM. Favre and Trochu, who were afraid of being constrained by the voice of the real representatives of the French nation to let go the helm to which they had been called, in consequence of an *émeute*, refused to listen to any of our concessions. It was this ambition alone which was prolonging the war. We had shown, on the other hand, by our readiness to concede the utmost possible, that we wanted peace.

In the afternoon I spent another hour with the officers at Grand Chesnay. They were in constant expectation of an

alarm, and were eagerly waiting for the bombardment to begin.

At table, where we had Major von Alten, Adjutant-Major to the King, Count Bill, and Lieutenant Philip von Bismarck, the Minister's nephew, we talked of the delay of the bombardment, and the Chancellor declared the rumour now going the round of the newspapers, that he did not want it, while the military authorities were urging it on, to be thoroughly "unreasonable and inexplicable." "It is just the other way," he said. "Nobody urges and presses it more than I do, and it is the military people who do not want to begin. A great part of my correspondence is spent on the effort to remove the scruples and objections of the military authorities."

The conversation seemed to make it clear that the artillery still wanted more preparation, and that they thought they had not enough ammunition. Some one spoke of ninety waggon loads every day. At Strassburg, too, they had insisted on more than was really needed, and in the end, though they used up an enormous quantity of powder and shot, two-thirds of the accumulated ammunition was left over. Alten said that if we had occupied the forts we should have been exposed to the fire of the *enceinte*, and would have had to begin everything over again. "It may be so," said the Minister, "but in that case it ought to have been well known to them beforehand, for there is no Fortification with which we have been so thoroughly well acquainted from the time the war began as with Paris."

Some one said that two air-balloons had been caught, in the one of which two prisoners had been taken, and in the other three. The Chief said that there was no doubt that they must be treated as spies.

Alten said that they would be brought before a military

tribunal, and the Chief replied, "Then certainly nothing will be done to them." He then spoke of Count Bill's being so well in health, and so strong, and that at his years he himself had been slim and lean. "In Göttingen," he said, "I was as thin as a knitting needle." Somebody said that last night a sentry posted before the villa where the Crown Prince was living had been shot at, that the man had been wounded, and that the town would have to pay 5000 francs compensation to him. The Chief remarked that in his evening walks he would not take his sword with him, but a revolver, as he said, "I may very possibly get murdered in certain circumstances, but I should not like to die without my revenge."

In the evening the Chancellor instructed me to telegraph the narrative of the breakdown of the negotiations with Thiers once more, but in somewhat different words. When I permitted myself to remark that the despatch had been already telegraphed that morning, he replied, "Not quite. Here you have Count Bismarck proposed, &c. You must notice such shades of difference if you are to work in the ministry of foreign affairs." Afterwards I was summoned to him again. I was told to telegraph: "From private communications with Paris we learn that Favre and the majority of his colleagues were in favour of holding the elections and of the armistice arranged by Thiers, but that Trochu, by agitating against it, had carried his point."

Tuesday, November 8.—A telegram was sent off in the morning to order the persons captured in the air-balloons to be sent on to a Prussian fortress, and then brought before a military tribunal, and further stating that the letters confiscated in the balloon car compromised diplomatists and other persons to whom communication with outside Paris had been hitherto allowed out of respect to their position

and their sense of honour. This communication, an article founded on these facts said, could no longer be permitted.

About half-past ten, when we were at breakfast, the Chief received a visit from an elderly gentleman wearing a silk cloak and a scarlet cap, with a scarf of the same colour. He was Archbishop Ledochowski from Posen, and we should have liked to know whether his business was about the Pope's offer to intervene in our interests with the French Government. Probably they hope in that way to procure an intervention of the German Government in the interests of the Pope. The Archbishop stayed till about three o'clock, and after he left the Chief went off to the King. He dined afterwards with the Crown Prince, where the Grand Duke of Baden, who had just arrived, was also dining.

Before dinner I again visited H. and his lieutenants, who were now quartered in a little mansion house on the main road, near Chesnay, which belonged to the famous Parisian doctor, Ricord. They were as "jolly" and as inclined for fun as ever, and they were still longing for the bombardment to begin.

Wednesday, November 9. —A broken and cloudy day. I wrote an article. Then we read, marked, and made extracts from the *Times*, as usual. It was pleasant to come across passages in the *Kölnische* like: "The tooth of Time has peopled the walls with moss." A picturesque writer wrote: "The great ditch at Sedan, whose grey lips shut themselves down in thunder on the greatness of France." *Well roared, lion!*

The Minister wishes me to inquire into the antecedents of an American called O'Sullivan, who is doing no good here, and who seems a suspicious character. I shall first inquire of L., who seldom misses fire in questions about

people here. At midday it was reported to us that the fortress of Verdun capitulated yesterday.

At dinner, Delbrück, General Chauvin, and Colonel Meidam, superintendent of field telegraphs, were the Chief's guests. Some one spoke of the improper use which distinguished personages made of the telegraph for their private occasions. Some one else said that at Eprenay the connections had been destroyed, and other mischief done, by the *Francs-tireurs* and by peasants; and the Chief said: "They ought to send three or four battalions there at once, and transport 6,000 of these peasants into Germany, till the war is over." "From four to six hundred would probably be plenty," said Delbrück; "the fright could not help having its effect on the rest." Afterwards the Chief spoke of the French newspapers, and said it was almost incredible what invectives many journals discharged against us.

"I sent one of them to the King, rather imprudently I must say, for he is cruelly handled in it himself, in which all sorts of horrors are told about my way of going on in private life. I thrash my wife with a dog-whip; no shop-keeper's daughter in Berlin is safe not to be dragged off into my harem; I have embezzled money; I have made use of state secrets in my possession, and speculated on the exchange with them, and so on. They don't yet do that sort of thing in Germany."*

"The harem is probably behind the house, in the cottage where the porters live," said Delbrück. "If the French journalists only knew about that cottage, what mysteries they would discover in it!"

In the evening L. tells us that Châteaudun has again been evacuated by our troops, and occupied by the van-

* Compare a passage later on.

guard of the French ; and he believes he knows that there was a sortie of the Parisians to-day against the part of our line held by the Bavarians. About O'Sullivan he knows only this, that he was formerly an American diplomatist, an adherent of the slave-holders ; that before his arrival in Versailles he had gone in a meddling way to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, to propose attempts at mediation, and that he had come here with a letter of recommendation for the Crown Prince, and had dined with him in company with our Chancellor yesterday. Probably he was also unable on that occasion to refrain from offering his good services as an amateur mediator.

Many troublesome fellows of the same description have got in here, and make the Hôtel des Réservoirs an unsafe place with their importunity and their projects. Even the Chancellor himself will not always be able to avoid them when they come and button-hole him with their advice. There are some very extraordinary suggestions, e.g., the neutralisation of Elsass and Lothringen, the annexation of these provinces to Belgium or Switzerland, the restoration of the Emperor, the restoration of the Orleans family, the making the French a present of Belgium, so that they may not feel it unkind of us when we retain Metz and Strassburg and their appurtenances, the incorporation of Luxemburg with Germany, so as to secure the same object. Perhaps it would be a good thing to make an example, which would show these benevolent people that they are not wanted.

At tea the rumour was mentioned that the influence of ladies had contributed to put off the bombardment. After half-past ten the Chief came to us out of the *salon*, where he had been talking with the Bavarian general, von Bothmer, and had, it appears, been discussing military questions in connection with the larger Unity of Germany, which is now

in progress. He stayed perhaps an hour with us. When he sat down he called for a glass of beer. Then he sighed, and said, "I wished once more to-day, as I have often wished before, that I could say for even five minutes, this is to be or it is not to be. One has to bother about whys and wherefores, to convince people, to entreat them even about the simplest matters—what a worry is this eternal talking and begging for things!"

Hatzfeld asked, "Has your Excellency noticed that the Italians have broken into the Quirinal?" "Yes," said the Chief, "and I am curious to see what the Pope will do. Will he leave the country, and where will he go? He has already asked us to ascertain for him from Italy whether she would allow him to leave the country, and whether it might be done in a reasonably dignified way. We did so, and they replied that they would be careful throughout to respect his position, and would act in the same way if he determined to leave Italy."

"They would be very unwilling to let him go," said Hatzfeld. "It is for their interest that he should remain in Rome." The Chief said, "Certainly; but perhaps he may have to go, notwithstanding. Then where will he go to? Not to France, for Garibaldi is there. He does not wish to go to Austria. There is Spain, of course. I offered him to Bavaria. He thought for a moment, and then said, 'There is nothing left for him but Belgium, or—North Germany.' In fact, we have often been asked whether we could secure him an asylum. I have no objection to Cologne or Fulda. It would be an extraordinary turn, but it would not be an unlikely one, and for us it would be a great advantage that we should appear to the Catholics as we really are, the only power in the present day willing and able to offer security to the supreme prince of their church. Then Stofflet and

Charette and their Zouaves might at once go home. Every pretext for the opposition of the Ultramontanes would disappear ; and in Belgium and Bavaria, too, Malinkrott would have to support the Government."

"People with lively imaginations, especially women, when they are in Rome, with the incense and the splendour of Catholicism about them, and the Pope on his Throne dispensing blessings, feel an inclination to become Catholics. In Germany, where they would have the Pope before their eyes as an old man in want of help, a good kind gentleman, one of the bishops eating and drinking like the others, taking his pinch, perhaps even smoking his cigar, there would be no such great danger. And, finally, even if some people in Germany did go back to Catholicism there would not be much to grieve about, as long as they continued good Christians. People's confessions don't make the difference, but their beliefs. One ought to be tolerant." He developed these views further in the most interesting way, but I cannot reproduce it here.

Then we turned to other matters. Hatzfeld said that his Highness of Coburg had fallen off his horse. "Fortunately without hurting himself," added Abeken, who had just hurried in, with a happy look on his face. The Chief was tempted to tell us about similar misfortunes which had befallen himself.

"I believe," he remarked, "that if I say that I have fallen off my horse fifty times I am not up to the mark. To fall off your horse is nothing, but it is bad to fall with him, and to have him lying on the top of you. The last time I had that was in Varzin, when I broke three of my ribs. I thought then that it was all over. There was not so much danger as appeared, but it was frightfully painful."

"Once before, I had a remarkable tumble, which proves

how people's power of thinking depends on the matter of the brain. I was on the road home with my brother, and we were riding as fast as the horses would go. Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front, heard a frightful crack. It was my head, which had knocked on the road.

"My horse had shied at the lantern of a waggon which was coming up, had reared backwards, and fallen with me, on its own head. I lost consciousness, and when I came out of this state it was only a half recovery, that is to say, a part of my thinking machinery was quite clear and sound, but the other half was not there. I felt over my horse, and found that the saddle was broken. Then I called my groom, ordered him to give me his horse, and rode home. When the dogs there barked at me—a friendly greeting—I took them for strange dogs, and was vexed with them, and scolded them. Then I said that the groom had fallen with the horse, and that he must be brought back on a litter. I was very angry when, on a sign from my brother, they did not carry out my orders. Did they mean to leave the poor man lying in the road? I did not know that I was myself, and that I had got home, or rather I was myself and the groom at the same time. I then asked for something to eat, and went to bed. In the morning, after I had slept it off, I was all right. It was a singular case; I had looked at the saddle, had got myself another horse, and had done other things like that, everything, in fact, that was practical and necessary. In all this the fall had produced no confusion in my ideas. It is a curious example to show what different powers of the mind the brain accommodates. Only one of mine was benumbed for any length of time by the fall."

"I remember another tumble. I was riding fast through young brushwood in a great forest, a good bit away from

home. I wanted to get on by a near cut right through the wood, but I fell, with my horse, and lost consciousness. I must have lain there three hours or so, insensible, for it was getting dark when I woke up. The horse was standing close by. The locality, as I told you, was quite away from our property, and unfamiliar. I had not yet properly recovered my faculties; but I did what was necessary here, too. I loosened the martingale, which was in two bits, put it in my pocket, and rode off by a way which, as I then understood, was the nearest—it crossed a river by a pretty long bridge—to a neighbouring farm, where the tenant's wife ran away when she saw a big man ride up with his face covered with blood. But the husband came out and washed the blood off. I told him who I was, and that I had ten or twelve miles to ride to get home, that I was not very able to do it, and that I should like him to drive me over, which he did. I must have stumbled forward fifteen paces when I came to the ground and tumbled over the root of a tree. When the doctor examined my hurts, he said it was contrary to all professional rules that I had not broken my neck."

"I was other times, too," continued the Chief, "in danger of my life. Once, when the Sömmering railway was being made—I believe it was in 1852—I was going with a party through one of the upper tunnels. I remember Count Ottavio Kinsky was there, who was somewhat older than I, and wore curls. It was quite dark inside. I went before the rest with a lantern. There was a pit or fissure diagonally across the floor, which might be fifty feet deep and half as wide again as this table. They had laid a board across, with a railing on both sides, so that the wheelbarrows might not fall over. This board must have been rotten, for it broke when I was half-way over, and I went down, but

as I had instinctively spread my arms out, I kept hanging on by the side railing. Those who were behind me thought I had fallen in—for the lantern of course had dropped, and the light gone out. When they shouted out, ‘Are you alive?’ they were not a little astounded to get the answer back, not from the bottom of the pit, but from straight before them, ‘Yes; I am here.’ In the meanwhile I had taken hold with my legs too, and I was asking whether I should come back or go across. The guide said it was better to cross, so I set to work and managed it. The workman who was leading us lighted a candle, looked out for another board, and got the rest of the company over. In this affair of the board one saw how carelessly and frivolously such things are taken at the moment. Afterwards, when we were out of the tunnel, we went roaring down the line in a shallow truck. We had heavy sticks to check the speed, and we used them as we swung round the curves. At the worst of these we kept ourselves right only with the greatest difficulty, for the truck all but ran off the rails. Had it done so, it would have gone over into one of the two abysses at the spot. We could not see to the bottom of the one, and the other went down some sixty feet.”

The Chief then told us of a case in which old Baron Meyendorff was almost in danger of his life. At Gastein he had once let himself be wound up the incline of rails which, if I understood the matter correctly, make the shortest way to the height where the old gold-mines were. “It might be,” he said, “perhaps 3000 feet to the top, and the railway ran up at an angle of perhaps forty degrees. The car on which one had to sit was pulled on a grooved way. If the rope had broken, he would have run down 10,000 feet back with enormous velocity, and would not likely have reached the bottom with whole bones.”

Thursday, November 10.—Winter is upon us, and it has been snowing, with a rather low temperature, for several hours in succession. In the morning the Chief tells me to telegraph that there have already been calamitous results for the poor, and that more are to be anticipated from the Provisional Government's deliberate misappropriation of the funds of Savings Banks and of corporations for the purposes of the war. Afterwards I am to study for my own information the documents relating to the unsuccessful peace negotiations.

Thiers has put on record how he and the Ministers of France whom he represented understood the basis of the armistice which was to have been made. Their line was as follows : The object of the agreement was to be to put an end as soon as possible to the effusion of blood and to summon a National Assembly, which, as expressing its wishes, would represent France before the Powers of Europe, and which might sooner or later conclude a treaty of peace with Prussia and her allies. The armistice would have to last twenty-eight days at least, twelve of which would be needed for summoning the electors, one for the voting on the candidates, five for the assembling of those elected in some place to be determined on, and ten for the validation of the elections and the constitution of a Bureau. The place of meeting might for the present be Tours. Free and undisturbed elections must be permitted, even in the districts of France at present occupied by the German armies. Military operations must stop on both sides, but both sides were to be permitted to bring up recruits, to undertake defensive works, and to construct camps. The armies were to be allowed to supply themselves by any means at their disposal, but requisitions must cease, "being a war measure which must necessarily stop with hostilities." The fortified

places were to have liberty to re-provision themselves for the period of the armistice, in proportion to the numbers of the population and garrison shut in. With this object, Paris was to be supplied, by four specified railways, with cattle and various other necessities as follows: 54,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, 8000 swine, 5000 calves, and the necessary fodder for these animals, consisting of 400,000 tons of hay and straw; 5000 tons of salted beef, 10,000 tons of meal, 1500 tons of dried vegetables, 100,000 tons of coals, 640,000 cubic yards of wood for fuel: the population of Paris being reckoned for the purposes of this calculation at 400,000 of a garrison, and 2,700,000 to 2,800,000 within the lines of investment.

These demands of the French were not to be listened to. If the Germans had conceded them, they would have given away the larger and better half of the advantages they had secured by great efforts and sacrifices during the seven weeks just past. In other words, they would have put themselves back in essentially the same position as on September 19th, the day when our troops completed the investment. We were to let Paris be supplied with provisions, though she was then suffering from want, and would soon be driven of necessity, either to endure a famine or to surrender. We were to give up our operations, at the very time when Prince Frederick Charles's army had just been set free, by the fall of Metz, for further operations, which could be prosecuted with still greater effect. We were to sit still and permit the levies and the recruiting, by which the French Republic hoped to create a new army for itself in the field, to go quietly on while our own army was in no want of recruits. While we were asked to allow Paris and the rest of the French fortresses to re-provision themselves, we were to leave our army to supply itself without the requisitions

permitted in an enemy's country. All these demands we were to concede, without our opponents offering us a single military or political equivalent—such, for instance, as the evacuation of one or of several of the forts round Paris, as the price of allowing it to be re-provisioned ; and without their putting forward any assured prospect of peace. To procure through the armistice a general election of a Constituent Assembly to restore order and establish a government such as all might recognise, the object which Thiers' memorial puts forward as the first thing to be got by it, would certainly be far more in the interest of the French than in ours. When we remember the inflamed state of the public mind in France, kept up by the continual stimulating proclamations of the Provisional Government, it is impossible to feel that there was any security for us. If the existing Government had really wished the elections, they could have obtained what they wished without the elaborate apparatus of an armistice.

With such proposals, it was useless for the Germans even to begin to treat. Everything must be put quite differently : and the Chancellor accordingly offered M. Thiers an armistice on the basis of the military *status quo*, to last for twenty-five to twenty-eight days, and which the French might employ in quietly calling their electors together, and in summoning the resulting Constituent Assembly. This itself was a concession on our side, all the advantages of which were with the French. If, as Thiers asserted, Paris was really supplied with provisions and other necessities for several months—and this was scarcely doubtful about the one article of meal—it was not intelligible how the Provisional Government should have allowed the negotiations for an armistice, which at the worst prevented the French from making

further sorties, to break down on this question of the re-provisioning of Paris. France would have had the immense advantage of confining the otherwise inevitable occupation of French territory, which the army just set free after the siege of Metz was preparing to accomplish, within a line of demarcation. Thiers, however, rejected this very liberal offer, and insisted on regarding the re-provisioning of Paris as the condition *sine quâ non* of an agreement. He was not even ultimately authorised to offer any military equivalent for it, such as the evacuation of one of the forts of Paris.

As we were going in to dinner, the Chief told us that the Minister of War was seriously ill. He was feeling very weak, and had not been able to get up for fourteen days past. Afterwards he joked about the washing water in the house—"The occupants of the water-pipes here seem to have their seasons like other people. First come the centipedes, which I don't like at all, with their hundred feet going all together; then there are the cockroaches, which I can't bear to touch, though they are harmless creatures enough—I would rather handle a serpent; then we have the leeches. I found a quite little one to-day, which had rolled itself up like a button. I tried to develop him, but he would not move, and remained mere button. At last I poured spring water over his back, when he pulled himself out as long and as fine as a needle and got away." We then talked of all sorts of simple dainties, none the less excellent on that account: herring, fresh and salt, new potatoes, spring butter, &c. The Minister said to Delbrück, who paid his tribute also to these good things, "The sturgeon is a fish which is not appreciated, though it is thought much of in Russia, and is getting more in favour with us. In the Elbe, for instance, about Magdeburg, it is constantly caught, but

it is eaten only by fishermen and poor people." He then explained his own preferences, and came to talk of caviare, the different kinds of which he characterised with the feeling of an amateur. After a while he said: "How many points of resemblance there are between these Gauls and the Slavs! It struck me to-day again very forcibly, after the snow. The same broad streets, the same closely-packed houses, the same frequently flat roofs, as in Russia. Nothing but the green-onion looking church spires is wanting. And there are other points. The verst and the kilomètre, the ardschine and the mètre are the same. There is the same tendency to centralisation, the same absolute identity in everybody's views, the same Communistic strain in the National character." He then spoke of the wonderful world of to-day, which "turned everything that used to stand on its feet upside down, and showed the most extraordinary displacement of relations." "When one thinks of it," he said, "that the Pope may perhaps end his days in a little Protestant town in Germany" ("Brandenburg on the Havel," interposed Bohlen) "that the Reichstag may be in Paris, the Corps Législatif in Cassel, that in spite of Mentana Garibaldi is a French general, that Papal Zouaves are fighting side by side with him;" and he enlarged a while longer on the same subject.

"To-day I had a letter from Metternich," he said suddenly. "He wants me to let Hoyos go in to bring out the Austrians in Paris. I told him that since October 25th they have been allowed to come out, but that we now let nobody whomsoever go in—not even a diplomatist. Nor do we receive any in Versailles, only I would make an exception in his case. He will then probably bring up once more the Austrian claims on the Confederation property in the German fortresses."

We spoke about doctors and the way in which Nature occasionally puts herself to rights; and the Chief said that once when he had been on a hunting party for two days, with the Duke of (I could not catch the name), he had been "all wrong there in his inner man." "Even the two days' hunting and the fresh air did nothing for me. I went the day after to the cuirassiers at Brandenburg, who had been getting a new cup" (I think he added that they were celebrating a jubilee). "I was to drink out of it first and *handsel* it, and then it was to go round. It might hold a bottle. I held my breath, drank it to the last drop, and set it down empty. I astonished them greatly, for they don't expect much from men of the pen. But it was the Göttingen way. The remarkable thing, though perhaps there was little in it, was that I was never so right inside as in the four weeks after that. I tried to cure myself in the same way on other occasions, but I had never again so delightful a success." "I remember too, once when we were with the Letzingen hunt, under Frederick William IV., one of these puzzle bottles, of the time of Frederick William I., was emptied at a draught. It was a staghorn, so made that the drinker could not put the mouth of the horn, which might hold three-quarters of a bottle, to his lips, and yet he was not allowed to spill a single drop. I took it up and emptied it, though it was very dry champagne, and not a single drop went on my white waistcoat. The company stared when I said, 'Another.' But the King said, 'No, there must be no more,' and the thing had to remain so." "Formerly, feats of that sort were the indispensable passports into the diplomatic service. They drank the weak-headed ones below the table, then they asked them all sorts of things, which they wanted to know, and forced them to make all sorts of concessions which they had no

authority to make. They then made them sign their names, and when the poor fellows got sober they could not imagine how their signatures got there."

The Minister then remarked, though I forget what occasioned him to do so, that all the families in Pomerania which rose to the rank of Count died out. "The country cannot tolerate the name," he added. "I know ten or twelve families with whom it has been so." He mentioned some, and went on to say, "So I struggled hard against it at first. At last I had to submit, but I am not without my apprehensions, even now."

When the roast came on, the Chief asked, "Is it horse?" One of us at table said, "No, it is beef." He said it was "very odd that people won't eat horseflesh unless they are forced to do so, like the people inside Paris, who will soon have nothing else left. The reason, perhaps, is that the horse seems to come nearer to us than any other animal. When he is riding, the man is almost one with the horse.

" 'Ich hatt' einen Kameraden,
Als wär's ein Stück von mir.' "

('I had a comrade, who was like a piece of myself.') It is nearest us in intelligence. It is the same thing with the dog. Dog-flesh must taste well enough, but we never eat it." One of the gentlemen expressed himself unfavourably, and another said a word for dog-steaks. The Chief went on with his parable: "The liker anything is to us, the less can we eat it. It must be very loathsome to have to eat monkeys, which have hands so like men's." Somebody reminded him that the South American savages ate monkeys, and then we began to talk of cannibals. "Yes," he said, "but that must have been commenced at first through hunger, and I believe I have read that they prefer women, who are, at

least, not of their own sex. Man really does not care for the food of many animals, savage brutes, for instance, like lions and wolves. To be sure he likes bears, but they live rather on vegetable than on animal food. I can't eat a bit of a fowl which takes on fat, not even its eggs."

When L. came in in the evening to get material, he told us that O'Sullivan, who was formerly temporary Minister of the United States in Lisbon, had taken his warning to leave us in the right spirit, and gone. L. is always fishing out something, and he has made out that the *New York Times*, about whose sources of information here he has been inquiring at my request, is served by two correspondents, a Mr. Scofferen, who is staying with the chief huntsman, von Strantz, at Ville d'Avray, and a Mr. Holt White, who resides at Saint-Germain. After eight o'clock Count Bray is with the Chief in the little reception-room upstairs.

Friday, November 11.—This morning, to judge from the noise of a furious cannonade by Ballerjan (Valérien), coming from the north-west, our friends of the 46th are in particularly bad temper, and seem to be spitting back fire and flame. On our side we are always the same tame set, without a bark in our voice. The Chief tells me to telegraph the capture of Neu Breisach, and wishes me to speak to the English correspondent, Robert Conningsby, who has asked him for an audience as the correspondent of several newspapers. I was to tell him that the Chancellor regretted he had no time to spare. Then he handed me the Brussels *Indiscrète*. "There is a wonderful biography of me there, which is extremely comical. They would find it as true to my character as the pictures are to the text which they illustrate. Possibly something in it might be made use of for our own papers" (Frederick the Great also made lampoons on himself more accessible to the public).

I fulfilled these commissions, after which I saw Conningsby, whom I found a very intelligent man, and who appeared to wish well to our side. He had married a German wife ; but he had not made himself master of our language. When I came back I took up the *Indiscrète*. It was the print to which he referred recently when he complained of the crimes the French journalists laid to his charge. I noted a single passage as proof of the extent to which the French press carries the clumsy, downright and stupid lying which has for some time been its weapon against us. It says this of our Chancellor :—

“ He made great personal profit out of diplomatic hints of what was being got ready in the dark, and of the effect which serious news is sure to have on the public funds when it is made generally known. He made profit in this way out of the fact that he was in a position to gamble, holding a winning hand, on every exchange in Europe. In these shameless speculations on the good faith of the public his confederate was a Jew banker in Berlin, Herr Bleichröder. In this way Bismarck’s avarice has enabled him to amass colossal sums of money, which he shares with the banker and his creatures.

“ Bismarck, as a great man, of passionate habits, seldom denies himself the gratification of carrying off a pretty woman. It was so in his youth, and in later years his passions have impelled him to repeated crimes, such as carrying off a daughter from her father’s house, or a wife from that of her husband. Such a violent abduction was the fate of an extraordinarily beautiful woman in Breslau. He brought her to a place where he has established a kind of seraglio. After a time his passion dies out and his wanton eyes turn to another object. Among other instances, it is told of him that having become enamoured of a wonderfully beautiful nun, he got people to drag her from her convent and deliver

her up to him." "In Berlin people reckon that he has fifty illegitimate children. He is a brutal husband, is always vexing his lawful wife, and making her bear the burden of his fiery, wanton, malicious, and brutal nature. He forgets his high place, and treats her as a Prussian peasant would, i.e., he belabours her with a whip, for we are told that that is by no means uncommon in Germany. In the year 1867 he was seized by the demon of jealousy when he heard that one of his mistresses had gone to the theatre with a good-looking Russian nobleman. Considering himself entitled to thrash a woman to whom he paid a yearly allowance, he went straight into the box where she was and brought the whip heavily round her naked shoulders." "When this Vesuvius of a diplomatist was in Paris, in June 1867, he went out, usually in the evening, in plain clothes, often incognito, to prowl after that sort of prey. He has been seen, for instance, at the Bal Mabilie."

"If we follow Bismarck step by step in the different epochs of his life, we see him in politics weaving a perpetual web of intrigue, and placing at the disposal of the ambition of a haughty despot all that the human mind can conceal within itself of crafty malice, of rascally disposition, and of criminal sentiment. In 1863 he robbed the people of Prussia of their freedom. In 1864, he crushed Denmark in her weakness, and robbed her of two Duchies. In 1866 he humiliated Austria, and annexed the kingdom of Hannover, the electorate of Hesse, the duchy of Nassau, and the free states of Frankfort, cheating them all frightfully. In 1870 he has throttled France, beaten her to the ground, and refused to hold out to her the olive-branch of peace. In all these cases M. de Bismarck has always speculated in cold blood on the death of the innocent. This imperious, arrogant, and brutal man stands unmoved, a heartless witness of the death-

throes of whole nations, and proves to the world how far the heart of man can go in the refinements of barbarous cruelty

“From as far back as 1867, Prussia had been zealously preparing for the war which she intended to wage against France. She kept arming without intermission, steadily collecting the elements necessary to ensure success. Bismarck, as the Chancellor of the new Northern Confederation ; Roon, as the War Minister ; Moltke, as chief of the general staff, each in his own sphere, placed himself at the disposal of the ambition of the haughty despot who governs Prussia. Moltke himself, and other officers of the general staff of the Prussian army, travelled through part of France, so as to convince themselves on the spot of the correctness of the reports sent in to the Provisional Government. They took plans of the French fortresses ; they had topographical surveys ; they drew reports on the models destined for the new system of armament.” (Here several incredible instances are given of our system of reconnoitering the strong and weak points of France.) “By Bismarck and Roon’s orders, a crowd of spies spread themselves over France, under regular chiefs, handsomely paid, some of them officers in plain clothes, others civilians. They accurately reported everything which they noted in their industrious inquiries. High officers of the Departments of War and of the Interior were bribed by fabulous sums of money to betray the particulars which the Prussian army had an interest in knowing. The legion of traitors who had wormed their way into the French army was the sole cause that Prussia was in a position to manœuvre her troops so freely, and to fall in overwhelming masses on mere army corps of the French. This secret treason became more and more evident every day during the campaign of 1870 : the French Government possesses abundant proofs of it.”

Could people lie more shamefully or more coarsely? What can the public be on whose belief in such stories people can confidently reckon?

At breakfast we learned that Orleans was again evacuated by our troops, and that the Bavarians there under von der Tann were 16,000, and the French 40,000 strong. "No matter," said Bohlen; "the day after to-morrow Prince Frederick Charles will be there, and the Gauls will be cut to pieces."

The Chief is not with us to-day. All day long we have changeable weather. Sometimes it is sleet or snow, then there is blue sky and the sun comes out. In the evening L. brings us the news that Hoff, the writer, who was formerly associated with him as editor of the *Nouvelliste*, has poisoned himself, and is to be buried to-morrow. He had been warned by the commandant of the town to leave Versailles immediately for having complained a few weeks before, in a letter to the *National Zeitung* from the seat of war, that the English correspondents were more favoured at headquarters than the Germans—which, by the way, was the fact, though it was not our fault in the Rue de Provence. Hoff was the son of an eminent Baden member of parliament, and brother of the Düsseldorf painter. He wrote also in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and since 1864 always in a patriotic sense. The Grand Duke of Baden, to whom he had appealed, or the people about him, had said they could do nothing, and the poor fellow felt himself threatened with disgrace, and saw his means of livelihood cut off as he would lose his place as a correspondent by being sent away from here. When I told him the story the Chief remarked, "It is a great pity, but he was a fool for his pains; if he had applied to me he would have been let off."

At tea Hoff was much pitied by Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen, and Count Solms, too, told them that he was a well-meaning man, and had several times been useful to us. Apropos of his banishment, Bohlen told us a little more about the honourable O'Sullivan. The Chief had sat next the American when he dined recently with the Crown Prince, and in talking with him had arrived at the settled conviction that the gentleman with the Irish name was a political swindler. After dinner he had accordingly taken an opportunity to ask the Crown Prince who had recommended him. He was told the Duke of Coburg. "Well," said the Chancellor, "would your Royal Highness take it ill of me if I put him in prison, or sent him away? for he impresses me as a spy and swindler." "Not at all," said the Crown Prince, and Stieber had been accordingly directed to get a little more information about the gentleman. The result of it was that O'Sullivan was ordered by Blumenthal to take himself off immediately, and had to do so, though his wife represented that he was ill.

Bohlen, who seemed in a particularly communicative mood to-day, told us several pleasant stories about the personages in the Hôtel des Réservoirs, ending with an anecdote of our Minister, which I may note, though I imagine that the story-teller has imported into it a little of his own, or I should rather say, given it his own tone. Be that as it may, the Count told us that a woman had come to the Minister at Commerce to complain that her husband had been put in prison for having struck a hussar in the back with his spade. The Minister looked pleasant, and heard her story out, and—said my authority—"when she had done, he said to her, in the kindest tone, 'My good woman, you may take my word for it, that your husband—and he drew his fingers round his throat—will be hanged at once.'

The new Imperialist journal *Situation* may have its faults, but it has some merits. What it said a few days ago about Garibaldi's intervention in this war, for instance, is perfectly correct. "Gambetta's presence in Tours," it writes, "has inspired some confidence there. It is hoped that he may infuse a little activity into the defence. In the meantime the first act of the so-called young Dictator has made no particular impression. It is the nomination of Garibaldi as Commander-in-Chief of the Francs-Tireurs in the East. Garibaldi has never been regarded in France as a serious phenomenon. He will be looked upon as a general of the Comic Opera, and people are impatiently asking themselves, 'Have we really fallen so low that we have to go to this political theatre-puppet for help?' Under pretext of awakening enthusiasm and putting vigour into the nation, its self-respect is cruelly wounded. But it must be remembered that the people who have undertaken to govern us are advocates, fond of pompous discourses, high-sounding phrases and *coups de théâtre*. The nomination of Garibaldi is one of those stage effects which can be tricked out in effective language. In the mouth of the Government of the National Defence, it signifies the Union of Free Nations, the Solidarity of Republics. It is possible, however, that M. Gambetta, worried by Garibaldi's ways, and not liking his presence in Tours, where he might easily have become a cause of dissension, may have despatched him to the East, merely to get him out of his own road. We are very doubtful whether he will accomplish anything, but these people, who are never at a loss for an argument, say, 'His is a name of glory,' and think that that answers all objections."

Saturday, November 12.—A clear sky in the morning. The Chief is complimented with an hour's early military

music. I am summoned afterwards to receive his instructions. I draw reports on the past history of Cluseret, the old soldier of the Red Revolution, who is now to organise the forces of resistance of the Southern Federation which is about to be created; and I give him again the numbers of the French soldiers who have fallen into our hands as prisoners since the capitulation of Metz, so that the Chief may see them at a glance. Nearly 14,000 men surrendered at Schlettstadt, Fort Mortier, Neu Breisach, Le Bourget, Montereau, Verdun, and in several smaller affairs, and are now on their road to Germany.

Wollmann, who has just arrived, is at breakfast. At dinner we have Dr. Lauer with us. We have smoked salmon, Pomeranian goose-breast—an institution of Bucher's, who has had it as a love-gift from Rodbertus—Magdeburg sauerkraut, and Leipzig larks—probably also presents from home. The Chief is called away when the salmon is on the table. He goes back through the *salon* and comes back through the one door opening on the hall, accompanied by an officer in Prussian uniform, wearing a big beard, into the dining-room, through which they then go into the *salon*. We hear that the officer is the Grand Duke of Baden. After about ten minutes the Minister comes back to us.

We happened to speak of Arnim Boitzenburg, the ex-minister. The Chief said that he had been his own predecessor in Aachen. He described him as “amiable and talented, but disinclined for any steady work or energetic action.” “Like an indiarubber ball, which goes up and down, bounding and rebounding, always getting feebler, till it stops altogether. First he had an opinion, then it got weaker when he had to meet his own objections, then an objection to his objections occurred to him, till in the end there was nothing left, and the whole thing came to an end.”

Delbrück said the son-in-law was a well-trained and ingenious man, but thought he was wanting in sympathy and energy. "Yes," the Chief said; "there is not much of the rocket at the back of *him*." He added: "Otherwise he has a good head; but his reports, this way to-day, that way to-morrow, often with two essentially different views on the same day,—there is no relying on him."

From Arnim's want of ambition somebody took occasion to bring us round to the subject of titles and orders, and Abeken took eager part in it as a connoisseur and amateur of these delicacies, sitting all the time bent in two, and with his eyes drooped, only casting a sidelong glance now and then in the direction of the Minister. The Chief said that his first decoration had been the medal of the Humane Society, for taking a servant out of the water. "I became an Excellency first," he said, "in the castle yard at Königsberg in 1861. I was one in Frankfort certainly; not a Prussian, but a Confederation Excellency. The German Princes had decided that every ambassador from a Confederated parliament must be an Excellency. However I did not concern myself much about it, and I have not thought much of these matters since. I was a man of rank without the title."

After dinner articles were written for L., and others were marked for extracts.

Sunday, November 13.—The Minister stayed in bed an uncommonly long time to-day, and he did not go to church. He appeared to be nervous and in bad form, perhaps a consequence of last night. After getting through my usual morning work, I went out to La Celle Saint-Cloud, where H. and his first lieutenant were at the outposts; and then to a place where Mont Valérien, which we had again recently vainly tried to see, was really to be made out. The way, which took us through the village and up the hills

towards the other side, was soon found out and travelled over. I had to avoid a clearing among the trees, and take a roundabout there, as people from the fort could see it, and had already fired in that direction.

Under the sheltering roof of this wood everything looks very warlike. Little camps and bivouacs, with pyramids of war munitions, wooden barracks, newly run up, glimmering here and there like big dog kennels among the trunks of the trees. Farther on, little white tents; everywhere a puddle of filth. At a pretty cottage, covered with green leaves, the way to which, through the filth, is by a bridge made of window-shutters and other planks, I meet First-Lieutenant Kr., who took me to H. The latter has rigged up quarters which he would hardly have dreamed of occupying three months since, for himself and a military surgeon and two officers, the younger of whom is the one that danced the *cancan* with such elasticity at Chesnay. The gentlemen live in a kiosque of the Empress's, and go straight into their dining-room to the right from the door. They have had, H. tells me, no animal food but mutton for several weeks now.

Before the house are piled the arms of the 6th company of the 46th Regiment, and beside them, on torn-off doors and window-shutters, are laid their knapsacks, because of the filth elsewhere. Some of the doors, which have been used here also to make steps up to the house, have gilding on them. The big hall inside is full of Polish soldiers, lying about on trusses of straw and smoking the most detestable tobacco. First-Lieutenant H. warns me not to sit down on the sofa in the room. There are vermin! To-day he had himself made an uncomfortable discovery. Otherwise, except for the everlasting inevitable mutton, things are bearable, though the place is not very safe. Mont Valérien fires over the range of hills in which

this kiosque of Eugénie's stands, straight away as far as Louveciennes, and it is marvellous that the French have not yet sent any of their shells here. While we were drinking our bottle, the fort fired twice.

After our refreshment, H. took us to the observatory of this outpost, a spot among chestnut trees, where we could see with the naked eye the savage "Baldrian," beyond the wooded slope, so distinctly that we could count the windows of the larger buildings. A black cloud of smoke is rising over Paris. Is it on fire? We are recommended to be prudent. We are told to keep ourselves as much as possible behind the trunks of the trees, and where there is an open space to go down along the ditch dug out there. We learn that our farthest outposts are stationed below at the edge of the wood, perhaps 800 paces from our present position. A little farther up there is a second chain of sentries. The Kiosque is very anxious that the bombardment should begin; it does not understand the delay at all. It has heard whispers about the influence of ladies. "The petticoats," grumbled one of its inhabitants, "are in it." Kiosque, Kiosque, I am afraid you are not far off the true scent. . . . I left after an hour, having got the password for the day, as it might be getting dark before I reached home. It was "Fressbeutel, Berlin" ("Paunch, Berlin"). Yesterday, or the day before it was "Erbswurst, Paris" ("Pease sausage, Paris"). Appetising ideas! On the road to the village below I overhauled a musketeer, escorting a Zouave, who was his prisoner. I did the four and a half miles from this point to the Rue de Provence in not much over the hour.

To-day the Chief ate only his soup and a little *ragoût* with us before going off in his general's uniform, and with his helmet and several orders on, to dine with the King.

In the evening he told me to contradict the false report in a South German paper, that Count Arnim had been on a visit to headquarters before he left for Rome.

I made a note the day before yesterday of an instance illustrating the way in which the French calumniate us. To-day I happened, in the newspapers, upon a collection of examples of their lying throughout this war. The compiler has sent the *Post* the sum total of the men whom the war has cost us according to the French bulletins. It is impossible to believe one's eyes when one sees what marvellous execution chassepots and mitrailleuses have done among our troops. According to these reports we lost, up to the end of October, neither more nor fewer than about a couple of millions of men, and they include a crowd of distinguished and illustrious names. Prince Albrecht, Prince Karl, Prince Friedrich Karl, and the Crown Prince are dead, carried off by shots or illness. Treskow has been cut down; Moltke is buried; the Duke of Nassau died the death of a hero for his country though he has never happened to be in the field; the Chancellor of the Confederation fell shot, or cut down by sabres, trying to appease a mutiny among the Bavarian troops; the King, tortured by his conscience for having brought the scourge of war on the "holy soil" of France, has become insane. And these shameless liars presume, with no very striking wit, to call L.'s *Moniteur*, *Menteur*.

Monday, November 14.—The Chief is not well, and not to be seen till dinner-time. About twelve o'clock Bölsing leaves us to return home by Nanteuil, Nancy, and Frankfurt. Count Maltzahn, a big man with mutton-cutlet whiskers, in a blue uniform, who is a companion of St. John, is with us at dinner. He tells us that the Francs-tireurs in a village attacked our hussars. The Bavarian

riflemen there had driven the Free Companions out of the houses, and the hussars had then chased them across the open and sabred 120 to 170 of them. "Well, and what about the three others," asked the Chief, who could not have rightly heard what was said. "Were they not shot? Yes, it is a bad business. These assassins are spared far too often. I remember at Saint-Avoid, I took the trouble to erase from the proclamation, declaring the state of war, a number of contingencies in which death ought to be threatened. But they left—they bothered me so, saying, This must remain, it was a usage of war, and so forth—half a dozen or more, which were too many. And now, all these stand in the paper. Where the soldiers don't shoot or hang a Franc-tireur on the spot, he is safe to get off. It is a crime against our own people."

L. tells us for certain—he says he had it from P.—that the Duke of Coburg has ordered a great picture from Bleibtreu, in which he dashes into the middle of the troops, who are fighting among clouds of powder-smoke, at the battle of Wörth, and is hailed by them as the conqueror. If so, the picture will probably be hung up next to that of Eckernförde. Why not? It looks well. Poetical licence is admissible, why not pictorial? Artists are not historians.

At tea Hatzfeld tells us that the attitude of Russia causes him anxiety. She seems to wish to take the opportunity of the present war to annul the Peace of 1856, and serious consequences may follow. I wonder whether the Chief takes the same view?

From numerous entries in the old papers one might conclude that the French had lost all political sense, and spoke only from passion and infatuation. Yet there are exceptions, possibly many, who not yet having taken leave of their five senses, are still in a condition to use their

reason. A letter which is to be published in the *Moniteur* one of these days, expresses ideas which look as if the writer might be one of these exceptions. It is a little rhetorical, but the meaning is intelligible enough.

“How are we to get out of the blind alley into which France has run herself? A great country, dismembered, split to pieces, paralysed by the government in possession, and even more so by disorders which are of its own making; a whole nation without a government, without a supreme authority, without a recognised central power, without a man who can represent it or who can speak for it—that is our situation. Can it go on for ever? Assuredly not. But how are we to get out of it? That is the question every intelligent man is asking himself, a question put to us on all sides, and to which no answer seems to be forthcoming. But an answer must be found, must be found soon, and must be decisive.

“When we ask what authority is left standing after this terrible shipwreck, there is only one to which the country can cling, as its last hope—we mean the General Councils. They are the only authorities to which France can rally in her desperate condition, because at present they are the only authorities emanating from the nation. From their constitution, through the experience and social distinction of the men who are members of them, and their knowledge of the wants, the interests and the feelings of the people in each of the departments which they represent, and among whom they live, these bodies are alone in a position to exercise an undisputed moral influence on those from whom they received their mandate.

“But what part can the General Councils take in our present relations? It appears to me that their part is prescribed to them by the position of affairs. Let them meet in each of our departments, and associate with themselves

the deputies chosen at the last election. Let them use all possible means both in the departments still free, and in those occupied by the German forces, to meet each other in different localities, and to come to a common understanding. Let them issue a distinct and intelligible proclamation appealing to the sober sense of the masses of the people. (And certainly it will not be easy to bring so many bodies to a single plan and a common profession of faith ; and it will, at all events, take some time.) Let a universal vote, an expression of the national will be asked for and organised. The nation, whose sovereignty is appealed to, has by three solemn decisions, set aside one government ; it belongs to it alone to say clearly what it has done, and, if necessary, to choose another government. Who could dare to dispute its right ? Who could venture, without justification, to substitute himself for the country and to take upon himself to decide on the destinies of the nation without its instructions ?

“I know the objections that will be raised. I know well enough what difficulties and dangers this magnificent manifestation of the public will would encounter. But it must be made in spite of them, for there is no other way out. It is a sorrowful truth, but it must be spoken, for it is the fact. I am convinced that it is just in the departments now occupied by the Germans that the public will would find its fullest and freest expression. The reason is that the Germans have as deep an interest as we have in speedily obtaining an enduring peace, and that nothing but their presence will be sufficient to prevent agitators from falsifying through violence the free expression of the national will. As for the other departments—those parts of France where every element of disorder and anarchy is at present active and dominant—even there, I believe that the free

expression of the national will, whatever it may be, is still possible. Do we not know that the agitators, the terrorists, the elements of destruction and intimidation are everywhere—yes, everywhere, even in Paris, their headquarters—in a contemptible minority (which, however, is active and audacious, while the reasonable people, the friends of order, will venture nothing, and leave things to take their course), and that it has always sufficed to throw these people back into their original nothingness, when those who wish things to go in a well-ordered way choose to come forward to the front?"

The article concludes: "If the nation cannot comprehend this momentous necessity, if in its apathy and dejection it can resign itself to despair, we shall have to bow our heads, confessing, not that we are beaten, but that we are annihilated, and the only hope of our salvation will be from some impossible miracle."

Tuesday, November 15.—The Chief is still out of sorts. Catarrh of the stomach, some call it, others say it is a bilious attack. "The people at Court have their things ready packed up to-day," Theiss tells us, and the news is confirmed at breakfast, with this addition, however, that Kanski may perhaps only be putting his subordinates to the test, and getting them in training for what may possibly be wanted.

For the time being matters between this and Orleans are not in the state we could wish. The Minister himself, when he came down to dinner with us, said that it was possible we might have to retreat, and evacuate Versailles for some time. An advance on us here from Dreux, in concert with a great sortie from Paris, is not out of the question, and even a layman can understand that a successful attempt of this kind, the consequence of which might be that not merely the Court and the general staff, but the

most important pieces of our siege artillery might be in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, offers the only prospect of relief for Paris, and may consequently very well be in contemplation. He then told Hatzfeld, after reading through a despatch from Paris, to say that the Americans mentioned may get out, but the Roumanians, for whom a permit to pass through our lines had been also asked, are not to get it—he had his reasons, he said.

We are afterwards told that the pastor of Bärwalde, in Pomerania, has sent a magnificent love-gift of six roast geese in tinned boxes, one for the King, one for the Crown Prince, one for the Chief, one for Moltke, and so on. We are living here every day much as if we were in Canaan. We get presents almost daily of smoked goose-breast, game, pasties, or noble sausages, and cigars, fine wines and brandies. The store-room is sometimes hardly able to hold the baskets bottles, and casks, full of these and other supplies.

L., who must have an invisible cap, or a magic ear-trumpet, which brings him by seven holes one behind the other, whatever is said beyond the farthest away, says he knows that a Russian diplomatist has arrived at headquarters, bringing notice that the Petersburg Cabinet either considers the restrictions imposed upon Russia in 1856, with respect to the Black Sea as removed, or wishes to have them removed. He asks whether I know anything of it. I say, "No." I advise him not to say anything about the matter in correspondence.

At tea we learn that Savigny, who takes a great deal on himself at present in Wilhelmstrasse, No. 67, in the Chief's absence, has been very hard on the gentlemen in the cipher Bureau, because he cannot, by any amount of work, get to the meaning of three or four minutes, which he tells them to write out for him in full. A former Secretary of State had

the gift of thinking and putting his thoughts on paper in even a more parsimonious way, and seldom could bring it further than the beginning of a minute. "The continuation and the conclusion—those must make out whose place it is." Books of riddles, and pens chewed to bits are not, after all, very much in place in a Foreign Office; but in the good old pre-Bismarckian era it probably did not much signify.

In the evening I read through several balloon letters. One of them, dated November 3rd—which will do for insertion in the *Moniteur* and elsewhere—was the expression of the opinion of a man of rank on the present situation in Paris. I omit the address and the signature :—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,

"I hope you got my last letters all right. In the first of them I told you my forebodings, all of which have since been fulfilled : in the second, I advised you of my arrival in Paris, for which I started when I learned that it would be attacked ; in a third I told you how nobody is less free than under the Government of Freedom ; how impossible it is to go out without risk of being set upon as a spy, and, lastly, how the common people seem to think they have the right to insult ordinary citizens, under the pretence that they are their equals. To-day I will give you my account of myself and the siege, although you probably are as well informed about the latter as I am.

"My business as a National Guard is certainly not always pleasant. I have often to be seven-and-twenty hours on guard on the walls, which involves the duty of marching up and down all night backward and forward, on the bastions, shouldering my musket. When it rains, it is very disagreeable, and it is always tedious, the more so, that when I come back to the guard-house, I have to lie down in straw

full of vermin, and have every small shopkeeper, public-house man, and servant in the quarter as my bedfellows. So far from being any good to me, my name and position do me harm by making them envious and jealous, and they do not try to conceal their feelings. If there is a nasty place, where our common straw is unusually filthy, or where it is always rained upon, it is assigned to me, on the pretext that no preferences must be allowed. But the feeling that I am doing my duty raises me above all these annoyances. What I like worst is having to mount guard in the neighbourhood of the powder-mills inside the town. It seems to me that that is the duty of the new town police, who, by-the-way, do nothing at all, from fear of disturbing the comfortable repose of the inhabitants.

“I went at six the other morning in an icy fog to practise firing behind the polygon of Vincennes. Next day I had once more to get up at five to go to the Mairie, where my porter was to be elected corporal. Finally, on October 29th, I had to mount guard for seven-and-twenty hours in the Cirque de l'Impératrice, which is now turned into a cartridge factory. I thought I had earned a little rest; but suddenly the alarm-drum went through all the streets on the evening of the 31st, and I had to put on my uniform once more, and repair to the Hôtel de Ville. There we stood from ten at night till five next morning. I happened to be placed right before the famous door which the Mobiles tried to break in, some fifteen steps away. If they had succeeded, there would assuredly have been a fight just there, and I should have been hit for certain at the first volley. Fortunately some means were found of getting into the building by some underground passage, and we left it by the same way with a dozen balls, which however, hurt nobody, whistling after us, as a parting salute. Our battalion is always on the order of

the day. It is the 4th, and its commandant is your colleague, M. I was fortunate enough to get safe through a day which will no doubt be famous in history, and to have contributed to its happy issue.

“On the evening before the day when the Committee of Public Safety met, I went about five o'clock, to the square before the Hôtel de Ville to get a little fresh air and exercise. I saw there a raging spouter, surrounded by a considerable crowd of people. He was stirring them up against the priests, and pointing to the Cathedral: ‘There,’ he said, ‘is the enemy. Our foes are not the Prussians; they are the Churches, the Priests, the Jesuits, who demoralise and brutalise our children. We must pull down and destroy the cathedral, and make a causeway of the stones.’ All is quiet to-day, thanks to the cannon and the troops (Mobiles and National Guards), who line the whole road through the Champs Elysées up to the Tuileries.

“What a war, my dear Joseph! There is no precedent for it in the world’s history, for Cæsar took seven years to conquer Gaul when it was in a state of barbarism, and in three months we have been invaded and utterly ruined.

“It seems all over with the Imperial family. This makes one party the less, at any rate, and there may be some advantage in that.

“Till now I have not been compelled to eat horseflesh; but the beef is of a melancholy toughness, and the buffalo flesh, which comes from the Botanic Gardens, some of which was served up to me the other day, is not much better. I am quite alone here, which does not sound nice; but, thanks to music and books, to which I give all my spare time, I never weary.

“If there should be an armistice, and you can write to me, do not forget, for it is of great importance for me to learn

what you think about all that is going on. I should like to give you some right again to honour the name of a French diplomatist, which has for the present become a laughing-stock."

I have now reached the middle of the campaign, and the middle of the series of recollections which my Diary preserved during its course, and it appears a good opportunity to insert here an attempt to sketch the character of the one of the gentlemen about the Chancellor, who, both then and since, seemed to me the most considerable of them all. A couple of words, in addition to what has been several times said in what I have written above about the other, who, according to my view, took the place next after him, will complete this first half of my work. I think that I ought not at present, at least, to attempt sketches, either general or minute, of any of the rest.

CHAPTER XI.

LOTHAR BUCHER AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR ABEKEN.

It does not often happen that long residence in a foreign country influences men for good who have been forced, on political grounds, to forsake their native land and their previous sphere of activity. Only natures of quite exceptional excellence retain their sterling quality, developing and purifying it, shaking off the delusions which, for one reason or another, possessed them in days gone by, and misdirected their actions. As a rule, the exile—I speak from personal observation in the United States and in Switzerland—appears to leave right feeling behind him with his home-life, so that usually only the first half of the proverb “*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*” (“Times change, and we with them”) is verified. Regardless of all-changing time, with little or no appreciation of newly-arisen and more deeply-seated forces, wants, and struggles, he has always in his mind the picture which his former life presented when he crossed the frontier. Embittered by unsuccessful attempts to bring about a reconstruction of society according to his convictions, disgusted, clinging obstinately to his “principle” and the dogmas deduced from it, and no longer being able to take part in affairs at home, he confines himself to a criticism which knows everything better than its neighbours, although in truth it knows nothing properly.

Some waste life thus, in mental solitude, in a world of illusions. Most join coteries, whose members have had much

the same experience as themselves; together they cultivate the phrases they brought from home with them, amusing themselves with them in fruitless conspiracies. Many are thus entirely and for ever unfitted for true and productive political thought and action. Some languish in political idealism and in illusions. Others forget their home and attach themselves to a new National existence, which becomes of far greater importance to them than that of their Fatherland. Others, again, return home, it is true, when the compulsion to live in exile is removed, but they look at the world which has grown up in the meantime with the eyes of the Seven Sleepers, not understanding and therefore taking no pleasure in the fact that it has changed for the better, without the help of their venerated ideal.

However, as we have said, there are exceptions. Wonderful things sometimes happen at home to such men. They have brought back with them not only a warm heart, but an intellect naturally clear and sharp, a good fund of knowledge, with the impulse to add to it, and an independent character, not such as one can find anywhere in the mere crowd of politicians. All this now stands them in good stead. Involuntary leisure gives them time to consider the past, to examine their foreign home, to compare it with their own country, to appreciate the defects and advantages of both, till step by step their judgment becomes completely clear in the most various directions. Many a man has in this way got all sorts of good from his foreign sojourn, without, however, finding the ideal which he expected to have seen there realised. Many a one has thus learned for the first time how to render full and complete justice to his own country, and understood how he could best serve her.

Two instances of such men rise before me as I write, as

well as many who are the very reverse. Both were at the outset Radical Democrats from head to foot. Both submitted to the education of life, and have at last become practical politicians, who, in their aspirations after popular liberty, have learnt its limits and capabilities, and now devote themselves first of all to the service of that liberty which consists in the security and independence gained by the nation's uniting to oppose foreign power and lust of dominion.

Such a man was Karl Mathy, the radical journalist, the teacher of Grenchen, the friend of Mazzini, the zealous patriot in Saint Paul's Church, the minister of Baden, who has worked with all his heart in the cause of German unity. A second such is the subject of the present sketch.

Adolph Lothar Bucher, somewhat incorrectly described in the press as "Bismarck's right hand"—by this I do not mean to say—very far from it—that this title belongs to any other Councillor—but certainly the ablest, soundest, and most sensible of the Chancellor's assistants, and the man who is most devoted to him and enjoys much of his confidence, was born on October 25, 1817, so that at the present time he is sixty, being about two and a half years younger than Prince von Bismarck himself. He is a native of Neustettin; but when he was only two years old he came to Cöslin in Lower Pomerania, where his father, an able philologist and geographer, and, it is to be remarked, a friend of Ludwig Jahn, had been appointed Professor and pro-Rector of the Gymnasium. Here the child received his first education and his first conscious impressions of life and the world. The account which he gave us of his further life down to the beginning of the year 1860 was a story so full of delicate humour and at the same time of poetic pathos, that many people could not believe it of the serious, sober, and silent man. Although the narrative, as it appeared in the

feuilleton of the *National Zeitung*, on December 24 and 25, 1861, is called 'Only a Story,' I must use it constantly in the following sketch, to supplement the information gathered from other sources, with some of its traits, which seem to me taken from life.

To those first impressions, which permanently influenced Bucher's nature and ideas, belonged the feelings which resulted from the circumstance of his having grown up at Cöslin, one of those places on the coast between the Oder and the Weichsel, "which might be called German 'grafted-towns.' The German did not found them, or conquer them, but he grafted a shoot on a Slav stem, which gradually made the whole German." A Slav village is easily converted into a town, for its houses lie thickly clustered "as if fear had driven them together. Besides, the graft was well-selected ; for it consisted of merchants, dealers, and artisans, who brought with them from their homes crafts of all kinds, and the ways of a developed community. As the saps mingled improvement gradually went on. The German only learnt as much Slav as was necessary to make himself understood ; the Slav found it to his advantage to learn German ; and long before the Dukes of Pomerania offered their dominions in fief to the German Empire, the country itself was thoroughly Germanised. Even on the plains they had themselves summoned German farmers from Lower Saxony, and begged them to bring with them the heavy German plough, that the native might learn what ploughing was. Cöslin, like all these grafted-towns, lies in the bend of a river and on its west bank, so that it possesses a natural moat, a protection against foes from the east ; it is, moreover, specially well protected on the east side, for they were an unpleasant set, the nationalities who lived further towards Asia." The town is

built in the form of a circle. In its midst is the market-place, and in the centre of this the town-hall. Broad streets run from the market-place, connected by little alleys. "The houses have their small ends, with pointed gables, turned to the street, and look at night like a row of foot-soldiers, set shoulder to shoulder."

Any one who can read between the lines will find in many places here what is to be gathered of the political views entertained by Bucher at the time this 'Story' was composed.

Observation and reflection seem to have shown themselves early in the boy. Even his imagination was soon awakened to lively activity. Campe's narrative of the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, which he once got as a Christmas present, made a special impression upon him. He seems to have taken less delight in his 'Robinson the younger,' a book he preserved as late as 1861, as a memorial of the gloomy feelings of childhood. "Only trusted friends were allowed to see it, and they heard then usually the following remarks. The long row of volumes to which this belongs relates the actions and adventures of Spaniards, Portuguese, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Russians. Only the first one has to do with a German 'Robinson Crusoe,' and what does this Hamburg child do? He has certainly the roving impulse, which brought the Germans to Europe, and which always survives in them when they live by the sea. But he has to run away by stealth, for his mother warned him, 'Stay at home and learn an honest livelihood,' while his father said, 'If you mean to go to foreign parts, you have first much, very much, to learn.' And what does he achieve out there? He does not conquer an empire, found a city, or make a fortune. He runs like a coward from the footprints of the savages, strikes up a friendship worthy of Jean Jacques Rousseau,

stumbles upon a heap of gold, but loses it on his way home, and brings back nothing for himself or his country but a story for children. He lives, it seems, as an upholsterer in Hamburg, and goes to the tavern every evening."

Let us return from Pizarro and 'Robinson' to our subject, and hasten to the end of his boyhood. Among his school lessons, nothing came to him so easily as mathematics and natural history. In his leisure hours he took up wood carving and turning, when he was not wandering in the forest. When his parents at last thought it time to ask him what he would be, he wanted at first to be a sailor, and when his mother objected, to be a builder. They objected to that too. He must be a student, and when he had to make his choice among the four faculties, he decided for law, "where he became a referendary,* and danced with all the pretty girls, afterwards becoming Counsellor of Justice, Director of Resources, Knight of the Red Eagle, Wolfhunter, and generally a great man."

Bucher left the Gymnasium when the persecution of the Burschenschaft† was at its hottest. Many of his school-fellows were implicated. One had taken part in the attempt at Frankfort. The obnoxious association had not yet been quite rooted out in the small university towns, and on leaving school he was obliged against his will to enrol himself in the University of Berlin. He came in the middle of the quarrel which had arisen at that time between the historical and philosophical schools of jurists, represented by Savigny and Gans. If I mistake not, he first joined the philosophical side, and studied his Hegel diligently. Afterwards he lost taste for philosophy, and neglected it for a long time in favour of jurisprudence, which he had to study hard and then

* A young lawyer practising without emolument.

† A political association of students founded in 1815.

to practise. From 1838 onwards he was active in the provincial court at Cöslin, and five years after he became assessor to the provincial and city court at Stolp. At the same time he managed some estates there, which made him acquainted with the conditions of the country.

His office in Stolp began after a time to pall upon him, as the judge at that time was still burdened with a quantity of business not properly legal. By way of relief he, like many good and clever enough people in those days, read Rotteck and Welker, whose views about history and politics he mastered with characteristic thoroughness and energy, and wished to translate them into real life. He might have made something of it, but the March days came on in Berlin, and soon afterwards the meeting of the Prussian National Assembly.

To this assembly Bucher was sent in 1848 by the electors of Stolp, and the following year found him representing the same town in the House of Deputies, which had been formed in the meantime. There had been no public life in Prussia till 1840. The new deputy from Lower Pomerania was a jurist with some idea of civil law, but no experience of any sort in affairs of State. Taking into account the influence of Rotteck, and Welker's views of politics and history, and remembering that Bucher was a young man of vigorous intellect and will, it was not wonderful, but natural, almost inevitable, that he should have joined the ranks of the Radicals in the Chamber; neither those, however, who disregard wholesome formalities, nor those who delighted in pathetic phraseology.

"I never heard any one," says a fragment of General von Brandt's memoirs,* "speak with more skill or modera-

* See the *Deutsche Rundschau* for June, 1877.

tion than Bucher displayed on this occasion"—the deliberations of the Commission which had to pronounce upon Waldeck's pet child, the so-called Habeas Corpus Act. "His fair hair, his passionless attitude, reminded me vividly of the pictures I had seen of Saint-Just. Bucher was a reckless leveller of everything established—all ranks, and all property; one of the most consistent members of the National Assembly, and ready for any step which seemed likely to lead towards the end he had in view: virtue in principles, and brotherly love in carrying them out. With no knowledge of society, devoted to barren juridical abstractions, he was firmly convinced that the welfare of the world could only be secured by a sudden, vigorous, and mighty destruction of the existing state of things. He helped to organise the public resistance, and eagerly diffused the idea—which was specially his own—of goading on the ambitious and turbulent faction in the National Assembly to the adoption of a Dictatorship. The ironical contempt with which he treated the powers that were, openly showing his hatred of the old constitution, and his dogma of the Sovereignty of the People, with the radical chimeras of which he intoxicated them, at the same time developing his own capacities as a Demagogue, would have placed him very far beyond all his adherents in his strictly logical efforts.

"What views Bucher upheld in the National Assembly, and how he was already prepared to lay aside the jurist in consideration of a political opportunity, may be further seen by a passage from the speech in which, on September 4, 1848, after the Minister had refused the demand, he defended, against Hausemann and the orators of the Right, the motion made by Stein on August 9, then referred to a Commission, and finally adopted in a milder form, demanding that the Ministry of War should warn the officers of

the army against reactionary efforts, and recommend their hearty co-operation in the establishment of a constitutional state of law. While opposing those who had questioned the lawful authority of the National Assembly in this instance, because the Electoral law of April 8 only gave it power to unite the Constitution with the Crown, he remarked that he must characterise such a notion as very naïve.

"The history of the world," he proceeded to say, "will not remain within the compass of an electoral law. A new age needs quite another basis than a page in our legal code. I myself belong, and am attached, to the legal profession, but I have already often had occasion to regret that we are so numerous represented in this house. We look only too readily from the limited judicial standpoint at the enormous questions which, if we do not decide, we are yet called upon to help in deciding, and we apply to them only too readily the narrow judicial standard. We cannot and we ought not to behave like the judge who pronounces his sentence with scrupulous regard for the laws which are before him and which he cannot touch. We are bound with statesman-like purpose to recognise our necessities, to recognise a mission, for which perhaps no precedent exists—the mission of directing the consequences of a Revolution not yet born along the peaceful path of Legislation. If we hold fast to that, we shall easily recognise the extent of our rights; or still better, of our duties. There is so much talk about our authority and our rights. Let us at last, for once in a way, speak of our duties towards the people, which bleeds from a thousand wounds."

The orator then enumerated the defects and disadvantages of the Constitution left by the old government, and asked whether the discussion ought to consist of anxious inquiries after the form of remedy. The old organs of the government

were not in many cases able to give the Ministry a true idea of the state of things ; but the National Assembly, which represented the people itself, was well able to do so. The Minister-President had attempted to bring about a unity of view between the government and the majority of the National Assembly ; this, to him, was inconceivable. A resolution was passed on the 9th of August, which, after two days, was communicated to the Ministry. They did not think it necessary to answer it. If they had at least expressed their opinion, and explained that they took umbrage at the abrupt form of the concession demanded of them, and had asked the National Assembly to take the matter once more into consideration, so as to soften the form of the resolution, the position of things would be quite different, and more satisfactory to the Assembly and the country. They had done nothing of the kind. The National Assembly felt bound to make the Ministry aware that they did not rightly appreciate the conditions and requirements of the hour, and as they had not acted upon this advice, they must be requested to carry the resolution into effect ; for a constituent assembly, so long as it possesses no executive powers, has no organ but the Ministry. As regards the substance of the resolution, the idea of any alteration could only be discussed if the circumstances which dictated it four weeks ago had changed ; but this was not the case. The Minister of Finance said that we ought not to trouble ourselves about the political opinions of the officers, for the province of the army was merely to obey. But for that very reason it was not to be tolerated that individual leaders of the army should openly express tendencies opposed to the prevailing system, and calculated to effect its overthrow. Glancing at the danger which the Minister of Finance had suggested, the orator concluded :

“I do not fail to notice that the political atmosphere is overcharged; but I know one thing—and I say this in the name of my friends—we are faithfully following the path pointed out by our convictions, and we are not frightened by what the Minister has suggested to-day; for the responsibility, and it is one of terrible gravity, does not fall on our heads.”

In the House of Deputies Bucher did conspicuous service towards establishing organised laws. He played an important part as referee on the occasion of Waldeck's motion for obliging the Ministry to withdraw the state of siege which had been imposed upon Berlin on November 12, 1848—a motion which when adopted resulted in the dissolution of the House of Deputies. Bucher found no difficulty in proving the illegality of the state of siege. For there could be no possible doubt that the right to impose it was not deducible from Article 110 of the Constitution, which only came into force three weeks later, especially as this article treated merely of the suspension of certain fundamental laws in case of War or Insurrection. On November 12 neither war nor insurrection had taken place in Berlin, yet the Ministry had not only suspended these laws, but had put the citizens under military tribunals, of which Article 110 said nothing, and for allowing which in such cases even older laws contained no provision.

The consequence of the resolution thus carried into effect was the dissolution of the House of Deputies, followed, on February 4, 1850, by the so-called stoppage of supplies case, which lasted till the 21st. Some forty members of the National Assembly were tried for passing the resolution on November 15, 1848, that the Government had no right to control public money or raise taxes, so long as the representatives of the people could not carry on their deliberations

in Berlin unmolested, and for further issuing a proclamation on the 18th intended to secure respect for this resolution and charging their opponents with stirring insurrection. The trial was a bit of Cabinet justice. It was so obvious that the Criminal Court in Berlin was not competent to try them that the President forbade the accused and their counsel to urge this plea. Bucher's view of the illegality of the state of siege in Berlin probably accounted for the extreme hatred entertained towards him in higher quarters, which this trial brought to light. The proceedings ended with the acquittal of most of the accused. Bucher, on the contrary, with Burgomaster Plathe from Leba, Kabus, the miller, from Schwademühl, and Nennstiel, the householder, from Peiskretscham, were declared guilty, and both Bucher and Plathe were sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, with the usual addition of loss of the national cockade, removal from office, and the like.

This sentence occasioned Bucher's going abroad, and finally to London. It is easy to understand that after his fifteen months' imprisonment he was still persecuted by the police. In London he spent his time first in the careful study of political economy and politics, in observing English conditions and peculiarities, and in the consideration and analysis of the characteristics of the English parliamentary system—an occupation during which he found hypocrisy, corruption, and deception, which filled him ever afterwards with anger, repugnance, and contempt, in many men and things highly praised and admired in Germany. Among the acquaintances he made was Urquhart, with whom he afterwards quarrelled. Only in the last years of his stay in London did he come to know, through English Socialist connections, other famous

political exiles, such as Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and Herzen. They were of further assistance to him in his political researches, as he observed how all these gentlemen had it in view to cut a strip out of the hide of the sober and consistent German bear by means of the principle of nationality ; or, to speak more plainly, they speculated each for his own nation on a piece of Germany ; as, for instance, the Rhine-border, the rocky heights of the Alps, or the Poland of 1772. Even liberal German papers, out of reverence for the "principle," that is to say, a mere phrase, actively occupied themselves with the question, how a chemically pure Germany was to be constructed. The *Volkszeitung*, for example, wanted Posen to "be given up," of course without saying to whom it properly belonged. Such foolish nonsense was opposed to the sound human understanding and the patriotic spirit which had never ceased to animate Bucher.

During his stay in England Bucher worked for various German newspapers. In particular he wrote for several years in the *National Zeitung*, under the signature □, highly valuable reports and thoughtful political essays, which attracted general attention, from their deep and quite unusual grasp of subject. He gave, among other things, an excellent description of the first great Exhibition in London, information upon English domestic arrangements and customs, upon ventilation, Turkish baths, which he had come to know about from a journey to Constantinople, and other practical matters. But he rendered quite an exceptional service in the enlightenment of liberal German politicians by his letters on the English parliamentary system. They put an end, with conclusive argument, to the superstition that German popular representation should be built up and arranged after the British model, and established the con-

viction that constitutional organisations and usages should not be everywhere the same, but must be adapted to the character, to the historical development, and to the resources of each individual country. A further very welcome consequence of these parliamentary letters was the recognition, which has since become almost universal, of the fact that the English art of government is, as regards the outside world, a purely commercial policy, with no grand historical point of view, or ideal motive or aim of any kind. In this way the foibles of Palmerston, Gladstone, that "*doctor supernaturalis*" (heaven-born prophet), Cobden, and the whole body of hypocritical and egotistical apostles of the English Free-traders, were brought to view as by the strong beams of the electric light. It was an unmasking which to this day they have scarcely outlived.

These and some other productions of Bucher's brilliant pen did not sometimes quite fall in with the creed of the paper in which they appeared, and in regard to the gospel of the Manchester School, which flourished in its office, as well as in reference to the solution of the German question, its correspondent □ was looked upon as decidedly heretical.

About the year 1860, Bucher, probably tired and disgusted with newspaper writing, contemplated an entire alteration of his circumstances. As the essay, 'Only a Story,' implies, and as I, in spite of the extravagance of the idea, have reason to believe certain, he intended to make a home for himself under the palms and mango-trees of tropical America, and—turn coffee-planter. This fancy, overlaid with practical, perhaps also with unpractical additions, seems soon, however, to have taken flight—Thank God! we may add, and probably he would say so himself. If his sphere was not in England, still less was it among the half-negroes of Costa Rica or Venezuela. His proper course was to come

back to Germany, and the amnesty of 1860 opened the door to his return.

Once more in Berlin, Bucher renewed his friendship with Rodbertus, and made the acquaintance of Lassalle, whom in his turn he introduced to Rodbertus. The Socialistic agitator, whom we know to have been a man of quite different stamp from his forerunners, the Liebknechts and Mosts, a genuine patriot, a man of the greatest ability, of quite remarkable learning, but at the same time inspired by a fiery and reckless ambition, stood just then at the turning-point of his life. The Party of Progress had rejected him and his efforts to rouse them to a more consistent and effectual opposition. He then thought of displacing it by a Working Man's party, to be led by himself, and with this object he sought zealously to come to an understanding with Rodbertus, who certainly felt the charm of this man of genius. Although, like Lassalle, regarding the iron law of wages as unassailable, he declared, however, that he could not consent to a political agitation with aims economically untenable.

About this time a request came to Lassalle, Rodbertus, and Bucher, on behalf of the Leipzig workmen's union, for advice respecting the means by which the condition of the working classes, whom it was intended to summon to a Workmen's Congress, could be improved. Upon the basis of his iron law of wages, Lassalle answered, not by means of the self-help notions propounded by Schulze-Delitzsch, but by proposing State Credits, directed towards the establishment of companies of producers, to which end the workmen must organise themselves into a political party. Rodbertus advised against this step. Bucher wrote, "I lose no time in expressing my conviction that the doctrine of the Manchester School, that the State has only to care for the

security of the person and let everything else go, will not stand in the face of science, history, or practice"; but he had clearly no confidence in Lassalle's practical proposals. Indeed, his now published correspondence shows that Lassalle himself had them so little at heart that he expressed himself ready to "let them go" joyfully whenever Rodbertus could hit upon some other plan. As regards Bucher, he holds firmly, to my knowledge, the same negative opinion to this day, and I can only agree with him.

Bucher found also in Berlin the agitation for "Prussian Supremacy." But the gentlemen who urged it wished for no "brotherly war." As will be remembered—perhaps with some head-shakings and shruggings of shoulders—their speeches and leading articles urged that the struggle, the victory, and the conquest must be "moral." Bucher of course wished for a closer union among the Germans as against foreign ambition, but he could not get up the necessary strength of faith to believe that Austria could be sung out of Germany, or to realise the possibility of the "Central Government," and the smaller states being brought under the famous Prussian spiked helmet, or into any unity (under one hat) by means of rifle competitions and gymnastic clubs, by ink written or printed, or by the resolutions of well-intentioned popular assemblies. Even the great saying of Herr von Beust, "Song itself is a power," could not convince him that he was mistaken. He saw clearly, and said it as plainly, both in speech and in writing, that without war there must be *three* hats; in other words, that something in the nature of a Triumvirate was the best that could be attained; and the reproach that Bucher belied his convictions by accepting a post under Bismarck, is quite without foundation. He regards with a special

dislike people who would not give a halfpenny even if the Croats stood before the gates of Berlin, and who were able to get up enthusiasm for the Augustenburg farce even during the last scene of its final Act. It is exceedingly amusing to look through the list of gentlemen who voted in the Prussian House of Deputies for the famous direct address to the Crown to the effect that the policy of Prussia under this Ministry, could only result in the Duchies being handed over to the Danes.

During the war of words against Bismarck, Bucher was already working to some purpose. At that time many people regretted that he could have behaved so falsely ; now he is hated by many because they are obliged to admit that he acted honestly. His adhesion to the policy of the leading Minister came about in the following way. For some considerable time after his return to Berlin he was still working for the *National Zeitung*. The connection was afterwards broken off when he found himself in increasing disagreement on more than one point with the party represented by the paper, and he worked for some months in Wolff's telegraph office. The very limited salary he received there for hard work, and undoubtedly, too, his distaste for such an occupation, led him to think next of once more taking up the law, and turning advocate. He spoke of this idea to an acquaintance of Bismarck's, who advised him against it. Soon afterwards the Minister, unprejudiced as usual, sent for him, and told him that he could give him an opportunity of making himself useful in another way. So Bucher, in 1864, made his entrance into the Foreign Office, first as a clerk, and then as an occasional Councillor of Legation. In the following year he had to solve an important question, the administration of Lauenburg, which had come into the hands of Prussia by the Convention of Gastein. It took

Bucher, under the direction of his chief, till 1867 to get it into proper order. The little Duchy was a juridical curiosity, and compared with other states a monstrosity; it represented in fossil form the code of the Seventeenth century; its proper place was the German Museum. It had no codified legislation, only the common law. In the last years before 1865 it had come for the first time under the authority of the German Confederation, and afterwards under that of Prusso-Austrian commissioners. The order of the day was the absorption of the numerous fat official posts by a few "noble families" who were in the habit of leasing out the enormous domains among themselves. Bucher had to work the whole matter out in the rough, to redress abuses in a hundred directions, and to bring back right and reason. Luckily he was under the guidance of the Minister, who, however, during the greater part of this very period was laid up with serious illness at Putbus, in Rügen, so that his Councillor was in the embarrassing position of being obliged to govern without having full powers.

I must pass briefly over Bucher's further activities. Usually in the immediate company of the Chancellor, he was repeatedly set by him to prepare and work out matters of the greatest importance, and we may suppose that he executed all his commissions with skill and cleverness, and that in the work which he entrusted to him his Chief seldom found anything wanting, or any part of his wish or intention misunderstood or ill-expressed. Bucher understood him from the beginning, and at once threw himself into his way of looking at and dealing with things. In 1869, and in the spring of 1870, he spent several months with the Minister at Varzin, where he was the medium of correspondence between his chief and the authorities of Prussia and the

German Confederation. During the French war, he was, as I have mentioned, summoned in the last week of September to the principal headquarters, where he remained with the Chancellor till the end of the campaign. In 1871 he was at Frankfort during the negotiations for peace. In the next years, too, as if indispensable, he followed the Prince whenever he retired to his Pomeranian estate. He seems to shun the air of the court.

I have to add that Bucher has remained unmarried, and that to my knowledge he sees little company compared with other men in his position. He gives me the impression of a silent, sober, and prudent man, not wanting, however, in certain poetic impulses and not without a healthy vein of humour. His thoughts, his sympathies, and his antipathies are expressed gently, but with no lack of energy. A cool head, with a warm heart below. Still water, but deep.

I have completed my portrait, and when I now glance over it, it strikes me that, in spite of my high esteem for the original, I have drawn it not exactly in rose colour, but in the honest tints of truth. If I add a piece of strong praise by way of superscription, it comes from another mouth. "A genuine pearl," the Chancellor said of Bucher, when I parted from him in 1873.

When Lothar Bucher was chosen by the Chancellor to be his fellow-worker, it was Privy Councillor Abeken to whose place he succeeded. Heinrich Abeken was in every respect an official of the old school. He belonged in his whole nature to the epoch in our history which may be called the literary-æsthetic; to the time when political interests gave way to the occupations of poetry and philosophy, and to the consideration of philological and other scientific questions. He was most at home in that range of ideas which prevailed at

court and in high official circles before the new era. He has never gone into politics; on the contrary, a matter of æsthetics often seems to him of greater moment than a grave political move. It not unfrequently happened that while others were anxious about the result of a critical turn in this or that important political situation, his head was running on some verse or other of a poet, ancient or modern, which usually found feeling utterance from his lips, although the poetic effusion might have no bearing upon the situation.

Abeken came from Osnabrück, and was born in 1809. His education for the University was directed by an uncle, the philologist and æstheticist, Ludwig Abeken, who moved in Weimar circles in Schiller's time, and had fitted himself to appreciate their ways. The nephew afterwards studied theology, and in his 'thirties' became chaplain to the Embassy at Rome under Bunsen. Here he married an English wife, whom he lost by death after only a few months. Becoming the friend of Bunsen, with whose views and efforts in a religious direction he sympathised, he turned his attention, about 1841, to diplomatic business. He first drew up a memorial on the establishment of an apostolic bishopric at Jerusalem—an idea, by the way, which hardly anyone in Berlin would now think of. Later on, we find him again with Lepsius in Egypt, from whence he afterwards travelled through the Holy Land. He entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Heinrich Arnim, and stayed there till his death in the autumn of 1871, although most important changes had taken place there in the meantime.

With Councillor of Legation Meier, who published a memorial of his friendship for him in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, we see in him, "the quiet virtue of loyal and conscientiously

continuous faithfulness and assiduity," but we see also that Politics were never dear to his heart, or at least did not appeal to his heart and conscience as other things did. We may draw yet another conclusion, and the biographer we have named does not hesitate to draw it. "Abeken," he begins, "shows a resemblance, partly innate and partly acquired, to Bunsen, whose disciple he was, and whose life he has written. His disposition was versatile and his mind many-sided. On the other hand, his character was neither independent nor creative. For this reason he escaped," so the Memoir proceeds, "the danger that he might, in pursuit of some new and bold idea or conviction, have been tempted to struggle in the whirlpool of the circumstances of the time, or against the customary action of the machine of State, and so been cast on shore. With his easier and less independent political versatility he was able to keep his water-way for the space of four-and-twenty years, under seven different Ministries and systems, with no shock either from within or from without. If any one reproaches our friend with this, and censures as unmanly his dexterity in tacking, his steady persistence in his office and position in consequence of his involuntarily giving way to wind and weather, the stoical comment would apply less to individual instances of his thought and action than upon his whole life and work, which were inseparably connected with these questions." If we read between the lines, and consider both the praise and the blame as expressed a little too plainly and concisely, we shall be doing the late Privy Councillor no wrong by subscribing to this judgment.

Of his usefulness in business and the limits of this usefulness, we have already spoken ; as well as of the unusually strong attraction which everything connected with the Court exercised upon him. In this respect he was the direct

opposite of Bucher, as he was also in being uncommonly sociable and talkative. Among other ways of satisfying his craving for intercourse with pleasant people, he often moved among the circles which met in Prince Radziwill's Palace. He could not give up these visits, even when the Ultramontane opposition against the Chancellor's church policy was directed from these circles. Passing by these and other societies of high rank, we shall find him at his happiest in the weekly meetings of the "Græca," a society principally composed of old "Romans," the statutes of which excluded all political conversation, and, besides friendly talk, only allowed discussions on philology and æsthetics. Here he was in his element. "But even in the midst of official work," writes Meier, and I can confirm what he says, "even in his office, he could find time for æsthetic or philological interludes, and at one time entertain his colleagues, tired out with Hesse or Schleswig-Holstein, with some of his Roman or Eastern recollections, at another astonish them with a quotation from some German or foreign poet—Goethe, Sophocles, Heinrich, Kleist, Shakespeare, or Dante." I may be permitted to add, that he oftener awoke other feelings. An anecdote which Meier tells us of his friend, without seeing what a farce he is setting before us, may show how far it was so.

"When Abeken, in November, 1850, as he often told us, accompanied his then chief from Berlin to Olmütz, to conclude that unlucky Convention which he of course would never recognise as other than a happy diplomatic deliverance for Prussia, they both saw suddenly, during their night journey, the winter morning sun rise before them, and greeted it, the Minister first, with the chorus in the *Antigone*, equally familiar to them both, 'Ἀκτὶς Ἀελίου, ('Thou beam of the sun')."

This, I think, needs no commentary. I only say, lucky for Abeken that the Minister who assisted at this doubly unnatural expression of feeling, exhibited probably not for the first time, was called von Manteuffel and not von Bismarck. I should like to have seen Bismarck's indignation if the deceased had intoned the chorus to the rising sun before him, at the time when the sun of Prussia was setting for years.

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